

A
NEW TRANSLATION
OF
ÆSOP'S FABLES,

Adorn'd with CUTTS;

Suited to the FABLES Copied from
the *Frankfort* Edition: By the Most
Ingenious Artist **CHRISTOPHER
VAN STCHAM.**

The Whole being rendered in a Plain, Easy,
and Familiar Style, adapted to the Mean-
est Capacities.

Nevertheless Corrected and Reform'd from the
Grossness of the Language, and Poorness of the
Verse us'd in the now Vulgar Translation: The
Morals also more accurately Improv'd; To-
gether with Reflections on each Fable, in Verse.

By *J. J. Gent.*

Utile Dulci.

LONDON: Printed for *Tho. Tebb*, Book-
seller in *Little-Britain*; And are to be Sold by
the Booksellers of *London* and *Westminster*. 1708.



TO THE
Right Honourable
THE
Lord COLERANE.

My LORD,

IN the Payment of our Duty, Gratitude, and Veneration to an Honourable *Macenas*, the Oblations we make Him, should neither, like the Offering of a *Cain*, be only a smothering Sheaf of Stubble; the Presentation of something too Course and too Worthless for the Acceptance of *HONOUR*: Nor should we dare prefix a Great Name in the Frontis-piece of those Perishable Pen-work Labours, the daily Lumber of the Press, which, tho' at first View, may carry some small Attraction; however, as built upon slighter and less serviceable Foundations, just hold up their Heads at their first Entry into Light; and then Drooping and Languishing, retire to their

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The Dedication.

long Shade, and are drop'd into utter Oblivion.

No, we should make our Dedicatory Presents here, as so much offer'd Incense; a Composition not only of Fragrant, but lasting Sweets; the Select Choice of some valuable Subject, whose Intrinsic Merit shall give it so wide a Circulation, a Reception into those Thousand Hands, as shall secure it an Age of Life.

Whilst this Consideration leads us to the full Review of the Celebrated *Morals* of *Æsop*, handed down to Posterity, thro' all Nations, and in all Languages. And here, amongst our *English* Performers, we find even our own last Vulgar Translation, arriv'd to a Sixteenth Edition, and those such large Impressions, as to amount to near Fifty Thousand: From this fair Retrospection on one side, and, I hope, not a Flattering Prospect from our own Essay on the other, it has a little embolden'd my Ambition, in laying it at Your Lordship's Feet.

Besides, *My Lord*, Your own Inborn Genius, and Your whole Shining Character, has particularly pointed out Your
Lordship



The Dedication.

Lordship for a Patron of *Morality*. Your Lordship's whole Walk of Life, grac'd with all the attending Train of *Virtues*, has trod no other but Her Hallow'd Ground. Thus have we seen the truly Honourable COLERANE, not only enrich'd with all the Politest Learning, but likewise the Temperance, of a Philosopher. The Preservation of *Mens sana in Corpore sano* has been to much Your Lordship's studied Glory, that by this Noblest Oeconomy of Life, the very Vivacity of Youth it self has waited You down even to Your Hairs of Silver.

As thus Your Lordship, by a continued Application to Letters, Arts and Sciences, has labour'd more to read *Worlds* than visit them; has so little affected the Grandeur even of Sovereign Courts, as to chuse rather to fill a narrower Constellation of Your Own, than to shine in Crowds, a Star only in a *Galaxy*: 'tis hence Your Lordship has selected the Rural Seat for Your Darling Sphere of Honour. 'Tis that Sphere, I confess, that comes nearest to the First Bowers of *Paradise*: And as that *Eden* plantation continued a *Paradise*

The Dedication.

radise no longer than the *Primitive State of Innocence* preserv'd it such; I may truly say this of Your Lordship, Such a Clear Stream of Purest *Virtue* runs thro' the whole Government of Your Family, as to bring Your Own Rural Bow'r the nearest Human Copy to that Divine Original.

'Tis in this Retirement of Life, the Present I make Your Lordship, may hope to find Access, at an Hour when Your Lordship's Condescension and Favour shall vouchsafe it Your Perusal and Acceptance. Besides, *My Lord*, for one Plea more for this Presumption, Your Lordship, as an *Apollinary Head*, has Your Self Honour'd the *Muses* Choir: And under that Warrant for my Intrusion under so Harmonious a Roof, I make this Approach, being, with all profoundest Humility,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Dutiful and most Devoted Servant.



P R E F A C E

TO THE

R E A D E R.

AS the Work of Reading wholly tends to one of these two great Ends, Delight, or Instruction, so 'tis Natural to Humane Weakness to be more pleas'd with a Treatise under the first Head, than the second. Happy then is that Author, in that Choice of a Subject, so well (at least if innocently) intermixt with lighter Diversion as well as weightier Information, that even the seeming Levity of one Part shall contribute to the Solidity of some Morality and good Precept in the other. And such is the Work of a Mythologist. And as the Divertive Part of a Discourse gives the greatest Attraction to Young Ears and Junior Understandings; And 'tis into these Ears and Intellects that

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sound

sound Rudiments ought most carefully to be instill'd, in order to the building up the Christian in raising the Man, still none more than the Moral Fabulist Gains this Point, viz. Artfully connecting that Politick Piece of Pen-work, so serviceably introductory to our Initiation into Morality, and Consequently so highly beneficial to Mankind.

For this Good, and therefore we have undertaken this New Translation of ÆSOP'S FABLES. And if the Reader shall here start out this untoward Question, Why should we undertake a Work done to our hands already, when so many Numerous Editions, and so many Thousands of Translated Æsops have even for whole Ages past thro' the World, already so trite a Subject: And not rather Commence some New Work for Mankind's further Light and Instruction. To this we Answer, That a good Foundation can never be too often built upon; especially if the later Structures out-shine the first: And to say Truth, the first General Fabricks on Æsop's Ground-work have been so weakly raised, such Bungling Performance, that 'tis almost a Piece of Charity to rescue his very Name and Memory out of such Translating Hands. Nor is it out of any Self Vanity or Value, that we give this Low Character on the former Translators on this Subject: but down-right Truth and



The PREFACE.

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and Justice: Too many of our Translating Predecessors being indeed the Objects of Pity. But such has been the Misery of our Nation, that a great many well-design'd Pieces such as Our Æsop's Fables, especially in former Days, have been only slurr'd over with Dawk-work.

And why this should be one of our greatest British Calamities is a Subject worth Enquiry. For let us look over into other Countries, States and Kingdoms, ev'n to thousands of Years backwards, and we shall find, for Instance, amongst the Latin and Greek, the Politest Learning, Wit, Oratory, and every Judicial Faculty appear'd in their brightest Lustre, even so many Ages past. And truly the strange Disparity of that Earlier Growth of Sciences amongst Them, and the more slow one with Us, when rightly examined, will be our least Subject of wonder.

The Grecian and Roman Empires were then in the full Zenith of their Glory, and both the Learning and Language of those Ages were accordingly advanced likewise to the Highest Perfection. From hence it is, that we have the Morals of a Seneca, the Philosophy of an Aristotle, the Eloquence of a Cicero, and the Wit, Elegance and Spirit of a Virgil handed down to succeeding Generations, as all Leading Lights before us, whilst

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their Authors had all those Masterly Hands in their several Draughts of Learning; insomuch that Descending Posterity have done little else than Copy their great Originals, rather than pretended to exceed them. But in our Case at Home 'tis quite different, Our British Language every Day brightens and refines itself. Our Studies in all Arts and Sciences are daily Growing and Improving, and adding New Branches to the fair and more spreading Tree of Knowledge. Nay, to Trace the Nakedness, Poverty and Weakness of our Ancient English Authors; it looks many times as if the Hands that set Pen to Paper were ill Chosen for the Work; the Undertakers scarcely qualified for the Undertaking. For an Instance of which we need look back no farther than the Beginning of the Reformation, where even the greatest Patrons of the Gospel found but very indifferent Performers in no less than so important a part of Divine Service as the Celebration of the Praises of GOD; in their choice of a Sternhold and Hopkins for the Version of David's Psalms.

But to return to our present Subject; the former Original Translations of our Æsop are such wretched Composures, such flat and insipid Stuff, that sure the Feeble Workmen upon Æsop's Foundation rather labour'd to Burlesque than Translate him.

'Twas

'Twas from the Nauseousness of such a standing Dish set forth to the English Youth, that the Witty Sir Roger L'Estrange took up the Cause, and set up for the Founder of a better Feast, Cook'd out of Æsop's Kitchen; and when we mention his Elaborate Pile of Fable-work, we must do him the Justice to acknowledge his High Desert and Equal Applause. However we must at the same time (no Derogation to Sir Roger) Declare, That his Volume is swell'd too big for the Purse of Every Common Purchaser, and even his very Reflections, tho' so wonderfully Ingenious, too much Lengthened out for the Reading, at least the Capacity and Apprehension of Youth; insomuch that his Book of Morals seems rather design'd for Part of the Furniture of a States-man's Closet, than the Satchel of a School-Boy; and consequently has not so fully attain'd the Chief End of their Publication, viz. the Instruction of Youth. Besides, it were highly to be wish'd that the Ingenuity of Sir Roger only shin'd in that Piece; and that there were not any of his Unhappier Principles sprinkled through some Part of his Work, as looking a little too much like a Design to serve a Party.

For this Reason we have made this New Translation of Æsop, set forth at so Moderate

derate a Price, to give it a Larger Currency; the Work it self too, fixt like the Golden Medium betwixt the Coarseness and Grossness of the former Vulgar Translations of Æsop, and the Over-Polite Labour of Sir Roger; as hoping the shorter Comprehension of the true Moral to each Fable may give it an Easier Reception into the Understanding, or at least root it deeper in the Memory of every Juvenile Reader. And to Gain it a yet more favourable Acceptance from every Young Hand, we have continued the Cuts to the Fables as formerly, only with this Difference, that as we have Corrected both the Fable and the Moral Part, so we have taken care to amend the Ornamental Sculp-work too, by Copying from that Celebrated Artist Christ. Van Sycham, in his Correct Edition of Æsop Printed at Frankfurt in the Year 1574. the best in that kind that ever were Cut on Wood.

And Lastly, to give this Work one new Turn of Variety, to recommend it to every Taste, we have Tagg'd some few Verses to each Moral, at least to add a Garniture, if not a Relish, to the whole Fable; in all which we have made this our Essay to render it acceptable.

The more Learned Reader may discover that we have sprinkled a few of Abstemius, Anianus, Barlandus and Poggiu's Fables amongst Æsop's, a Freedom for which we have Laudable Example before us; nor have we Pointed at such Additional Fables, as being so very few of those added Grafts, to Æsop's old Stock, as not worth the making any Distinct Class for 'em. Nor have we exactly follow'd the Common Order of Marshaling the Fables one after another from any of the Translations before us, as being wholly unnecessary, by reason the Fables are every one of 'em a several Subject, and consequently have little or no Dependance upon their Location: Beside, 'tis a Liberty taken in all the Translations, more especially the English ones. For the Edition of Æsop at Frankfort in 1574. from which we take the Cutts, and that at Geneva in 1639, and the Greek Edition begin the Fables with the Eagle and the Fox. The Lyon's Edition in 1626, begins with the Fable of Jupiter and Minerva, whereas our Common Translation for the Use of Schools begins with the Fable of the Cock and Diamond, where we also begin; but being Oblig'd to another Task besides the bare Translation, viz. the Fitting of Foreign and Larger Cutts, they (to Place them most for Ornament to the Book) oblig'd us to transpose

transpose the Fables from their Accustomed Position, and to place a shorter Fable for a longer, to fill up a large Vacancy, which would otherwise often happen in some of the Pages, and for want of such an exchange of Fables, sometimes half a Page would have been lost, which we thought would do much better than suffer such a Defect in the Performance.

THE



THE
LIFE
OF
ÆSOP.



TIS a common Misfortune attending upon the highest Humane Perfections, the more shining Merit and Virtue, in Persons of humble Veins and

obscure Extraction, Nurst up under the
 Roofs of Distress and Poverty, not to be
 extraordinarily well furnish'd with a Table
 of their *Genealogy*; when more exalted high
 Birth and Greatness, tho' otherwise never
 so undeserving, shall want neither *Heraulds*
 nor *Historians*. 'Twas thus the Most Inge-
 nious *Homer*, the Prince of Poets, so justly
 celebrated (true Poet-like) only after his
 Death, set no less than Seven Rival Cities
 at Contest to Challenge his Nativity: So
 little was the first Figure he made at his
 Entry into the World, to That his Memory
 rais'd him after his *Exit* from it; thereby
 to Leave behind him such an Uncertainty
 of his Birth and Parentage, as to find Sub-
 ject-Matter of Dispute to so many pretend-
 ing Competitors in their several Claims on
 that Occasion. Much such another Dispu-
 table Original gave the World Our *Æsop*.
 But not to mention the Disagreeing Tradi-
 tions of Writers on this Head, We shall
 content our selves to follow the Most Reput-
 able Authority of *Camerarius*, who De-
 clares him Born at *Samos*; being (as a-
 greed on by all) in the Age of the World
 when *Cræsus* govern'd *Lydia*. His Birth,
 (as indeed the Sequel of his Servile For-
 tune will speak him such,) was very mean:
 His Person meaner, being in every Part so
 very Deform'd in Body and Aspect, as to
 render



render him the Lowest Object of Contempt. To these outward Personal Imperfections, to add a yet greater Infirmary, it was his most Lamented Unhappiness to have such an Impediment in his Speech, as to be almost quite Tongue-tied, This last Defect was indeed a most Sensible Calamity; for as to his other Bodily Wants, of Figure, Shape and Appearance, those were only a Loss to Himself; but the other Imperfections extended to the Publick, being indeed a General Unhappiness to Mankind, at least then Living, by Obstructing his Utterance of all that Pregnancy of Wit and Thought, with which so Capacious a Breast, so richly furnish'd as *Æsop's*, might otherwise in his Conversation have more Pleasingly Entertain'd the World. This Vocal Impediment however was no Lasting Grief, no Chronical Disease upon him; when (as 'tis related of him) his Charitable Relief to some Indigent Priests obtain'd such a Blessing, through the Intercession of their Grateful Prayers, in Reward of his Piety, as to bring him to the Use of his Tongue. But not to Insist upon the Operation of Miracles in that Case, so it was, That that Obstruction was remov'd, &c.

And now to set him out into the World, with all those fair Endowments of *Mind*, so rich the Gem lodg'd in so Coarse and Homely

Homely a Casket, he Commenc'd his Life in Servitude, being indeed no more than a Slave several times Bought and Sold. But as History has left us little worth Remark in his Service under his Two First Masters, we shall begin the Story of his Adventures from the Sale of him to his Third.

§. I. It was *Æsop's* Lot to be sent, amongst a Drove of other Brethren in Captivity, to a Mart at *Ephesus*, there to be Sold. As so many Servile Companions, their Journey lying under much the same melancholy Circumstances as the rest of their Life, they had each of them a Burthen allotted to carry, like so many laden Mules whose Portage earns their Provender. *Æsop* being then but a Stripling, intreated his Fellow Servants to be a little favourable to him in his Share of the Baggage, and not over-load him. In Complaisance to which humble Request, they bad him take his own Choice of one of the Fardles, and so please himself. Accordingly he pitch'd upon a Panier of Bread, near twice as heavy as any of the other Burdens, for which his Companions very merrily rebuked his Folly in such a Choice; nevertheless *Æsop* contentedly bore all their Raillery, kept to his Choice, and stoop'd to his Burthen, and so they all moved forwards together. About

bout Noon their Stomachs began to call upon *Æsop* to unload, where they all sat down to the Bread, and devour'd about half of it; at Supper they call'd again upon him, and very fairly made clear Work of the Remainder of it; insomuch that *Æsop* for the rest of the whole Journey had nothing to carry but an empty Basket; their Provant henceforward being only supplied from what they found at their respective Stages and Baiting Places; His Travelling Mates finding themselves thus over-reach'd by *Æsop*, began to have a better Opinion of his Wit, and not altogether so high a Value of their own.

§. 2. As the uncouth Person of *Æsop* did not so well recommend him to any Office in the Family within Doors, his general Task was to Dig and Hedge, and manage his Master's Husbandry in the Fields abroad; in his Industrious and Dutiful Performance of which he gave him the Satisfaction of seeing his Work well done. It happen'd that a Country-man made his Master a Present of Delicious Figs, a Rarity that he much delighted in; but being then going to the Bath, he reserv'd the making a Feast of them 'till his Return, giving them in Charge to his Boy *Agathoprus* to lay 'em up carefully 'till he came back again:

again: It happening at that time that *Æsop* had Business at home, and therefore was in the House; *Agathopus* lying under a strange Temptation of tasting Forbidden Fruit, and his Mouth watering at his Master's Figs, communicated his Thoughts to one of his Mates, how he had laid a Project innocently to eat up the Figs between them two, and lay the whole Guilt upon *Æsop*. And this was to be manag'd by a Hard Mouth and a Brazen Face, by charging the Positive Fact upon *Æsop*, not doubting but two Witnesses to one against him, would carry the Cause, whenever their Master should make an Examination into the Matter. Accordingly the Plot was no sooner concerted but put in Execution; they instantly made themselves a Regale of the whole Cargo of Figs, not a little pluming themselves in the Pleasure of thinking how *Æsop's* smarting Bones should pay for all. The Master upon his Return from the Bath, call'd immediately for the Figs, but the two Young Affidavit-Men, gave him to understand that *Æsop's* Liquorish Tooth had been before-hand with him; the Figs in short were eaten: Upon which Poor *Æsop* was call'd in, and attack'd with all the hard Names of Rogue, and Thief, and Villain, for daring to rob him of a Dish he had reserved for his own Palate. *Æsop* endeavour'd

deavour'd to speak for himself, but his Master's Passion grew so outrageous, and the two Witnesses against him so loud in roaring for Justice upon so impudent a Cheat, that they were advancing from hard Words to harder Blows, when *Æsop* threw himself at his Master's Feet, and besought only so much Patience as to give him leave to step out into the next Room and back again; which Favour being obtain'd, he brought in a Vessel of warm Water, drank a large Draught of it, and then putting his Finger down his Throat, he brought up the Water again clear from any other Mixture. After this Voluntary Trial upon himself, he intreated his Master to order his two Accusers to stand the same Test, and then he should soon discover the Thief. The Proposal was so fair and reasonable that *Agathopus* and his Companion were commanded to do the like. They made several wry Faces and Demurrs against the Dose, but the Master would accept of no Excuses, and so each of them taking a Soup of the same warm Liquor, it immediately made an unfavoury Operation, when up came the Water and Figs and all. Upon this manifest Detection of the Falshood and Villainy of *Agathopus* and his Brother Testimony, the Master order'd them both to be severely lash'd, whilst the Innocent *Æsop*, who before

fore had only heard a little of the Rowling of the Thunder over his own Head, had the Satisfaction of seeing the whole Storm of it justly fall upon theirs.

§. 3. To return to *Æsop's* Beating the Hoof to *Ephesus*, which the last Adventure has interrupted, his Master upon his Arrival there soon found a quick Sale, amongst the Merchants, of all his Slaves, excepting *Æsop* and two more. The one of which was a Musician and the other an Oratour.

These Three he carried a little farther to *Samos*, in hopes of a Chapman there; setting forth the other two in pretty good Rigging suitable to their Professions, the better to recommend 'em to Sale, whilst the more homely Carcass of poor *Æsop*, not thought worthy any such Care, stood between the other two more Personable Figures in the open Market-place, like a meer Dowdy, and indeed a Jest to the generality of the Spectators. Amongst other Purchasers *Xanthus*, a Famous Philosopher of that City, attended by a Train of his Pupils, appear'd in the Market, taking at first Sight a particular Liking to the other two Youths, asking them their several Professions, and what they cou'd do. To which one of 'em replied *he could do any thing*, and the other, that *he cou'd do all*

all things. One of the Philosopher's Disciples taking notice that *Æsop* laugh'd at these Answers of his Companions to the Philosopher, ask'd him the Reason of his Mirth, to which *Æsop* replied, had his Master ask'd him that Question, he would have told him what Reason he had for his Smiling.

Xanthus finding the Master over-rated his two Slaves, as he thought, and not willing to come up to so high a Price, was just turning homewards again, when his Disciple stopp'd him, and for Satisfaction of his own Curiosity, begg'd him by all means to put the same Question to the hard-favour'd Slave that he had done before to his two Companions. *Xanthus* to gratify his Scholar, for the Humour-sake ask'd *Æsop* likewise what he cou'd do. *Nothing at all,* replied *Æsop*. And why so, says the Philosopher? *Nay Sir,* says *Æsop*, *You have already heard the Reason; for if my two Fellow-servants undertake to do all things, there will be nothing left for me to do.* Well, says *Xanthus*, (pleased at *Æsop*'s Reply) if I should take a Fancy to buy you, would you be Good and Honest. *I'll be That,* answer'd *Æsop*, *whether you buy me or no.* Ay, but, says the Philosopher, won't you run away? *Pray,* says *Æsop*, *did you ever hear that a Bird in a Cage told his Master*
that

that he design'd to escape. *Xanthus* began to be very well pleas'd with the Spriteliness of his Wit; but, says he, that untoward Shape of yours will set People a hooting at you wherever you go. I hope, Sir, says *Æsop*, you'll buy me for your own Pleasure not theirs, and whatever Opinion a few gaping Fools may have of me, I hope a Philosopher values a Man for his Mind, not his Outside. *Xanthus* from this short Interview received a very high Opinion of the Wisdom of *Æsop*, and accordingly turning to his Master, demanded the lowest Price of that Wretch. The Merchant, who look'd with different Eyes than the Philosopher upon this Coarse Piece of ill-shapen Mortal Ware, very frankly told him, that if he would bid fairly for the other two, he would throw him that Piece of Rubbish into the Bargain. But the Philosopher having no Inclination for any Purchase but *Æsop*, a few Words and a small Piece of Money dispatch'd the Business, and accordingly he paid the Price and carried off the Purchase.

§. 4. Now *Xanthus*; as Great a Philosopher as he was, and as happy a Conversation as he chose, viz. that of Arts, Sciences, Wit and Wisdom; made not altogether so lucky a Choice in that of a Bedmate,

mate, being unfortunately yoked to a Shrew; insomuch that as Polite and as Smooth as his own *Philosophy Lectures* might run, his *Curtain Ones* were often a little more rough and unmusical. And now his greatest Master-piece must be how to please the Fro at home, that Crabbed Piece of Woman's Flesh, with the homely Presentation of his *Æsop* to her; being under no small Apprehensions of his finding but a very untoward Reception from so nice a Mistress. But to prepare her for his Introduction, he first addresses her in this manner; My Dear, says he, as there can be nothing so destructive in a Family as the Neglect, Sloth, Carelessness and Infidelity of Servants, I have endeavour'd to find thee out one whom, if his Truth, his Honesty, and his Ready Obedience to all your Commands may recommend to your Acceptance, I am confident, as to those Qualifications of a Servant, his Merit is unquestionable. But what did he cost you, replied the thrifty Lady? Oh a very reasonable Purchase; but, at present he's a little Sun-burnt, his Complexion, like a Traveller's, not altogether so inviting, and perhaps his outward Graces, not so amiable as might be wish'd; but for his other Merits I'll be answerable for him, and so order'd him to be call'd in. The sly Dame smok'd the Matter presently,
Upon

Upon my Life some Scare-crow, says she. Nay, My Dear, says *Xanthus*, thou art all Goodness, and that which pleases me must please thee. Now, *Æsop* made his Entry and advanc'd towards her, whilst his new Dame, at the first sight of him, meeting him with a Look all glowing Red, both from her Scorn on one side, and her Choler on the other, discharged such a Peal of Fury upon her Husband: What, says she, have you brought me, a *Man* or a *Beast*? Ay now, continued she, you shew me your true Inside, the vile Contempt and Hatred you have ever born me, in daring to bring a *Monster* into my House. *Æsop* all the while was struck dumb, 'till his Master rous'd him out of his Lethargy, by telling him; Sirrah, you have had Tongue enough in your Head, and Wit at Will at all other times, and not one Word now, not one lucky diverting Syllable to help out at a dead Lift, and pacify your angry Mistress? *Æsop* upon this bolted out this old Proverbial Saying, *From lying at the Mercy of Fire, Water, and a Wicked Woman, Good Lord deliver us.* If the furious Dame was all glowing hot before, she was perfect blazing Wild-fire now, and began downright to Rave and Bellow. Nay the Satyr-Edge of this Speech of *Æsop*'s cut so keen, that even *Xanthus* himself, with his whole Philosophy about him

him, was a little shockt; however *Æsop* soon recover'd all, by quoting this Saying out of *Euripides*; *The Raging of a Tempestuous Sea, the Fury of a Devouring Fire, and the pinching Wants of Necessaries for Life, are three Dreadful Things, but all this is nothing to the terrible Violences of an Impetuous Woman.* But as those Violences are all in her Power to be rais'd or hush'd at her own Pleasure, Do you, Madam, says he, exert the Nobler Faculties of your Soul, allay all this intemperate Heat, and make your self as Glorious in the other more shining Class of the Fair Sex, in the Rank of Good Women. This Monitory Speech came so a Prop^o, as to set the Vixen Dame to rights again; insomuch that all Faults, Personal or other, were entirely forgiven: *Æsop* soon obtain'd her good Graces; and the Offices of a Faithful Servant to his Master and his Mistress perform'd on his Part, mollified all on the other side, and atoned for all other Imperfections.

§. 5. *Æsop* was now lodged in Hospitable Walls and led a Life of Service but not Slavery; his Learned Master being a true Judge of the Merits of his Bonds-man, and therefore one that lighten'd his Bonds. *Xanthus* took him one Day along with him to a Garden to buy Herbs. The Gardener seeing

seeing his Customer in the Garb of a *Philosopher*, took the Boldness to ask him a Question, as he thought, in his own Sphere of Knowledge; *Viz.* That he made an Observation, that all Plants that Nature voluntary produced her self, grew faster and flourish'd more tho' in the coursest Soil, before all those finer Plants he himself endeavour'd to raise even from the Richest Garden-Bed, and all the tenderest Nursery and Help of Art that he could make to cultivate them; and therefore he besought him as a Man of Learning to give him the Reason of this different Growth and Product. The *Philosopher* at that time ready provided with no better Answer, told him, that *Providence* was pleased to have it so. At which *Æsop* fell into a Laughter. Why how now you Slave, says *Xanthus*, what do you laugh at? *Æsop* taking him aside, begg'd his Pardon; not that he laugh'd at him, but his *Philosophy* Tutour before him, that had not taught him better than to make a General Answer to a particular Question; nor was it unknown even to the meanest Capacity that *Providence* orders all things. But if he pleased to turn the Gardner over to him, he'd resolve his Question to his own Content. Whereupon *Xanthus* told the Gardner it was below the Dignity of a *Philosopher* to answer such trifling Questions; but for his
his

his Slave there, if he had any thing to ask him upon that Subject, he was ready to give him the Satisfaction he desired. The Gardner therefore put the Question again to *Æsop* who made him this Answer. Nature, says he, is a kind *Mother* to all things of her own Production and Generation, and accordingly, like a *true Mother*, contributes all the Nutriment, Care and Assistance, to the raising her own Genuine Offspring; but on the other side she's but a *Step-Dame* in the Production of those Plants that are cultivated by others, and therefore only impos'd upon her to be rais'd and nurs'd up. And therefore 'tis Natural for her to be more free and Liberal-handed in the Nourishment of the one than the other. The Gardner was so very well pleased with his Curiosity thus satisfied, that he would by no means take any Money for his Herbs, desiring *Æsop* to make bold with his Garden whenever he pleas'd, and welcome.

Our *Æsop* under this Learned Lord and Patron, enjoy'd a Tranquillity of Life in some Degrees beyond his Master; who was very often visit'd with that household Plague, a bad Wife; she was indeed well born, and had brought him a good Portion; but these last true Blessings of Wedlock were over-allay'd with the Perverseness of her Temper; her Pride ran as high as her Veins; and

in short the poor Man had but a hard Bargain of her, having only bought Gold too dear. The Passive-Obedient Husband, who from her repeated Insolences, was now provoked even beyond the Patience of a Philosopher, resolved to pluck up a Spirit, and treat her more severely with all the Despotick Authority of a Husband. But this, instead of mending quite marr'd all. Her Humour was too Imperious to be controul'd, and however a gentle Management might sometimes lead her, a rough one cou'd never drive her; insomuch that she, who in her mad Fits had often threaten'd to run away from him, now in downright earnest made an Elopement, and troop'd off to her Parents. These well-meant, but ill-fortuned Measures that had thus frightened her away, gave the good Man some Disturbance; for he had some Embers of Matrimonial Affection still warm, and cou'd not easily brook the Loss even of what was not worth keeping: Besides, here was Interest in the Case; she had it in her Power to bestow the Currency of her Golden as well as her Conjugal Favours. Under this Accumulation of Misfortunes the good Man was very chagrin, and with-all the Help of his Learned Wits cou'd not project how to retrieve her, having in vain set all his Friends at work to court her to come again. *Æsop*, being

touch'd

touch'd with his Master's Affliction, readily offer'd him his Service to recover his wandering Lady, assuring him that he had a Plot in his Head shou'd do the Work to his Heart's Delight. *Xanthus*, very well pleas'd with *Æsop's* kind Offer, and as entirely trusting to his Wit; Sign'd him a Discretionary Commission to move in the Matter as he best pleas'd. Accordingly our Projector goes instantly to the Market to the Butchers, the Poulterers, the Fruiterers, the Confectioners, and all the rest of the Providores for Mouth-Ammunition, to Cater for an extraordinary Feast to be made at his Master's. The Extravagance of the Provision thus bespoken, soon rais'd their Curiosity to ask him, who were the invited Guests for this splendid Festival: To this *Æsop* replied, that truly his Mistress was run away, and his Master had Married a Young Lady, and this Sumptuous Preparation was all for a Wedding Feast to Treat his Friends at the Reception of his New Bride. This surprising Relation instantly made a Noise round the whole Town; Nay *Æsop* was so industrious to Trumpet his Master's New Nuptials, that in his hurry about from House to House to muster up his whole Wedding Bill of Fare, he popp'd by a willing Mistake into a House of his Mistress's Relations, and open'd as loud upon

the same Subject there too. This News, Proclamation like, was soon blown about, especially amongst the Gossipping Sex; and whether out of Kindness or Ill Nature, was instantly carried to the *Runaway Dame*. The Wife was strangely surprized at this amazing Revolution: and as little as she valued the Husband, however she could not bear the Infidel, in so impudent an Invasion of her own Conjugal Right; for though she cou'd run her self from his Arms, yet, true Woman like, she cou'd suffer no Intruder to fill her empty Room; and therefore she instantly commanded her Coach to be got ready, and posted home to her Husband, where falling upon him with a general Discharge of all her Feminine Artillery, a great many hard Looks and thrice as many hard Words; after she had a little eas'd her Mind, No, *Xanthus*, says she, *don't flatter your self with the hopes of Enjoying any other Woman whilst I am alive.*

This Recovery of his Fugitive Spouse was one of *Æsop's* Master-pieces; and so for this bout all was hush'd betwixt Master and Mistress, and fair Weather clear'd up upon both Brows again.

§. 6. *Xanthus* being cheerful, and his heart open'd at this Reconciliation, resolved to keep a Festival Day indeed, to make merry
with

with his Best Friends on this Pacifick Occasion : And accordingly order'd Æsop to make the best Provision he could think of to entertain his Friends the Philosophers at a Feast. Æsop, whose Wit never fail'd him; under the Authority of this unlimited Commission, being impower'd to use his own Discretion in furnishing this Entertainment, had a waggish Thought came into his Head, which put him upon the following Choice of Dishes for the Treat.

As soon as the Guests were seated at Table, the first Course brought in was Neats Tongues sliced; upon which the grave Philosophers took occasion to make a Descant, very formally, in their own Scholastick Dialect; as that the *Tongue* was the *Oracle of Wisdom*, and the like. After they had regaled on this First Service, *Xanthus* call'd for the Second; and so to a Third, and a Fourth: But still the whole Treat was all nothing but *Tongues*, only variously dress'd and Cookt up. The Sight of this put *Xanthus* into a vehement Passion; and turning to Æsop, Thou Villain, said he, did not I order thee to make the best Provision thou cou'dst think of for the Entertainment of these Worthy Friends, and hast thou had the Impudence to prepare nothing but *Tongue upon Tongues*. Truly, Sir, reply'd Æsop, I hope I have fulfill'd your Com-

mands, and am so far from giving you any reasonable Cause of Displeasure, that I appeal to these Men of Letters for my Justification; for as you had expressly order'd me to make the best Provision I cou'd, for such Learned Guests, if the *Tongue* be the *Key*, that opens to all *Knowledge*; and as one of these Judicious Persons rightly observed, no less than *The Oracle of Wisdom*; what so proper as a *Feast of Tongues for a Philosophical Banquet*?

The Reverend Dons at the Table, very well pleased with the Wit of *Æsop* gave the Cause on his side, expressing their very Great Satisfaction in so Ingenious a Caterer. Accordingly *Xanthus* joyning in the General Smile amongst them, desired them to give him the Honour of their Company at another Entertainment, to Morrow, and he would endeavour to mend their Chear: And pray Mr. *Manciple*, says he to *Æsop*, be it your Care and Business to provide us a Supper to Morrow of the worst Things you can think of.

§. 7. According to Invitation *Xanthus's* Brethren Philosophers met again next Day for their new Feast: And truly this Second Entertainment was all to the same Tune of the First. Nothing but Tongues over and over again: Why, how now Sirrah, says *Xanthus*,

Xanthus, How comes it about that *Tongues* should be the *Best* of Meats one Day, and the *Worst* another? Oh, Sir, replied *Æsop*, nothing more plain. What vilest Sin or Shame is there ever committed in the World in which the Tongue is not concerned? From the Publick Villany that fronts the Face of the Sun, to the Chamber Lewdness that skulks into Owl-light, are not all the Agitations, Debates and Resolves of Wickedness all managed by the wicked Counsellor the Tongue; and consequently the whole Execution of them all derived from that Original Fountain. Nay, Are not broken Leagues and Violated Oaths, and all their dismal Consequences, such as Usurpations, Invasions, the Conflagration of Cities and Depopulation of whole Kingdoms, all owing to the Tongue; whilst perhaps from the Command of one single Disturber of the World, the Voice of the Ambitious Tyrant, who possibly himself never stepped forth beyond his Cushion of Ease, and Bed of Down, his Court of Flatterers, or Seraglio of Wantons, shall nevertheless send out his hardier Cut-throats, his Massacrers, his Incendiaries, and all the rest of his Infernal Missionaries, and all in Obedience to one commanding Voice.

Xanthus who unhappily was not so much Master of his Temper, as to bear one sort of

of Jest twice, was so highly affronted at this Second, no less witty Liberty of *Æsop*, that it gall'd the very Soul of him: And one of the Guests, to set the ill Ferment a working, cried out, *This Fellow is enough to make a Man mad.* Sir, says *Æsop*, 'tis a Sign you have little Business of your own, when you take Occasion to intermeddle in others Affairs, especially in so poor a Cause as incensing a Master against a Servant. Well, replied *Xanthus*, seeing this Learned Gentleman has offended you with being too curious in Criticizing upon the Management of my Family, I charge you Sirrah, to find me out a Man to Sup with me to Morrow, who has no Curiosity at all.

§. 8. In Obedience to last Night's Commands, *Æsop* next Day walks round the Town to find out the Guest desired, and at last meeting with a Lazy Slovenly Fellow that stood gaping about him, as if he had no Business to do; he stepp'd up to him, and very familiarly invited him to his Master's to Supper. The poor Clown with as little Compliment on his Side accepted the Invitation, only asking who was his Master, and whether he was to go along with him immediately or no. *Æsop*, finding by the keen Appetite of his new-Guest, that he had met the Man he look'd for, one that in
all

all Likelihood wanted more to set his Teeth than his Tongue to work; gave the poor Fellow the Satisfaction of taking him along with him presently; where entring into his Master's House, he carried him directly into the Parlour, where the dirty Rustick in all his homely Pickle threw himself down upon a Rich Couch. Soon after in came the Master to Supper, where seeing so unmannerly a Companion in that Garb and Posture, he ask'd *Æsop* who he was; the very Person, replied *Æsop*, that you order'd me to invite to Supper; a Man I can assure you of *no Curiosity* at all. Very well says *Xanthus*, and so steps in to call his Wife, whispering her in the Ear at her Entrance, that he had been a long time seeking an Occasion to pick a Quarrel with *Æsop*, and now he had found it. Whereupon taking a Turn with her round the Parlour, where the Brute lay still stretch'd upon the Couch, without rising to make any Congee either to Lord or Lady. Hark you, My Dear, (says *Xanthus* with a loud Voice) fetch a Bason of Water to wash the Feet of my Guest here. The Lady, to humour the Jest, readily obey'd his Command, and very officiously brought it to the Couch Side, where Mr. *Bullet-Head* lay stretch'd still, very mannerly, desiring him to hold forth his Feet, that she might do

him that Civility. *Xanthus* little thought that he would prove so gross a Clown as to suffer the Lady her self to condescend to so Servile an Office: However he found himself deceived; for the Rustick, not being overstock'd with Ceremony, without so much as calling for Man or Maid to save the Mistress that Labour, only saying, *Well, Forsooth, if it be the Custom of the Family, you know best,* push'd forth his dirty Hoofs for the Lady's fair Hand to wash them.

Thus far *Xanthus* was defeated of his Expectation; and so calling for Supper, bad the Lubber sit down, pointing him to the Seat at the upper End of the Table, who accordingly without the least Hesitation at taking the Lady's Place, sat himself down in an Embroider'd Elbow Chair, doing his Backside the Honour of Sitting upon a Cushion of Velvet. As our hungry Guest laid heartily about him, amongst such good Cheer upon the Table, *Xanthus* call'd a Bumper, and putting it into the Hands of the Clown, expected at least so much Breeding from him as to desire his Host to be his Taster; but without any useless Formality, he swoop'd off the Liquor, and return'd *Xanthus* the empty Bowl again. Thus our Philosopher was still disappointed upon the *Curiosity or no Curiosity*. To make another

ther Trial; He had observed that his Guest fed with an extraordinary Gust upon one particular Dish: whereupon he fell into a Rage with the Cook for ill-dressing of it, threatening him to have him whipp'd round the Room for spoiling so good a Dish of Meat. The Bumpkin not at all disgusted at the Meat for the Master's finding Fault with it; only eat the faster, without interposing one Good Word to excuse the poor Cook from the Bastinado; No, he was invited to Sup, not plead Causes, and so the Master might lash his Servant as much as he thought fit; it was no Business of his, to hinder any Man from doing what he pleas'd with his own.

They were now come to the last Course, the Cakes and Pyes; and the Clown found good Stowage Room still, and cramm'd as heartily upon these nicer Kickshaws, as he had done upon the more substantial Flesh-pots before. *Xanthus* being resolved to make one Tryal more, call'd for his Pastry-Cook, and made a hideous Complaint against him, telling him that he spoil'd every thing that went through his Hands. The Cook very modestly replied, that if they were overbaked 'twas his Fault; but for the Spice and Seasoning, if there was any Defect there, his Mistress must answer for that, for he had put in all that she gave him.

Nay

Nay, Wife, cried *Xanthus*, if the Fault lies at your Door, by all that's Holy, I'll use you as scurvily as the meanest Slave in my House; and therefore come strip, strip immediately I say, and prepare for a Dog-whip. *Xanthus* could not possibly believe him such a barbarous Brute, as to see a Woman of Honour suffer all this scandalous Indignity, without interposing one Word at least in her Behalf. But on the contrary the Loggerhead stood mute, only muttering to himself this old Proverb, *What have we to do to quench other Folks Fires?* And to say Truth, tho' he brought indeed a sort of a *hungry Devil* along with him, yet he was troubled with no *Spirit of Contradiction*. If 'twas his Landlord's Pleasure to flog his Wife, 'twas nothing to him. His Invitation was only to take Part of a good Supper, but not to intermeddle with any other of his Family-Matters. However he took *Xanthus* by the Sleeve, and told him, if he wou'd stay a little, he'd go and fetch his own Wife too, and so they might take the Lash by Turns.

In short, *Xanthus* miss'd his Aim; he could not but give *Æsop* his Due, and confess'd indeed that he had now brought him a Man that had no Curiosity at all.

§. 9. *Xanthus* having some Affairs at the Publick Hall, sent *Æsop* before him to see what Company were there yet; A Magistrate seeing him marching by in such haste, ask'd him whither he was going? Why, truly replied *Æsop*, *I am going I know not whither*. The Magistrate taking th's Bantering Answer of *Æsop*, as an Affront to his Person and Authority, commanded an Officer to seize him and carry him to Prison. Why look you Sir, says *Æsop* to the Magistrate, have I not told you true, that I did not know whither I was going; for do you believe when I came out of my Master's House this Morniug, that I had the least Thought in my Head of going to Goal. The Magistrate was so taken with this witty Fancy of *Æsop*, that he immediately discharg'd him from his new Keeper. His Heels being thus his own again, he mov'd forward to the Hall; where amongst an infinite Crowd of People, he saw one Man Arrest another for Debt. The Debtor pleaded Poverty, humbly Supplicating for Mercy from his Creditor, telling him however, that if he would favourably please to Compound for half, he would part with all he had to endeavour to raise the Money. The Creditor, bct'i in Prudence to himself, as well as Pity to the Debtor, consented to take the Money

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Money offer'd, declaring, that it was better to take Half than lose All. Besides, that Money was almost as good as lost that a Man must be forced to go to Law to recover. *Æsop* hereupon return'd to his Master, telling him he had been in the Hall, and had seen but one Man there. This sounded like a Riddle to *Xanthus*, and hasten'd him to the Hall to learn the Truth of *Æsop's* Intelligence. When he came there he found the Court full of People; and turning in a Passion to *Æsop*, Sirrah, says he, Is all this Multitude gather'd since you was here? Oh no, Sir, replied *Æsop*, there was a vast Crowd before I came away, and yet but one Man that I could see in all that Throng.

§. 10. *Xanthus* making One at a Merry Meeting of Philosophers, and *Æsop* perceiving his Master had already been a little too bold with the brisk Glas that went round, and that the Company were all set in for a Drinking Bout; Sir, says he, 'tis the Humour of *Bacchus* to make Men merry, then Drunk, and at last Mad. *Xanthus* rather offended at this Boldness of *Æsop*, than forewarn'd by this short Monitory, soon got his whole Load; and when the Wine was in and the Wit out, being naturally a Vain-boaster, and launching out into Rhodomonts

domontado's without Fear or Reason. One of the Company knowing his weak Side, took an Occasion to tell him that he had read somewhere that it was possible to drink the Sea Dry. Phoo, says *Xanthus*, that's nothing, I'll lay my Estate upon't that I do't my self. The other taking him hot upon it, provoked him to make a Wager on't, and accordingly they pull'd off their Rings to confirm it. Early next Morning *Xanthus* missing his Ring, inquired of *Æsop* if he knew what was become of it; otherwise he had lost it. No, Sir, replied *Æsop*, your Ring is not so lost but that your Estate will redeem it; and so told him the whole Story at length of the blind Wager he had made last Night, and the whole Forfeiture of his Patrimony upon Non-Performance, &c.

Xanthus, who before had quite forgotten the whole Business, upon this Recollection, began to be a little sick of the Bargain, to consider that he cou'd neither do the Thing, nor evade the Obligation. In this Exigence he address'd himself to *Æsop*, his constant Friend at a dead Lift, begging his Pardon for not taking his sober Counsel last Night, and beseeching him to stand by him once more, and deliver him from this last Troublesome Jobb, and he should win his Heart for ever. Well, says *Æsop*, You shall not sink under this Calamity, follow but my
Di-

Directions, and my Life for your Estate, I'll bring you off a Free Man from this Bond. Nay, Sir, and with those flying Colours too, that you shall get Honour not lose it, as mad an Undertaking as 'tis to drink the whole Sea off. *Xanthus* was wrapp'd into Transports at these Reviving Words of *Æsop*, and with all humble Obedience follow'd his Deliverer. And according to the Project laid between 'em, *Xanthus* stood to his Covenants, summoning his Adversary at such a Day and such an Hour to meet him at the Sea Side to see full Performance done, and the Wager fairly decided.

This Bold Face which *Xanthus* put upon the Matter, gave a general Amusement to the whole Country round, and there wanted not Spectators, as may well be imagined, to see so prodigious an Exploit. All Parties being met at the Time and Place appointed. *Xanthus* desired the Articles of Agreement and Conditions to be publicly read before all this numerous Auditory; which being done, *Xanthus* call'd for a large Bowl, which was accordingly given him. Now, says he, with a loud Voice, You have heard, my good Friends and Countrymen, what I have undertaken to perform, and under what Penalty, viz. the Forfeiture of my whole Estate. And now good People,

ple, as I stand obliged to drink up the Sea, but not the Rivers that run into it; I desire that my Adversary take Care that all the Inlets be stopp'd, and nothing but pure Sea left me to drink, and I am here ready to perform my Part of the Agreement; but for drinking any of the Rivers, there's nothing of that in the Contract.

The People found it so clear a Case, that they not only agreed to the Reason and Justice on *Xanthus* side, giving him the highest Applause imaginable; but made a Jest of his Adversary and hiss'd him to Scorn. Nor would they excuse him ev'n from his own Loss of the Wager, by any other Composition, than openly acknowledging that *Xanthus* was the Wisest Man; to which he readily complied by Saluting *Xanthus* as fairly Conqueror, who accordingly went triumphant out of the Lists, contenting himself with the voluntary Submission of his yielding Enemy.

§. 11. The World in that Age was strangely Bigotted to a Belief in Augury, and receiving Omens of Good or Bad Fortune, the Success of their Undertakings, from the Flight or Cry of Birds. *Xanthus* having a strong Faith that way, bid *Æsop* go out in the Yard and look about him; and if he saw Two Crows he should have good Luck, and

and if but *One* he should have bad. *Æsop* stept out, and immediately returning told his Master he had seen *Two Crows*. Hereupon *Xanthus* went out, and finding but *One*, (for the other was flown away) fell outragiously upon *Æsop* for mocking him, and order'd him to be soundly scourg'd. But just as they were stripping him for the Execution, in came a Messenger to invite *Xanthus* abroad to Supper; which *Æsop* immediately laid hold on, saying, Master, where's the Credit of your Augury, when I that saw *Two Crows* must be whipp'd like a Dog, and you that saw but *One* are invited to make Merry abroad. The Sense and Quickness of this Reflection so pacified his Angry Master, that he excused him the Lash; and gave him the Favour of a Smile at parting.

§. 12. As *Xanthus* was walking, with his Servitor *Æsop* attending him, among some Monuments, and there Reading of Epitaphs; There was one Inscription in *Greek Characters* beyond his Understanding. *Æsop* took it to Talk, and upon a Thoughtful Perusal, he presently found Wit enough to uncypher it; and asked his Master, what Reward he would give him if he discover'd a hidden Pot of Gold. One half, replied *Xanthus*, and your Liberty. Accordingly *Æsop* fell to Digging about Four Yards from the Inscription,

scription, and found the Treasure he sought, delivering it to his Master, and claiming the promis'd half for his Discovery, Well, said *Xanthus*, I'll keep my Word with you, but first you must inform me by what Light you came to the Knowledge of such a Treasure so hidden, for I had rather be Master of that Secret than of the Gold it self. *Æsop* readily unfolded all, desiring him to observe these *Greek* Characters insculp'd on the Monument, α, β, δ, ο, ε, θ, χ; which are thus interpreted, α stands for ἀποδός, β for βήματα, δ for δεικναι, ο for ὁρῶν, ε for εὐρησας, θ for θησαυρὸν, χ for χρυσῆ; viz. Dig Four Paces from this Place, and you shall find Gold, Nay, says *Xanthus*, if you have such a Knack at finding of Gold, You and I must not part yet. *Æsop* perceiving his Drift that he was going to play fast and loose with him, gave him to understand, that this Treasure belonged to King *Dionysius*, How do you know that, replied *Xanthus* a little startled. By the very Inscription, answer'd *Æsop*; for in that Sense α stands for ἀποδός, β βασιλεῖ, δ Διονυσίῳ, ο ὄν, ε εὐρες, θ θησαυρὸν, χ χρυσῆ. Give King *Dionysius* the Golden Treasure you have found. *Xanthus* was under some timorous Apprehensions from this Interpretation, and charged *Æsop* to be silent, and he shou'd have his promis'd Dividend. Nay Sir, says *Æsop*,
this

this is not so much your Bounty, as the Intent of him that buryed it; for the very same Letters direct the sharing of it. For Instance, α stands for ἀνελόμφοι, β βαδίσαντες, δ διέλεσθε, ο ὄν, ε εὔρετε, ς δημοῦρον, χ χρυσῶ. Signifying, *Divide the Gold that you have found.* Well then, says *Xanthus*, we'll e'en walk home together and fairly share it. But instead of putting half the Gold into *Æsop's* Pocket, he clapp'd a whole Stone Doublet upon his Back, laying him by the Heels rather to keep him from Blabbing, as much a cheaper way than to pay him so much Gold to hire him to't. But this ungrateful Usage was so far from stopping *Æsop's* Mouth, that he roar'd out against him with all the loudest Reproaches, telling the World openly that *This came of trusting to the Faith of a Philosopher.* *Xanthus*, when he found this rough Usage would not gain his Point, releas'd him again, however admonishing him to keep a Good Tongue in his Head if ever he hoped for his Liberty. That Favour, replied *Æsop*, speaking with a Spirit of Prophecy, I shall not need to ask of *Xanthus*, I shall in a very few Days be Master of my Freedom from a much more Powerful Hand to command it.

§. 13. *Æsop* had thus far undergone a tedious Slavery intermix'd with Sours and Sweets,

Sweets, sometimes cherish'd, and often reviled and ill-treated ; but his Constancy of Mind surmounted all, without either Vanity from Smiles and Applause, or Dejection under Hardship and Sufferings. And as he very well knew his Duty in his Station of a Slave ; so on the other side he was no ways ignorant of his own Merit, nor neglected any favourable Occasion of advancing his Reputation in the World : An extraordinary Instance of which offer'd among the *Samians*, upon a strange Accident that happen'd there upon a very Solemn Day. The Ring that had the Town Seal upon it, upon some remarkable Occasion of using it, lying before 'em, an Eagle upon the Wing, swoop'd down, and caught it up into the Air, from whence she let it drop into the Bosom of a Slave. The *Samians* under a Pannick, or rather Superstitious Consternation, look'd upon it as the foreboding of some impending Calamity that threaten'd the State ; and under that terrible Apprehension they Summon'd a Consult of their Wise Men, and amongst them the most eminent *Xanthus*, to unravel this mysterious Accident. They were at a stand, and none of 'em durst pretend, especially upon so short Warning, to unfold the hidden Will of the Gods wrapt up in so amazing a Portent. But *Xanthus*, whose Credit stood fairest amongst

mongst them, desir'd an Adjournment of the Council. and some few Days for further Consideration.

Upon this he applied himself to his Study, but the farther he sought to find out the Secret, he was but daily more intricated and confounded in the Search of it ; insomuch that he contracted so deep a Melancholy, as *Æsop* too plainly discover'd some uncommon Agitation of Mind from his very Aspect ; and out of a Natural Principle of Humanity, he besought his Master to unbosom his inward Affliction to him, promising him his utmost Zeal and Assistance to serve him in the Affair, whatever it might be. *Xanthus* well remembring some very important Services he had done him in several Exigencies before, tho' none of so high Moment as this, frankly laid the whole Matter before him ; adding withal, that he was so far engag'd in it, that his whole Reputation in the World lay at stake ; nay he was in danger of being insulted, if not torn to pieces, by the very Rabble ; so great a Confidence had they reposed in his Ability to expound this Secret, and consequently what Fury must he pull down upon his own Head, by defeating their Universal Expectation.

Æsop upon hearing the whole Case, bid him cheer up his drooping Spirits, and rely upon the Counsel he was ready to give him,

to

to bring him off with flying Colours; and accordingly advis'd him to Address the Senate in this manner. "That it is the Custom of the World to set so high a Value upon the Learning and Penetration of Philosophers, that upon any extraordinary humane Accident they rarely appealed to any other Oracles for their Light and Information. "Tis true, an Enquiry and Examination into the visible Works of Nature, and the Movements and Government of this Sublunary World, on one Side; and the Obligations of Duty owing from Mortals to Immortals, on the other Side, were properly the Study and Province of a *Philosopher*. But as the Divine Powers had furnish'd their Noblest Creature *Man* with a Rational Soul: Yet the most Exalted Humane Reason cou'd never arrive to an Excellency in every Branch of Learning. The Life of Man is, alas, too short to reach to an *universal Knowledge*. For this Reason various *Arts* and *Sciences* have their various Classes of Professors. Were the Question this August Assembly had to move concerning the Regulation of Life or Manners, or the Nature of Things Cœlestial or Terrestrial, they could not more properly apply than to *Philosophers* for their Satisfaction. But for Explanation of Prodigies, or any Excentrick Movement

"ment of Nature; or Commenting upon
 "the *Flight of Birds*: These things lay
 "not so properly in the Cognizance of *Phi-*
 "*losophy*. However, as the present Point
 "was *Augury*, he begg'd Leave to inform
 "their Honours, that he had a Servant ex-
 "traordinary well Skill'd in that Science,
 "and cou'd pass as Right a Judgment in a
 "Case of that kind as any Man: And tho'
 "his humble Condition of being a Bought
 "Servant might not so well recommend
 "him to appear before so Illustrious a Coun-
 "cil of Patriots; however, the Necessity of
 "their present Distress, he hoped wou'd dis-
 "pense with that Incapacity in him, espe-
 "cially upon so eminent an Occasion, as
 "doing so considerable a Service to the
 "Publick.

Xanthus was extremely pleas'd with this
 Proposal of *Æsop*. "For, as *Æsop* wisely
 observed to him, "Your Credit will be sa-
 "ved, whether the Senate condescend to
 "hear me or no. If they do please to hear
 "me, and what I shall utter shall meet
 "with their Approbation, the Honour will
 "be Yours; and the Disgrace all my own,
 "if I miscarry." And hereupon he resolv-
 "ed intirely to follow *Æsop*'s Advice, ev'n
 with an implicit Faith, for he cou'd not yet
 fully understand the Depth of his Design.

Æsop

Xanthus appear'd next Morning before the Council, where he harangued upon the Subject concerted between himself and *Æsop*, and referr'd them to his Servant to clear all their Doubts and Difficulties. The Senate with one Voice call'd for this Ingenious Servant of his, who was accordingly brought into Court, The Exotick Appearance of *Æsop*, ev'n in the midst of the serious Affairs before 'em, rais'd a General Smile through the whole Assembly; nay some of 'em push'd the ill-natured Jest so far, as openly to rally upon his Deformity, and even to say, *Whatever Spirit of Divination the Fellow may have, we know not; however he has very little that looks like Humane about him.*

Æsop hereupon took Occasion thus to accost them. "You have here before you, says he, "but an untoward Outside of a Man: However, as you, *Worthy Patriots*, "have call'd me hither, more to examine "the bright *Oracles of Reason*, than the "coarse *Figure* I bring before ye, I hope you "will do both Your Selves and Me that Justice, as to value *Understanding* before "Beauty, and consequently give me Leave "to address your *Ears*, not your *Eyes*, in the "Subject Matter that has given me the Honour of appearing within these Hallow'd "Walls.

Upon this Acute and Judicious Address of *Æsop*, they that before had look'd with an Eye of Contempt upon him, now with a Conscious Blush at their first unhappy Mistake, gave him a more favourable Aspect, and bad him proceed on the Important Subject in hand, and speak freely whatever he had to say for the Common Good. Hereupon *Æsop* thus utter'd himself: "I

"my *Ability* cou'd but equal my *Zeal* for
 "your Service, I shou'd not doubt in the
 "least of Answering your utmost Expecta-
 "tion. But before I enter upon the weighty
 "Matter in Hand, and the Office I am
 "to perform, it gives me a very sensible
 "Check to consider, that 'tis not altoget-
 "her so consistent with the Reputation of
 "this August Assembly, to admit a Slave
 "into your Debates and Councils; nor
 "does it suit with my Condition to offer
 "it. But to embolden my Utterance
 "the Great Truths I shall deliver, and pro-
 "serve your own Dignity in receiving
 "them from me, it would be much to me
 "Encouragement, and more to your own
 "Glory, to make me first a Freeman, then
 "by to qualify me for the Post of Honour
 "you have given me.

The whole Council found the Request reasonable, that they instantly demanded of *Xanthus* the Price of his Servant's Liberty.



who, in Gratitude for *Æsop's* many, but especially this Last Good Service, chose rather to present him to the Commonwealth than Sell him; whereupon *Æsop* was instantly proclaim'd a Freeman, and the same Trumpet sounded both his Liberty and his Master's Liberality in so generous a Present made to the State.

Æsop being now made a Free Citizen of *Samos*, he thus interpreted the Signification of the Portent. "I need not inform the Wisdom and Learning of this Assembly that the Eagle is a Royal Bird, and signifies some *Sovereign Head*: That the Publick Seal, as it Stamps all the Edicts, Mandates and Laws of the *Commonwealth*, it virtually includes the whole Execution of *Power* and *Authority*; and as it was drop'd by an Eagle, implying the Hand of some Superiour Power, into the Bosom of a Slave, plainly foretells the Loss of the *Samian* Liberties, if not prevented by timely and prudent Care for their Preservation. The whole Portent plainly signifying, that some Powerful Prince has a Design upon you.

The *Samians* were extremely surprized and alarm'd at this Prediction, as carrying the Face of so much Reason, from this Natural Explanation made by *Æsop*. And indeed the Prediction was soon verified, when

in a very few Days after, there came Embassadours from *Craesus* the King of *Lydia*, to demand a Tribute from them in the Name of their Master; or if refused, to denounce War against them. This Affair was immediately debated in the Council, where the Majority seem'd rather inclined to purchase Peace by a tame, or rather slavish Submission, than run the Hazard of War from a threaten'd Invasion by so Potent a Neighbour. However they would not come to a Resolution in a Matter of that Importance, till they had first consulted *Æsop*, who gave them his Opinion in these Terms.

“Mankind has the Choice of Two Ways before him. The First, *the Way of Liberty*, which though narrow and rough at the Entrance, is plainer and smoother the farther we go. Secondly, *The Way of Servitude*, or Slavery, which may seem easy at first, but afterwards leads to intolerable and irreparable Mischiefs and Difficulties.” The *Samians* were sensibly touch'd with these Cautionary Precepts of *Æsop*, and hereupon unanimously declared for Liberty; and since they were now Free, they would never make a voluntary Submission to Slavery; and accordingly dismiss'd the Embassadours with this Answer; to their King, who immediately proclaim'd War against them.

§. 14. When *Cræsus* understood how inclinable the *Samians* were to a Submission, 'till by the prevailing Eloquence of *Æsop*, they alter'd their Resolution, he resolv'd to send for *Æsop* to discourse him, making an Offer to the *Samians* of a Suspension of Arms, upon their sending of *Æsop* to him. *Æsop* seem'd to consent to this Proposition, provided he might only tell them One Story before they sent him.

" In old Times, says *Æsop*, when some
 " Beasts talk'd better Sense than most Men
 " now a-days, a War broke out between
 " the *Wolves* and the *Sheep*; and the *Sheep*
 " by the Assistance of the *Dogs*, then their
 " Allies, were rather an Overmatch for the
 " *Wolves*. The *Wolves* hereupon offer'd the
 " *Sheep* a Peace, provided only they sent
 " 'em their *Dogs* for Hostages: To which
 " the easy and credulous *Sheep* consented;
 " but no sooner had they parted with their
 " *Dogs*, but the *Wolves* broke in-upon them
 " and destroy'd 'em.

The *Samians* soon gather'd the Moral of this Fable, and upon no Terms would consent to part with him; *Æsop* who had a Prospect before him, beyond the reach of the weak-sighted *Samians*, resolv'd to give *Cræsus* a Visit, tho' in another Character and Capacity than that of a Person deliver'd up at Discretion into his Hands; and accordingly

put himself a-board with the Embassadors, for a Passage to *Lydia*.

§. 15. At his Arrival at the Court of *Lydia*, *Æsop* presented himself before the King, who, upon Sight of him, look'd with the severest Aspect of Hatred, Scorn and Indignation; *Is this*, said he, *the Bar to my Ambition? this the Man that cou'd defeat the Hopes of Cræsus being Lord of Samos?* *Æsop* discerning the rising Tempest on the King's Brow, with the profoundest Reverence thus address'd him, "I come not hither, Great Sir, as a Man given up into Your Power, by any Compulsive Force, but by my own Desire and Inclination to lay my self at Your Majesty's Sacred Feet, with this only Prayer, that You would graciously lend Your Royal Ear and Patience to a few short Words.

There was a Boy, who hunting for Locusts, caught a Grass-hopper; who, finding he was going to kill her, thus supplicated for Mercy. Alas, says she, what Capital Offender have I been, to pull the Hand of Vengeance and Stroke of Death upon me? I never wrong'd any Person; had never the Power, and less the Will, to do an Injury; the only Business of my Life is my Innocent Song. And what Advantage can you gain by my Death? Upon this moving Plea for her Life, the
Youth's

Youth's Heart relented, and he set the poor Grass-hopper at Liberty.

That Innocent Creature, Royal Sir, You have now before You. I can pretend to nothing but my Voice; and as 'tis all the Gods have bestow'd on me, next to the Tributary Praises I gratefully pay out of it to the great Donors that gave it me, I employ the whole Remainder of it, to the best of my Power, in the Service of Mankind.

The King was so tenderly touch'd with the Virtue and Modesty of the Man, that, instead of the least Thought against his Life, whatever his first Transports of Fury might have form'd against him; from the roughest of Frowns, his whole Aspect was now smooch'd into so warm a Shine of Smiles, taking so deep an Impression of Favour towards him, that he bad him ask any thing he had a Mind to, and it should be granted him. *Æsop* upon this happy Revolution in the pacified Breast of the King, threw himself prostrate before him, with all the profoundest Veneration and Gratitude; and laying hold of the Royal Word of Grace, he most humbly implored his Majesty's Favour for his Countrymen the *Samians*. The King immediately granted his Prayer, and confirm'd it by the Sanction of a Firm Amity and Peace with the State of *Samos*, under the Royal Seal, receiving at the same time a

yet warmer Kindness and Esteem for *Æsop*, for making this Petition his Choice, a Prayer offer'd up by Piety, not Self-Interest, for his Country's Service, not his own.

Æsop soon after this return'd to *Samos* with the Joyful News of Peace, wholly the Work of his own Creation; which gave him so hearty and so honourable a Welcome amongst them, that the *Samians* cou'd no ways repay such Signal Services than by erecting a Statue for him, with an Inscription to preserve his Memory, and render his Name and Virtues famous and fragrant to Endless Posterity.

From *Samos* he return'd afterwards to *Cræsus*, for whose sake he Compos'd several of those Apologues, which are handed round the World, and bear his Name: And having a Mind to see *Babylon*, (for he had a Natural Inclination for Travel) he obtain'd Letters of Recommendation from *Cræsus* to *Labinetus* the King there, his Friend and Ally; His Curiosity led him through *Greece* to Discourse with those Philosophers, the Seven Wise Men, so Famous in that Age of the World. From thence he made a Journey to *Asia*, and so to *Babylon*.

§. 16. *Æsop* found a very favourable Reception at the Court of *Babylon*, his own shining

shining Virtues giving him a Recommendation to *Labinetus's* Favour, beyond his Credential Letters from *Cræsus*. And what daily contributed to his spreading Fame and growing Greatness amongst the *Babylonians*, was, his extraordinary Acuteness in resolving of Riddles, and untying of knotty Questions, it being in those Days a Custom for Princes to exercise Tryals of Skill in that kind amongst the most Celebrated Wits of that Age, the best Performance herein being accounted amongst them the Master-piece of Wit and Learning: And in this particular Faculty no Man reach'd to the Heights of *Æsop*, who always bore away the Prize in every Contest upon that Subject.

§. 17. Amidst all this Reputation and Grandeur he now lived in, it was his Unhappiness to have no Children, the Blessings of a Fruitful Bed being indeed the best Comfort and Support of Old Age. But as the Person of *Æsop* had not over-well furnish'd him for a Lover or a Bridegroom, and consequently a single Life was his most prudent Choice, Celibacy being indeed in his Circumstances as much a Necessity as a Virtue in him; under this Want of a Lineal Heir, *Æsop* was inclined to Adopt himself a Son; and accordingly, by his

own Choice, and the King's Approbation, Pitch'd upon a Youth, well Born and Ingenious, only of poor Extract, named *Ennus*. This Adopted Darling he nurs'd and cherish'd with all the fondest Paternal Care imaginable, giving him an Education worthy such a Father, training him up in all those most refined Principles of Virtue and Knowledge, that probably might lay him a Foundation both for Greatness and Happiness. But such was his mistaken Choice in *Ennus*, that this Young *Æsop*-Graft was not sound at Heart, he was naturally of a perverse and flagitious Temper, such as no Favour nor Kindness cou'd oblige, and no Discipline or Instruction correct or soften; so that out of an irreclaimable Propensity to Wickedness, from one Sin heap'd upon another; at last his Impiety prompted him to the Perpetration of so horrid a Piece of Ingratitude and Villany, as to counterfeit his Father's Hand and Name to several Letters, the Tenure of which was a Private Treaty with some Neighbouring Princes, with Promises of lending them Assistance against *Labinetus*. These Letters, as supposed to be intercepted, *Ennus* carried to the King; where, with all the seeming Reluctance and Unwillingness imaginable, as being compell'd by nothing but a Superiour Duty

to

to his King and Country, to be himself the unhappy Accuser of his own Father, an Office, though an ungrateful one, which Heaven had pleased to throw upon him, as the Discoverer of this Treacherous Correspondence; he charged his Father with Treason. His manner of Delivery of this Accusation, and the flowing Tears that attended it, left so little Room for the King's Suspicion of a Cheat and a Forger, that entirely satisfied in *Ennus's* Truth, and this extraordinary Instance of his Affection to his Prince, in a Transport of Fury, without any farther Enquiry into the Matter, he order'd *Æsop*, without any formal Process of Law, unheard and untryed, to be immediately put to Death.

The Persons to whom he had given the Charge of seeing this Execution perform'd, being highly sensible of *Æsop's* Integrity and Innocence; and therefore, out of a Principle of Justice, not running too headlong into an Obedience to the Ungovernable Passion of the King; to shield so darling a Head, laid this Plot between'em, to keep *Æsop* conceal'd, and have it given out to the World that the King's Commands had been fulfill'd; not at all doubting but the Day would come, when the Villany of *Ennus* would be detected, and then they should

should be rather thank'd than punish'd for their Disobedience in the Preservation of a Life so precious as *Æsop's*. Their Assurance herein proved very Prophetical; for in some few Days after *Amasis* King of *Ægypt* sent Letters to *Labinetus* to desire, that he wou'd send him an Architect that wou'd undertake to lay the Plan and Projection of a Tower that should hang in the Air; and One that was able to resolve all Questions. The King, whose Fury against *Æsop* was now cool'd, was infinitely afflicted for the Loss of a Jewel, that in his mad Passion he had so blindly thrown away, wishing it possible to bring him to Life again, though at the Purchase of half his Kingdom. *Hermippus*, and the rest who had before concealed him, now boldly own'd their innocent Imposture in keeping him Alive; and upon the King's Command to bring him forth, *Æsop* no sooner (to the King's no little Satisfaction) appear'd before him, but to his yet greater Joy, he made his Innocence so manifest, that the King immediately commanded his False Accuser to be put to Death with the most Exquisite Tortures; but *Æsop*, whose Mercy shined equal to the rest of his Virtues, though the Person most injured, yet the only Intercessor for him, most humbly
begg'd

begg'd his Life and Pardon, a Grant which no Eloquence but his own, cou'd have obtain'd for so black a Criminal.

Æsop thus justly restored to the Royal Grace and Favour, upon Perusal of the King of *Ægypt*'s Letters, advis'd *Labinetus* to return him this Answer, That early the next Spring he should have the Satisfaction desired. In the mean time he generously took *Ennius* home again, burying the whole Remembrance of his past Crime in entire Oblivion, and treating him with so much true Fatherly Goodness and Humanity, in hopes that his Sense of such Obligations might work his Conversion; and giving him all the daily Counsels and Precepts that could possible open his Eyes, and enlighten him to the Leading a Virtuous Life.

Though this Generous Forgiveness of his Crime, and all that Paternal Tenderness and Care of him had not the Desired Effect, in a perfect Reformation of his Life and Manners; however it had this too powerful Influence over him, to his Confusion rather than Conversion, so to touch his Conscience for his barbarous Ingratitude, that in a Raging Remorse he died, most passionately mourn'd by *Æsop*, as having made, alas! too fatal an Expiation of his Faults.

The

The Spring being now come *Æsop* went into *Ægypt*, answer'd all *Amasis's* Questions, and having bred up Eagles (as some Authors have it) to carry little Children up into the Air, told him, *These were his Architects to Build, if he cou'd find Labourers to carry 'em Stone and Mortar.* But not to insist upon this Romantick Part of his History; 'tis sufficient that he so answer'd the King's Expectation from him, that he sent him back again to *Labinetus* laden with Rewards and Honours.

§. 18. *Æsop's* last Curiosity led him a Traveller to *Delphos*, both for the sake of the Famous Oracles delivered there, and the Concourse of Learned Men that there paid their Visits and Adorations, amongst the Bending Knees, to the *Delphick* God, *Apollo*. Here indeed he found a great many Professours of Piety and Wisdom, but so vitiated with Pride and Avarice, and several other notorious Faults and Frailties, that they very little answer'd the Character and Reputation they had in the World; upon which the unhappy *Æsop*, too much a Plain-dealer, took the Boldness to give his Opinion of them in this Fable.

I find, says he, the Curiosity that brought me to Delphos, so Celebrated for the Resort of

of Learned and Religious Men, is much the Case of People at the Sea Side, that see something come floating towards 'em at a Distance at Sea, and at first Sight take it for some mighty Matter, but upon driving nearer the Shore, they find their own vain Mistake, discovering it to be only a Heap of Weeds and Rubbish.

This Liberty of Speech from *Æsop*, possibly so much the keener as the Satyr touch'd too near, so exasperated the *Delphians*, that the very Magistrates of the Place, neither awed by the Divinity so adored amongst them, nor check'd by the common Laws of Hospitality, that might very well have soften'd so severe a Resentment of so trivial an Offence, enter'd into a Conspiracy against his Life. Nay to heighten the Barbarity of this impious Machination, they laid a Plot to colour over their Guilt with the Form of Publick Justice. To this End they caused a Golden Cup to be slyly and secretly convey'd into his Baggage as he pack'd up for his Departure from *Delphos*. And no sooner was he set out of Town upon his Journey, but immediately he was pursued by Officers, and charged with Sacrilege. *Æsop* with all the Boldness of Truth denied the Matter; but upon Search made, and the Cup found upon him, he was hurried back and the

the next Day brought into Publick Court there Arraign'd, and in spight of all the clearest Proof of his Innocence, condemn'd to be thrown headlong down a Precipice, and Sentence commanded to be immediately executed. He obtain'd Leave to speak a few Words, and applied the Fable of the *Frog* and the *Mouse* to the Severity us'd against him, but all in vain: The *Delphians* only bawl'd the louder for the Executioner to dispatch him. And though he made a shift to slip out of their Hands and run to an Altar hard by there, in hopes to find Protection; this avail'd him not: His malicious Persecutors had this Religious Pretence to tear him from thence viz. *That the Altars of the Gods were no Sanctuary to those that robb'd their Temples.* In vain He endeavour'd to lay before 'em their Violation of all the most Sacred Tyes of Hospitality, and the certain Vengeance of Heaven that his Innocent Blood would pull down upon their Heads, it being wholly inconsistent with the Justice of the Gods to suffer such Wickedness to go unpunish'd. He was speaking on, but they push'd him headlong off from the Rock, and in the Fall he was dash'd to Pieces.

The *Delphians* soon felt the Wrath of Heaven for this barbarous Act, by a dread-

ful Visitation of Famine and Pestilence : And consulting the Oracle to know what Provocation of the Gods had drawn these Judgments upon 'em ; The Answer was made, *The Murder of Æsop* : Infomuch that now Scourged, if not Converted, into a true Sense of so heinous a Guilt ; to appease offended Heaven, they erected a Pyramid to his Memory, as some Part of an Atonement. Nay some of the most notorious Conspirators were struck with that Horroir of Conscience, as to lay violent Hands upon themselves, and even by a Voluntary Sacrifice of their own Lives, made some Expiation for *Æsop's*.

APTHONIUS the *Sophist*,
 His NOTION of
F A B L E.



THE Poets were the first Inventors of Fable, and 'tis also used by the Rhetoricians in their Hortatory Orations. Fable is a Picture or Image of Truth drawn from borrowed Names and Ideas. 'Tis distinguished by it's Authors into three sorts, viz. the Sybaritic, the Cilician, and the Cyprian ; but Æsop having Excell'd in this

this particular Way all other Writers, upon that Account it for the most part passes under his Name and Character. With regard to the Subject-Matter, Fable stands divided into that which is styld the Rational, the Moral, and the Mixt. In the First, Men are the Images; Brutes in the Second, and both in the Mixt Fable. If the Moral or Exposition was put down at the Head of the Fable, the Greeks distinguish'd it by Name only from the same Moral plac'd at the End of the Fable: In the First Place it may be call'd the Contents or Argument of the Fable; and in the Last the Solution or Application.

AN EXTRACT
FROM
Philostratus his Characters,
Concerning
ÆSOP and his FABLES.



In this FIGURE

THE Fables are represented addressing themselves to Æsop with great Respect, as to their Prime Patron; for although Homer, and Hesiod, and Archilochus too in his Satyrical Lycambe have imbelished their Poems with Fable or Apologue; yet Æsop
Excels

Excels them all in this; that his Writings in general are of that Strain. With great Judgment he dresses up Brutes with Humane Forms and Qualities, and Censures the Avarice, the Lust, and the Frauds, &c. that are in vogue amongst Men. The Lyon and the Fox, the Horse and other Animals; even the Mute-Fish, are his Speakers, and read Lessons of Morality for the Instruction of Youth in the Concerns of Life. Fables therefore owing their Credit and Reputation to Æsop's Contrivance and Management, they are represented as is said above, addressing themselves to Æsop, and presenting him with Garlands and Crowns: He stands in the Picture, as if he were Composing a Fable, with a Smiling Countenance, and his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground; the Painter it seems knew, that a steady Considerate Temper was necessary in such Compositions. The Picture likewise represents the Subjects of his Fable, for the Brutes are Drawn in a Circle round him, and the Fox, like the Principal Actor in the Scene, is the Davus in the Comedy.

To His Ingenious Friend,
THE
NEW TRANSLATOR of ÆSOP.

LET not the *Fabulous Tale* Wise Ears offend;
When *Fiction* to great *Truth* such Light
can lend.

Well might Old *Æsop's* less illumin'd Head,
By Natural Religion only led,
Coucht in this Dress, his *Moral Lectures* read;

When thy Rich Breast, thou *Christian Pupil*
fraught

With Nobler Wealth, Diviner Wisdom taught,
Thy very GOD, when He vouchsaf'd to grace
In Personal Humanity Humane Race,
Ev'n in no less *Allusive Forms* array'd,
His own Eternal ORACLES display'd:
Th' Immortal Kingdom set to Mortal View,
His Heaven in *Figurative Emblems* drew.

Thou

Thou then, New Builder on Old *Æsop's* Ground,
 'Tis a well-chosen Subject thou hast found ;
 As well perform'd : Thou hast refin'd his Ore
 From the too Course Translation-Dross before.
 Nay, as thy Pen for *Youth's Instruction* draws ;
 Ev'n our far-Fam'd *Gamaliel* in that Cause,
 Tho' the whole *Bays* his Own, so justly Prais'd,
 (What tho' that shining Pile his Hand has rais'd)
 Has *here* tall'n short of his deserv'd Success.
 For as to *Juvenile Ears* he does Address,
 The *Work* too Bulky makes the Service less. }
 With no such pondrous Load thy Hopes to crush,
 Thou dost with lighter Merit boldlier push.
 To no Voluminous Bulk thy Labours stretch,
 Young Heads thou Wiselier wouldst not Tire,
 but Teach.

T O T H E
Juvenile R E A D E R of Æ S O P.

READ on, Young *Student*; and thy Breast
to fill

With th' early Knowledge both of *Good* and *Ill*,
Begin betimes to learn th' *Instructive Rule*,
Both in the *Grammar* and fair VIRTUE'S School,
These *Precepts* with Delight before thee lay,

Æsop ev'n mingled with thy very Play :

Æsop who gave all Animals a Tongue,
To draw the listning Juvenile Ears along.

Nay thy Eyes too, Sweet Youth, to entertain,
T' his *Comick Tales* we add the *Painted Scene*.

Æsop, t' instill Rich *Wisdom's* Sacred Treasure
To blooming Veins, *Instruction* mixt with *Plea-*
sure ;

All Arts to court, and Charms t' invite ; no less
Than th' whole Creation in this *Fabulous Dress*,
Rigg'd and set forth YOUTH'S *Moral School-*
Mistress. }



Æ S O P's

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

I. Of the Cock.



AS a Cock was scraping in a Dung-hill, he found a Pearl: Oh! says he, what a bright fine Thing have I found! If a *Jeweller* had found it, he had been overjoy'd: because he knows its Use and Value. For my part, I esteem it

B

not:

not : but prefer a Barley-corn before all the Pearls and Gems in the World.

The MORAL.

By the Cock is meant an ignorant and sensual Person : by the Pearl Wisdom and Learning. The Foolish despise Knowledge, and Men of Pleasure neglect Understanding.

The Sordid doat on Ignorance and Vice.
Sots Roul in Filth ! 'Tis the Fool's Paradise.
Such never can the Worth of Wisdom find :
For Light makes no Impressions on the Blind!



2. Of a Sick-Man, loath to Die.

A Poor Man very sick, and just at Death's Door, his Physicians having given him over, puts up a Petition to the Gods, and Promises them a Sacrifice of a Hundred Oxen, to restore him to his former state of Health. His Wife over-hearing, says she, My Dear, Where do you think to get 'em, when you are well again? Poh (says he) dost thou think the Gods will ever tax me with my Word.

The MORAL.

Fair Words Butter no Parsnips. Many People will promise that in their Distress, that they scarcely ever remember afterwards. It is

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

*a Mockery and Impiety, to make such Efforts
and vain Promises to God, and very unbe-
coming the State and Condition of a Sick Man.*

Deceitful Vows will ne'er relieve the Sick;
Nor Heaven e'er be cheated with a Trick.

3. A Fox that had lost his Tayl.



AN old wilely Fox upon the Hunt being caught in a Trap, was glad to get off without his Tayl, which prov'd a great Mortification, the Loss not being Reparable. A Crotchet comes into his Head, to put a Trick upon his Brethren, hoping thereby to wipe off his own Disgrace. In order thereto he calls a General Council of the Brotherhood, and uses many Plausible Arguments to per-
B 2 suade

suade'em to cut off their *Tayls*; For (says he) it is not only Useless, and Undecent, but a great Burden to us. But a Cunning Youth then at the Board stood up, and ask'd Brother *Reynard*, Whether he gave not that Advice, more for his *Own*, than for *Their* Satisfaction and Convenience.

The MORAL.

Cunning Knaves commonly make great Pretences, and eagerly pursue their own private Interests, under the specious Pretence of some publick Advantage. And Reynard is trying to make his Deformity to become Fashionable, or at least to persuade others to share with him in his Misfortunes, thereby to lessen his own.

Good Counsel which from true Affection flows,
Is the best Gift a Generous Friend bestows.
But Counsel for Self-interest given, beware;
The Friend's a Cozener, and th' Advice's a Snare.

4. *Jupiter and Modesty.*

Jupiter having form'd Man, among his other Qualities he had Endow'd him with, he had forgot to put in *Modesty*; and finding no ways to introduce her afterwards, commands her to be turn'd out amongst the Crowd. *Modesty* took it very ill to be so ill used; but being much importun'd, consents

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

sents to it, on this Condition, That *Carnal Love* should not be her Companion; For, (said she) where-ever that comes, there's no staying for me. Hence it's apparent, that all Sensual Men are Immodest.

The MORAL.

Such is the Extravagance of Voluptuous minded Men, that their unbridled Appetites are void of all Shame, and rarely keep within the Bounds of Modesty and Reason.

*As Vice prevails, so Modesty grows faint;
This bears no Stain, the Other no Restraint.*

5. Of the Lyon, and some other Beasts.



A Lyon made an Agreement with a Sheep and some other Beasts, that they

B 3

would

would Fare alike, and Live in Common, sharing among them what they could get. They go out upon the Hunt, and take a Stag; they divide it into several Pieces: But when each Beast was going to take his Share, as had been agreed; the Lyon roar'd out, That one Part belong'd to him, because of his supream Dignity; likewise another Part, as he excell'd in Strength; that he claim'd another Part, for that he had taken most pains in catching the Prey; and that unless they would give him a Fourth Part, he renounc'd their Friendship. When the Beasts in Contract with him heard this, they went away Silent, Sorrowful and Hungry; but not in the least daring to Mutter at the Lyon.

The M O R A L.

Chuse to Live and Die with your Equals. Companions and Partners that are too mighty, will make and interpret Agreements as they please; without any regard to Justice or Equity; nor must you dare to dispute it.

When Lawless Power contracts with feeble Friends,

It only means to serve its private Ends.

Acts as it lists; Supports it self by Might;

And scorns the weak Restraints of settl'd Right.

These constant Observations teach the Wise,

To deal with those of their own Force and Size.

6. Of a Mouse, and the Frog.



A Mouse and a Frog were at open Wars: Each strove for the absolute Dominion of the Fen. The Battel was Obstinate and Doubtful. The cunning Mouse lies in Ambush, and falls upon the Frog, from a covert of Grass. The bolder Frog, depending on his Strength and nimble Leaping, valiantly dares his Enemy to downright Fighting. They were both Arm'd with Bull-Rush Pikes. A hungry Kite having observ'd the Combatants at a distance, and perceiving that their Spite at each other, made them careless of themselves as to other Dangers; She on a sudden Flies to the Warriours, Snatches, Tears, and Devours them both.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The MORAL.

*Thus Factionous Citizens striving for Offices,
and neglecting their Common Welfare, are frequently Destroy'd by a common Invader.*

Thus Home Divisions, and Domestick Jars,
Intent on Faction, careless of the State;
Subject the Commonwealth to Foreign Wars,
And end all Broils in one destructive Fate.

7. Of the Dog, and the Shadow.



A Certain Dog crossing a River, with a Piece of Flesh in his Mouth. The Sun shining out, and the Day being Bright and Clear, the Shadow of the Flesh that the Dog carried

carried in his Mouth appear'd plain in the Water. The Dog, greedily catching at it, drops the Meat out of his Chaps and lost it. The poor Cur was quite amazed at first; but, at length recovering himself, he thus express'd, in Dog Language, the Sense of the Matter. I had enough and to spare; Had I but known when I was well: But by Coveting too much, I have lost all.

The MORAL.

All Covet, all Loose. Quit not a Certainty for an Uncertainty; a Substance for a Shadow: Nor give a Solid Price for Empty Hopes.

He that possessing well, still Covets more;
And quits a solid Hold, for doubtful Store;
Courts his own Loss, and hastens to be Poor.

8. Of a Curs'd Cur.

A Certain Curs'd old Cur, but a good House-Dog, was so addicted to Snarl and Bite Strangers that pass'd by, that his Master was forc'd to hang a Bell about his Neck, that People might be forewarn'd of him. The Dog took this for a particular mark of Favour and Estimation from his Master, and despised his Companions, be-
B 5. cause

cause they wanted such an Ornament. You'r mightily mistaken, said one of 'em; it is no Ornament, but a Mark of Infamy set upon you for your Curst malicious Temper, and ill Manners.

The MORAL.

Some Men are arrived to that Height in their Wickedness, and so Brazen'd in their Fronts, that they Glory in their Shame, and Boast of their Vices, and value themselves upon their Ill Character.

Vice Boasts it self by Practice, and in spite Of Conscience, and 'gainst Truth will boldly Fight.

9. Geese, and the Cranes.

A Flock of Geese and Cranes met and Forag'd together in the same Field: The Country Men hearing their Musick, came upon 'em suddenly and surpriz'd em; The Cranes being frighted, and light of Body, flew away; but the Geese being heavy, their Wings not being strong enough to carry 'em off quickly, were Snap'd up every Goose of 'em.

The MORAL.

In Time of War, or Distress; Riches, or Bulk

Bulk of Body, are a dead Weight, and binder the Owner's Flight : Whilst the Poor Man, without any Lett, Escapes. Little Goods, little Care.

The Rich in Flight are taken by their Weight,
But none pursue, none stop the Poor Man's Flight.

10. Of the Dog, and the Ass.



A Dog who was always Fawning upon his Master, and all the Family, was mightily Cherish'd and Caress'd by all of 'em. An Ass, belonging to the same House, observing this, was struck with Grief, and thought it very hard, that a Lazy, Useless Cur should be so much made of; be fed at the

the Master's Table, and live at his Ease, only by Idleness, Play and Flattery; while yet he, who continually carried Burdens, and was daily of so much Use and Service to the whole Household, was beaten with Whips and Cudgels, and neglected and scorn'd by every Body. To remedy this Grievance, since Fawning and Flattery throve so well, the *Ass* resolves to apply himself to so beneficial a Trade: In order to it, he watches his Master's coming home, runs to meet him, leaps upon him, and paws him rudely with his Hoofs. The Master surpriz'd and astonish'd, calls out for help; the Servants hast to assist their Master; and the foolish *Ass* is driven away, and Drubb'd severely for his Kindness.

THE MORAL.

We must not set Examples to our selves, that are unsuitable to our Natures, Circumstances, and Tempers; there being nothing more Ridiculous and Contemptible, than a fond Affectation of what we are wholly unfit for.

'Gainst Nature's Bent; we make Attempts in vain,
Nothing succeeds, done Awkward, or with Pain.
The little Dog is fondled for his Play,
While the dull *Ass* groans on his Servile way; }
Bending beneath his Load, and Beat thro' miry }
Clay.

II. Of the Country-Man, and the Snake.



A Country-man having found a *Snake* lying on the Snow, and almost Frozen to Death, brought it home, and laid it before the Fire: The *Snake* reviv'd by the warmth, recover'd his former Force and Vigour of Poison; and at last the Heat becoming uneasie to him, he fill'd the whole Cottage with his violent and impatient Hissings. The Countryman snatching up a Cudgel, runs to it, Corrects and Reproaches its Insolence and Ingratitude, with Words and Blows. Is this your Thankfulness, Vile Creature! Do you threaten me with Death in my own House, for bringing you hither to save your Life.

The

The MORAL.

It too often happens, that Men return Evil for Good; and become the Mortal and Implacable Enemies of those that have preserved, and raised them.

**Too often those whom we with Kindness fill,
Requite our Love with Hate, our Good with Ill.**

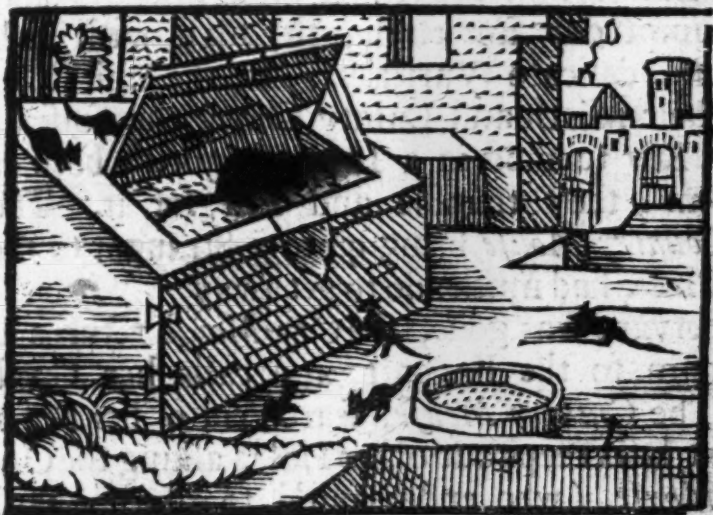
12. Of Two Crabs.

A Young Crab was reprov'd by his Dam, because he went a-Skew so shamefully, and advised him to walk streight forward. I pray Mother, says the Young One, go you before, and I'll follow after.

The MORAL.

Knowledge without Practice is nothing. He that would Reprove another, must take care not to be Guilty of the same Fault. Good Advice is seldom effectual, when the Adviser does not follow it himself.

**Words without Deeds are only empty Noise;
Example is the most prevailing Voice.**

13. Of the *City-Mouse*, and the *Country-Mouse*.

A *City-Mouse* had a mind to walk out of Town, and divert her self Abroad in the Country for the Air: A *Country-Mouse* met with her, invites her Home, prepares to entertain her in a plain manner; and to Supper they go. The *Country-Mouse* Treats her in the best manner she could, that she might not shew her self unworthy of the Company and Friendship of a *Mouse* of so great Quality. Yet the *City-Mouse* look'd disdainfully upon the Country Cates, condemn'd the mean Provisions, and magnified the noble Plenty, and vast Variety of the City Cheer. Upon her return Home, she invites the

the *Country-Mouse* to go with her, and see the Magnificence and Abundance of the City. They go together; and the *City-Mouse* brings her Guest to a splendid and sumptuous Entertainment, fill'd with rich and delicate Varieties. In the midst of their Mirth and Dainty Cheer, the noise of a Key turning in a Lock, frightens both of 'em; they tremble and run for it. The *Country-Mouse* being quite a Stranger to the Place, had much ado to get away. When the Servant was gone, the *City-Mouse* returns again to the Banquet, and calls her Guest. The *Country-Mouse*, scarce rid of her Fears, at last creeps out of her Hole, asking the *City-Mouse*, (who endeavour'd to ply her with Wine, and renew their Jollity) whether those Frights and Dangers were seldom or frequent? The *City-Mouse* made answer, that they were frequent and Contemptible. If it be so, reply'd the *Country-Mouse*, your Dainties are so over-season'd with Danger, that all your Sweets are imbitter'd by it; give me my Homely Fare with Quiet and Safety, rather than this Abundance with so much Fear and Hazard.

The MORAL.

Great Wealth, and sensual Pleasures, are frequently found to be only dainty Baits to deadly Mischiefs. A mean Condition makes a large Amends; for what it wants in outward Splen-

*Splendour, is vastly supply'd by inward Com-
forts, firm Security, lasting and solid Satis-
faction.*

Riches and Pleasures falsely we suppose
A State of Bliss; they bring a World of Woes;
Expose us hourly to corroding Cares,
To open Dangers, and to secret Snares.
Splendid, without, and shining they are seen;
Black Horror, dreadful Ruins, lurk within.
Beware of snatching at the Gilded Bait,
'Twill poison all, imbitter thy whole Fate.
No solid Comforts harbour in Excess,
The middle State, alone, conducts to Happiness.

14. Of the Boar, and the Ass.



A Sluggish worthless Ass was one Day
mocking and deriding a Boar. The
Boar at first was angry, and gnash'd his
Teeth

Teeth at him; but, recovering his Temper, replies, Tho' thou deserveſt to be puniſh'd ſaid he, yet thou art below my Anger. Thou may'ſt Inſult at pleaſure, and with impunity, thy own Baſeneſs ſecures thee.

The MORAL.

A Brave Mind deſpiſes the Injuries received from mean, vulgar, and ſordid Perſons.

Urg'd by the Baſe, be unconcern'd the while;
At moſt, regard it with a ſcorning Smile;
'Twere mean to think of Vengeance on the Vile.

15. A Country-Man, and an Ox.

A Country-Man had a young ſturdy ill-natur'd Ox, which could by no means endure the Yoak, nor ſuffer any Body to come near him: The Man cuts off his Horns, and puts him to the Plough, ſo that he could neither puſh with his Horns, nor kick with his Heels, and himſelf guided the Plough, pleaſed with what he had done. The ſurly unruly Beaſt, when he could do nothing elſe, threw up Stones and Dirt with his Heels into the very Mouth and Eyes of his Maſter, till he was almoſt Blind, and could do nothing but Spit and Sputter about him.

The

The MORAL.

Nature will still have its Course ; some Tempers are so untractable and morose, that nothing will reclaim 'em. The more Pains a Man takes to Meliorate 'em, the worse they are. And tho' through Policy or Strength you may restrain their Actions ; seldom is there a Change of the Will and Affections effected thereby.

Do what you can, some Men are still the worse ;
For Savage Nature strives to have its Course.

16. Of the Wolf, and the Crane.



AS a Wolf was greedily Devouring a Sheep, a Bone stuck fast in his Throat :
He goes up and down, begging Help, but
can

can get none. Every body tells him he may thank himself for his Fate, and that he is well enough serv'd for his insatiable Gormandizing. At last, with abundance of fair Words, and a world of fine Promises, he prevails upon a *Crane*, to thrust her long Bill and Neck into his Throat, and to pluck out the Bone. The *Crane* Consented, and Drew out the Bone very Dextrously and Quickly. But when she ask'd for the Reward he had promis'd, the *Wolf* despis'd and laugh'd at her : Begone, Fool (said he) you owe me your Life; Is not that Reward enough? Had I thought fit, you Saucy bold Slut, I could have Bit off your Head.

The MORAL.

Ungrateful Men thus serve their Benefactors. Instead of rewarding Generous Friendships and Faithful Services, it must pass for a Favour that they do not return Injuries and Ruin, instead of just Requitals.

The Benefits we sow on Barren Ground,
Are lost. No Harvest, no Returns are found.
None can Reward or Service hope to find
From an Obdurate, Base, Unthankful Mind.

17. Of the *Wolf*, and the *Lamb*.

WHile a *Wolf* was Drinking at a Spring, he spies a *Lamb* Drinking at the Stream a good distance Below him. He runs to the *Lamb*, and chides it grievously, for Muddying the Spring, and Troubling the Water. The Poor *Lamb* trembled; and humbly besought him to be Merciful to a harmless Innocent Creature: Adding, that he was Drinking a great way from him, and lower down the Stream; he could not possibly disturb the Water that the *Wolf* was Drinking, and yet much less had he any thought to do so. The *Wolf* Rails and Thunders at him: Rascal!—(says he) thou hadst as good hold thy Prating; all thou sayest signi-

signifies nothing. Thou and all thy Tribe are perpetual Enemies to me and mine; and thou shalt now suffer for it, and make me some Satisfaction.

The MORAL.

Might overcomes Right. And a Defenceless Innocence is frequently Oppressed by Lawless Power.

The Guilty Great, by Arbitrary Might,
Oppress weak Innocence, and Defenceless Right;

118. A Boy, and a Thief.

AN Unlucky little Boy sat Sniveling and Crying at the side of a Well, a sharpening Thief steps up to him, and asks the Poor Lad what he cry'd for. Alas! says he, the Cord is broke, and my Silver Cup is dropt into the Well. The Thief whips off his Coat, and down he goes in quest of it, but lost his Labour and his own Coat into the bargain; the Young Rogue had Bit the Biter, and run away with the Thief's Coat.

The MORAL.

The Bush-beater is not always the Bird-catcher. They are deceived sometimes, that use to Deceive others. Some are Cheats by a natural

*natural Propension, more than by Discipline,
and 'tis a sort of Satisfaction to see a Tricker,
trick'd.*

Wit is not to that vast Perfection stretch'd,
But ev'n th' Arts Master sometimes is o'er-reach'd;
The best skill'd Sharpers in the Thieving Trade,
By Young Men, ev'n themselves the Cully's made.

19. Of the Eagle, and the Jack-Daw.



AN *Eagle*, who had got a *Shell-fish*, and could find no way to come at the Meat of it, a *Jack-Daw* offers her Advice: He persuades the *Eagle* to let fall the Fish from on high upon a Rock, by which means the Shell of the Fish would be broken. The *Eagle* takes
of

the Advice, Flies very high with the Fish, and lets it fall upon a Stone accordingly. The knavish *Daw*, who waited on the Ground for the fall of the Fish, Snatches it up, and carries it off; the deluded *Eagle* in vain re-
 pining and storming at the Cheat.

THE MORAL.

Be careful whose Advice you take : For too many give Counsel merely for their own Interest, without any real regard for those they advise.

Consider well, when Counsel you receive;
 Weigh both th'Advisers, and th'Advice they give.
 Guard you, that none impose upon your Sense
 With subtil Wiles, or grave Impertinence.
 For many, by their Counsels, mean no more,
 Than to Enrich themselves, and leave thee Poor.

20. A Tyger, Fox, and Huntsman.

AS a Huntsman was pursuing his Game, a Tyger comes up to the other Beasts, and commands 'em to their Quarters; Let me alone to deal with the Enemy, I'll put an end to this War my self. The Huntsman shoots him, he's wounded and flies. But whilst he was trying to pull out the Arrow with his Teeth, the Fox steps up to him,
 and

and asks who it could be that wounded such a Fierce and Potent Beast? The *Tyger* answer'd, He knew not; but by the Mortal cruel Wound he had got, he judg'd it to be a Man.

The MORAL.

It is not good to be too Presumptuous. Strong Men are too apt to depend upon their own Strength, and make Rash Attempts; not rightly considering, that Policy goes beyond, and may overcome the greatest Force.

If Strength alone could carry every Cause,
Man had ne'er giv'n his Sturdy Vassals Laws.
The Brutes had his Supremacy disown'd,
And Rebel like, long since their Lord dethron'd.
'Tis Management, not Strength; his *Reason* reigns.
And from that Power alone, puts on their Chains.

21. A Bull, and a Mouse.

A *Mouse* Nipp'd a *Bull* by the Foot, and presently ran into her Hole; the *Bull* in a Fury tosses up his Head, and Bounces up and down like mad, and stares about him, but could see no Enemy. The *Mouse* peeps out of her Hole, and laughs heartily to see the *Bull* in such a Fury. Look ye now, Mr. *Bull*, for all you'r so Furious, so Big, and Blustering, 'tis only a Poor silly *Mouse*, that has got the better of ye; and

if you'd give your Soul, you can't hurt me,
nor Revenge your self.

The MORAL.

*Let no Man be too heedless of an Enemy,
how Contemptible soever he may be in Appearance : The less he is regarded, the sooner he
may do you a Mischief, Therefore 'tis not
Prudence in Great Men, to Despise them of
the Lowest Rank.*

Let not the Mighty Rage against the Mean ;
For Fate may Turn, and Fortune change the Scene.
A Mighty Champion, more Bold than Wise,
May suffer by the Man he did Despise.

22. A Country-man, and Jupiter.

A Country-man driving a Waggon, had laid
it fast in deep miry Way ; he there-
upon laid himself along on the Ground, and
cries for Help to *Hercules*, and all his Fel-
low Gods : Why you Lazy Blockhead, says
the God to him, Lash the Horses, and set
thy Shoulder Titely to the Wheel, and then
call to me, and I'll give thee a Lift. The
Gods are not to be like a Jack at a Pinch, to
Drudge and Slave for every Lazy Drone.

The MORAL.

*Use honest Endeavours, and God will Pro-
sper 'em. Prayers, without Stout Industry, are
commonly*

commonly Ineffectual. Every Man ought to do what he's Able, and, under an humble Dependance, leave the Issue to God: But we must not Lie down in a Ditch, and cry God help us.

Without due Labour, Prayers are in vain,
But these United, Heav'n's help Obtain.
God hath for Labour, all things set to Sale;
And sends Relief, when Human Powers fail.

23. The **Lyon** grown **Weak**, worn out with Age.



A *Lyon*, whose Cruelty and Fierceness whilst Youth and Vigour lasted, had created him many Enemies, was now punish'd for it, when grown weak with Age. The Beasts severally fall upon him: The

Bear Wounds him with his Tusshes : The *Bull* Goars him with his Horns : Even the Sluggish *Ass*, thinking to wipe off his old Stain of Stupid Folly and Laziness, insults him with ill Words, and kicks him lustily. At which the afflicted helpless *Lyon* sighing said, Those whom I formerly Injured, now deservedly Punish me ; but it is hard to be ill Used in my Distress, by those whom I used with Kindness while my Power lasted. I was a Fool, to make me so many Enemies ; and still more foolish, in making so bad a Choice of my Friends.

The MORAL.

Be not Insolent in Prosperity, lest in Adversity you be made to smart for it. Create no Enemies, if possible : But be as careful what Friendships you Contract ; for false Friends will Wound you, instead of Serving you, in time of Need and Distress.

Let not the Mighty Rage against the Mean ;
For *Fate* may turn, and *Fortune* change the Scene.
If that Change happens, the once Injur'd Weak,
Their just Revenge with Usury will seek.
But in that State, 'tis Barbarous for them
That were well us'd, their helpless Patrons to
Contemn.

Yet since such fordid Wretches are too Rife,
Great Men should in their Strength and Power of
Life,
Resolve, among their settled Rules and Ends,
To make few Foes, and as few worthless Friends.

24. Of the Raven, and the Fox.



A Raven glad and proud of the Prey she had gotten, was Croaking and Hopping about among the Boughs: A Fox, who perceived it, runs to her; Oh! Madam Raven, says he, I have often heard that Common Fame is a Common Lyar; but now I am convinced of it. Common Fame reports you Blacker than Pitch; whereas indeed you are Whiter than Snow. In my Opinion, you not only excel the Beauty of Swans, but you equal the Lustre of the brightest Day. Most certainly, if the Sweetness of your Voice corresponds, as in all probability it does, to the Beauty of your Feathers; you ought to be esteem'd and proclaim'd Queen of Birds.

Birds. The well-flatter'd Raven, inticed and seduced by this Artifice, resolves to give the Fox a Specimen of the Charms of her Voice: But as she open'd her Bill, to begin her Song, the Cheese drop'd down, and the watchful Fox instantly snatch'd it up; and burst into a loud Laughter at the Cheated Raven. The Poor deluded Bird sat Silent, Pensive, and Asham'd, for having been so grossly Imposed upon.

The MORAL.

*Flattery, more or less, Imposes upon most:
But by Wisdom and Virtue we are Instructed,
and Enabled to Avoid that Common Snare.*

Who loves to be Lick'd up, with Oil of Fool,
To every Flattering Knave becomes a Tool.
Vain glory, and fond Love of empty Praise,
Depress the Judgment, and the Passions raise:
Then Fancy, soaring with ungovern'd Wings,
In little Time, all in Confusion brings.
Shun Flatterers; preserve thy Reason free;
And keep Sly Fawning Rogues still distant far
from thee.

25. Of the *Lyon*, and the *Mouse*.

A *Lyon* over-heated and tired in pursuit of his Prey, was reposing himself in the Shade, upon the Grass : Being fallen a sleep, he was waked by the running of Mice over his Back. He Rouses, and Catches one of them. The Prisoner humbly implores his Mercy and Clemency, representing himself unworthy of the *Lyon's* Anger. The generous *Lyon*, considering the foolish Fault of so diminutive an Animal, was indeed beneath his Notice, releases the trembling Captive. Not long after, as the *Lyon* was Ranging the Forest, he fell into a Snare. He roar'd and struggl'd in vain : there was no getting out. The *Mouse* chanced to hear, and recollect his

Voice, and remembring the Mercy shew'd him, hastens to the place, finds out the Knots of the Snare, gnaws them asunder, and gratefully Rescues his former gracious Deliverer.

The MORAL.

Great Men are thus taught Clemency. The Instability of Human Affairs is such, that the most Mighty are not secure from Revolutions; and may want the Service of the Meanest. Prudence, therefore, as well as Religion and Humanity, should incline Princes and Magistrates to Mercy and Commiseration.

As none can stop the Whirl of *Fortune's* Wheel;
Princes may Revolutions tear and feel.
In wisest Princes, therefore, still we find,
Compassion form'd, and reigning in the Mind.
Tempering their Passion, Power, and Justice so,
That unmeant Faults no Punishment shall know:
The Weak, thus sav'd by Godlike Clemency,
Sometimes so fortunately Grateful be,
Their great Preserver from Distress to free.

26. The Thunny, and Dolphin.

A Thunny flying from a Dolphin, and just ready to be snap'd up, thrust himself into the Cranny of a Rock; the Dolphin run full Drift against the Rock, and Beat out his Brains. The Thunny looking back, and seeing

seeing his Enemy expiring, breath'd out these his last Words, I now Die with Comfort, since he that is the Cause of my Death has met with the same Fate.

THE MORAL.

Company in Distress, make the Sorrow the less: Especially, when he that is the Cause of our Ruin, is himself Ruin'd.

To see the Author of our Ruin fall;
Can there be Joy, where Piety is small?

27. Of the Sick Kite.



A Kite falling dangerously Ill, and apprehensive of Death, begs of his Mother to Intercede with the Gods by fervent Prayer

for him. The Mother replies, That he had no reason to hope for Mercy from those Gods, whose Altars he had so often Sacrilegiously Profaned and Robb'd.

The MORAL.

We ought strictly to abstain from all Immoralities, but more especially from Gross Enormities; least, in our deep Distresses, Heaven should prove Deaf to all our Supplications.

Let none in Health and Wealth forget to raise Their grateful Hearts to Heav'n in Ardent Praise; Lest, if so just a Duty they neglect, Heav'n, in their Troubles, all their Vows reject.

28. A Covetous Man, and an Envious.

A Covetous Man and an Envious, Petition Jupiter by Consent, who sent Apollo to tell 'em that their Request should be Granted, with this Proviso, or Condition, That whatsoever the one ask'd, should be Doubled to the other. The Covetous Man Paused a while, considering what to ask, seeing it was to be Doubled to his Companion: And at last he ask'd several Things, which were immediately Doubled. The Envious Man's Turn was next, who Requested Jupiter, that one of his own Eyes might be Pluck'd out, that his Companion might Loose both.

The

The MORAL.

Envy is never Dead, nor Covetousness ever Contented. These two Vices are never satisfied; the one, with Gold; the other, with Malice and Mischief.

Envy and Avarice, are Twins of Hell;
Only, by different Ways their Souls they Sell.
That, to Enrich himself, Takes from another,
To Pile his own Gold Heap can Rob his Brother.
But *This*, his Left-hand Favours Gives: Can Bear
Even Plagues himself, to lend his Foe a Share.

29. The Swallow, and other Birds.



THE Swallow gave Notice to the Birds in general, that Men were going to Sow Hemp and Flax; from which, Nets and

and Snares would be made for the Destruction of Birds : And therefore advises, to pick up the Seed as soon as it was Sown. The Birds despise her Admonition ; make a Jest of her ; and call her an Impertinent foolish Prophet. The Hemp and Flax grows up ; and being almost ripe, the Swallow again importunes the Birds to spoil the Ripe-ning Crop. They again Despise and Laugh at her. Upon this she forsakes their Society, as of unthinking Birds, and applies her self to Men : Implores their Protection ; Lives among them ; and pays them the willing Tribute of her chearful Song. Thus she Escapes ; and Nets and Snares are made for the rest.

THE MORAL.

The thoughtless Crowd condemn wise Admonition. Branding those that advise 'em for their Good, with the Odious Imputation of being Wild and Vain Projectors. Thus they justly Perish by their own wilful Folly ; and the Wise Escape, by adhearing to Reason and Admonition.

The Stupid neither will their Interest see ;
Nor by Advice of Friends will Guided be :
Till overwhelm'd at last by oft warn'd Fate,
They feel their Error, and grow Wise too late.

30. Of the Frogs Petitioning for a King.



A Colony of *Frogs*, who were a *Free People*, became earnest Solicitors to *Jupiter* for a King. The Gods laugh at their Nonsense, and in Pity denies their foolish Prayer: They persist in their Supplications, and Tire him with Importunities. He Throws down a great Log to them: The fall of it made such a Noise, and so Dash'd and Troubled the Waters, that the affrighted *Frogs* stood Silent and Amaz'd; and with Humble Reverence did Homage to their King. But by degrees they approach Nigher and Nigher; and at last throwing off all Respect and Fear, they leap upon it, and make a Scorn and May-game of their stupid King. They put up repeated

peated Prayers for an Active and Valiant King: Whereupon *Jupiter* sends them a *Stork*. He proudly Marches about the Fen, devouring such *Frogs* as came in his way. They complain of the Cruelty of this Tyrant; but all in vain: *Jupiter* gives no Ear to them. To this very Day they continue their murmuring Complaints. Every Evening, when the *Stork* retires to Bed, they creep out of their Holes, and Croak together their Hoarse Lamentations to as little purpose as ever. *Jupiter* refusing to remove a Tyrant from the foolish *Frogs*; who could neither know the Happiness of their Original Natural Liberty, nor be content with a Mild and Gentle King.

THE MORAL.

The Unibinking Unconstant Vulgar, are Variable and Mutable as Air and Water; and Thirst after endless Change; are never Contented with their present Condition: They are therefore justly abandon'd to lament the Smart, that they draw upon themselves by their Obstinate Folly.

*The Restless Mob, a Gentle Prince despise;
Till some fierce Tyrant makes 'em to be wise.
Then they implore for their First State again:
But Heaven's averse; they importune in vain.
Justly the Rod to those mad Fools is sent,
Who Murmur at Indulgent Government.*

31. Of the Thief, and the Dog.



AN Honest watchful Dog rejected with Scorn and Indignation the Proffer of Bread that a Thief made him. Thou offerest me thy Deceitful Bribe, said he, in vain. I know thy Treacherous Design, should I accept it, and cease my Barking, to eat it; thou would'st carry off my Master's Goods.

The MORAL.

A Just faithful Servant will listen to no Temptation, nor be Corrupted by Bribes; nor suffer any Injury to be done to his Master's Person or Estate.

That Servant that will Just and Faithful be,
Must strictly keep from every Present, free;
Whereby his Master's Goods or Family,
Might meet with any sort of Injury.

32. A Satyr, and a Hunter.

A Satyr, who was once thought to be the God of the Woods, found a Traveller, overblown with Snow, and almost frozen to Death : Out of Pity he took him into his Cave, and set him by a warm Fire. The Man blew his warm Breath on his Fingers, and the Satyr ask'd him the Reason of it ; Why, says he, I do it to warm 'em. Afterwards the Satyr observ'd him to blow his Broth, he again ask'd him, what he did that for ? Oh ! says he, it is to Cool my Porridge, for they are too hot for me. How now, says the Satyr, do you blow Hot and Cold out of the same Mouth ? I'll have nothing more to do with you ; I don't like your Double Dealing, therefore be gone out of my House.

The MORAL.

Truth is always like it self ; never carries two Faces. He's no good Companion, nor fit to be Trusted, that Changes with the Wind ; That Trims between both Parties, without any regard to Truth and Justice.

Deal not with him, nor think he can be Civil,
Who can blow Hot, or Cold, is Saint, or Devil.

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me
of

33. Of the **Wolf**, and the **Sow**.

A *Wolf* officiously proffers his Service, to Nurse a Lying-in Sow, and to take care of the Pigs. The Lady in the Straw thanks him for his Love; but tells him, his Service can stand her in no stead. But if he was really desirous to do her a Pleasure, he could do it no way so well, as by his Absence. His greatest Obligation would be his greatest Distance.

The MORAL.

Be wisely Cautious whom you Trust. Many seem Obsequious to serve you; who secretly mean nothing but their own Gain, at the price of your Destruction.

Many

Many their Service offer, who intend,
 Only their own Affairs, not thine to mend.
 Be careful then whose offers you receive ;
 You must not all Men equally believe.

34. A Crow, and a Pitcher.

A Crow being very Thirsty, found a Pitcher that had some Water in it, the Mouth of the Pitcher being Narrow, and the Water low towards the Bottom, he could not come at it. He try'd to break the Vessel, but had not strength enough, nor could he overturn it. What he could not Do by Force, he Effects by Stratagem and Contrivance. Immediately he picks up a sufficient Quantity of small Stones, and fills up the Pitcher till he had raised the Water within his reach, and then drinks Plentifully.

THE MORAL.

Wisdom is better than Strength. Brutes have a Natural Instinct, which many times imitates Reason : And may teach Mankind the free Use and Exercise of Reason, which is their proper Faculty.

If Brutes in feeding, Reason imitate,
 Much more ought Men, do Good, and Evil hate.

35. Of the Mountain in Labour.



A *Mountain* vastly Swell'd, labour'd with violent and painful Throws. The Neighbourhood stand amazed, and in suspense; expecting some strange Prodigy, or dreadful Monster. At last the Mighty *Mountain* is Deliver'd, and brings forth a little *Mouse*. The Standers-by change their Silent anxious Attention, into loud Laughing, and universal Derision.

The MORAL.

Vain Boasting, vain Fears, and mighty Expectations on Weak or Uncertain Grounds, are Justly and Equally ridicul'd by this Fable.

**A Mighty Boaster, very oft brings forth
A Trifle; little, almost nothing, worth.**

36. A Country-man, and a Boar.

A Watchful *Country Farmer* having catch-
ed a *Boar* destroying his *Corn*, cut off
one of his *Ears*: He Nabb'd him a second
time, and cut off the other. But upon the
third *Trespas*s, he made a *Present* of him
to his *Landlord*. They kill'd him, and
when they open'd his *Head*, they found no
Brains there, which made 'em wonder, and
the *Master* made no small stir about it, and
Examin'd his *Cook* for 'em. Sir, says the
Farmer, it's no wonder you find no *Brains*
in's *Skull*, for I believe he ne'er had any,
otherwise he would not have been so *Mad*,
as to come so oft into my *Corn*, after he
had paid so dear for it. This pert *Answer*
of *Mr. Country-man* put an end to the *Dis-*
pute, and the *Company* into a *Fit* of
Laughter.

The MORAL.

Every *Block* won't make a *Jupiter*. Nor
are all *Heads* *Repositories* for *Reason*. Some
are so *Stupid* and *Undocible*, that no *Punish-*
ment will be a *Warning*; and are utterly void
of all *Understanding*.

Some Men so *Brutal* are; All hope is past;
Who *Reason* first *Destroy*, and *Life* at last.

37. Of the Hares, and the Frogs.



A Violent Tempest Raging in the Woods with an unusual Fury, so terrified the trembling fearful *Hares*, that they begun to run away with all the Speed they could. A Fen in their way, obstructed their Flight. They stand still, Anxious and Doubtful, what they should do! Danger Surrounds them: The sight of the *Frogs*, lying under Water, augments their Fears. At last, one of the *Hares*, who was Wiser and more Courageous than the rest, says, Why are we Terrified with such Pannick Fear? We ought to have more Resolution, and endeavour to add Courage to our Nimbleness. This Tempestuous Wind, tho' it cannot be avoided, yet

yet it ought to be neglected, or however to be Born with.

The MORAL.

Courage and Resolution, is the Spirit and Soul of Virtue : Virtue Languishes without it. But servile Fear equally Vitiates and Enfeebles both Wisdom and Virtue.

In Troubles, let not Fear commit a Rape
Upon your Mind. Fear hinders all Escape.
It Doubt depresses, one must Captive be :
Tis Courage only teaches to be Free.

38. A Physician, and a Dead Man.

A Physician being invited to his Patient's Funeral, says very Gravely ; If this Man had abstain'd from Wine, and used Emollient Clysters, he might have Liv'd many Years. Ah! Doctor, (says one of the Company very Wittily) your Counsel would be Good, but it comes too Late.

The MORAL.

Good Counsel never comes too Late. If it comes too Late, it ceases to be Good. Silence in the Doctor had been much more Commendable. It is a Piece of Mockery, to give Counsel out of Season : And when a Man is Undone,

*done, to make him the Cause of his own Ruin,
is to Aggravate his Misery.*

When Things are done, Advice comes in too Late;
And gives Offence, by being out of Date.

39. Of the Country-man, and Snake.



A Certain Country-man, who had bred up
a Snake in his House, and used it for a
long time with great Kindness and Hospi-
tality; one Day in a violent Passion struck
it with an Ax. The Snake was Wounded,
but made a shift to get away. It happen'd
afterwards that the Country-man grew Poor;
and thought his Poverty was a Judgment
upon him, for the Injury he had done the
Snake.

Snake. In this Persuasion he finds out the *Snake*; acknowledges the Wrong he had done him; begs his Pardon; and intreats him to return to his House. The *Snake* replies, That he freely forgave the *Countryman*; but desired to be excused, as to renewing the Cohabitation: Representing very plainly, that in point of Prudence he could not do it; there being no Safety for him, with a Man whose Passions were so strong, and who was so well arm'd to execute the Dictates of his Wrath. Adding further, that tho' the Smart, and even the Scar, of the Wound was Vanish'd; and tho' his Resentment of the Injury, was well Allay'd; yet the Remembrance of it was still Fresh, and Firmly impressed on his Mind.

THE MORAL.

We ought to Pardon repented Wrongs: but yet Prudence requires, that we Expose not our selves a second time, if we can handsomely avoid Repeating the Danger.

That Injuries receiv'd may Pardon'd be;
Religion tells; and all good Men agree.
But still there's nothing hinders from the Care,
Of falling twice into the self-same Snare.

40. Of the Kid, and the Wolf.



A *She-Goat* very Fond and Tender of her *Kid*, carefully shut it up when she went out to Feed, strictly enjoining the *Kid*, not to open the Door to any Body, till her self came back. A *Wolf*, who stood at some distance, over hears it; and when the Dam had been gone some little time, comes to the Door, and artfully Counterfeiting the *She-Goat's* Voice, bids the *Kid* open the Door. The wary *Kid*, discovering the Cheat, replies, Excuse me, I shall not open the Door: Your Voice is indeed like my Mother's; but I can see a *Wolf* thro' the Chinks.

The MORAL.

The Obedience of Children to their Parents,
tends to the Childrens Happiness; as their
D Disobe-

Disobedience commonly ends in their Destruction.

'Tis Childrens Duty, Parents to obey;
Who strictly keep that Rule, most happy they!
But such as Roam at their own Headstrong Will,
Snarcs quickly Hamper into Ruin still.

41. A Daw, with a String at's Foot.

A Country Fellow catch'd a Daw, and tied a String to's Leg, and gave it his Son to play withal. But not liking his Company, when an Opportunity offer'd, he gave 'em the Slip, and away he fled to the Woods; where, by means of the String, he was Intangl'd and Fetter'd, and at last Starv'd, with this Lamentation and Dying Speech: Wo is me, Wretch that I am! Who, rather than endure a little Servitude and Confinement among Men, have unawares been the Author of my own Ruin.

THE MORAL.

Men ought to take all Well, that Heaven bestows: No Repining at Providence. Some, whilst they are Uneasie under, and won't Bear with small Troubles, and be chearful under Cross Dispensations, often fall into Extreame Misery, and Irretrievable Ruin. Govern-
ment

*ment of the Mind; not the Place, or Circum-
stance; can make a Person Happy, or Unhappy.*

More or Less Happiness a Man may find,
In any State; just as he Rules his Mind.
But he that Common Troubles cannot Bear;
Instead of Better Fortune, Worse may Fear.

42. Of the Hart, and the Sheep.



A Hart in Presence of a Wolf, Demands a Bushel of Wheat of a Sheep, pretending it a Debt. The Sheep, for fear of the Wolf, owns the Debt; and Appoints a Day for Payment. When the Day comes, the Hart minds the Sheep of his Promise, the Sheep denies it: Excusing himself; because the Promise was Extorted from him, by

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the Terror of the *Wolf*: And Extorted Promises are mere Nullities.

The MORAL.

The Innocent ought not to be Trick'd into Snares. All Demands founded upon Fraud or Force, may very justly be Contended and Avoided.

Force not by Fear. No Justice will allow
To Prosecute, for an Extorted Vow.
All Contracts must be made with Liberty:
For Force, or Fraud, makes them a Nullity.

43. *Jupiter, and Fraud.*

Jupiter Prescribes, and Orders *Mercury* to make up a Composition of *Fraud, Lying, Hypocrisie, &c.* The Medicine being nicely Prepared, *Mercury* gave Large Plentiful Doses to all the Artificers, which they All Swallow'd as Glib and Smooth as Oyl, yet there was a great deal of the Confection left; which they wonder'd at: But upon Examining the Numbers, there chanc'd to be a Mistake made, the TAYLORS were left out in the LIST. So that *Mercury*, to make short Work on't, gave Double or Treble Doses to the TAYLORS. And from hence comes the Proverb; *There's Cheating in all Trades, but most in TAYLORS.*

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The MORAL.

Mankind are generally addicted to Cheat and Deceive. All Trade and Commerce, is but Cheating One another by Consent. Some Arts or Employments, are said to have more Cozenage in 'em, or belonging to 'em, than Others: But that may seem to be, or arise from an Opportunity to Effect, rather than any Real Difference in the Natures of 'em.

A Byass, Fix'd by Nature on Mankind,
Has All, for Profit: To Deceive, inclin'd.

44. The Hunting-Dog, Hated by his
Master.



A Hunting Dog, good in Kind, but Worn
out with Age, was eagerly put on
D 3 Game

Game by his Greedy Master. The Dog's Will and Courage was good ; but Time had depriv'd him of Strength and Speed. In vain his Master strives to Chear him on : He cannot Play his Part as formerly. He had one day laid one hold on a Stag ; but wanting Teeth, the Stag broke from him. His Master fell into a Rage : Rates him furiously with Words and Blows. The Dog replies ; That by Right he ought to be Pity'd and Pardon'd, because of his Age : For in his Youth he had been Strong and Able, and wanted no Will, Skill, Courage, or Success. But nothing but Gain, I find must be Esteem'd. You Lov'd me when I was Young, and found you Sport, and fill'd you with Game : But now you Hate me, being grown Old, Weak, Slow, and Toothless. But might Justice and Gratitude take place : You should Cherish me in my Age, for the Profitable Service I have done you in my Youth.

The MORAL.

It is a crying Injustice, and a black Ingratitude, to Abuse or Neglect Those in their Age, who have Worn out Their Youth and Strength Usefully in our Service.

To talk of Service past, is all in vain.
There's nothing Valu'd, but the present Gain.

45. Of the Fox, and the Stork.



A Stork invited by a Fox, with much seeming Kindness, to come Sup with him. The Fox receives his Guest with all imaginable Civility; bids him heartily Welcome; and prays him to fall too. The Entertainment provided, is pour'd upon the Table: But the Provision made, being Thin and Fluid, diffuses it self in such a manner, as made it Impossible for the Stork to eat. While the Stork makes vain Efforts at Eating, the Fox Licks up all. The Poor deluded Bird departs, Hungry, Asham'd, and Vex'd at the Abuse: But wisely Concealing his Anger. After some time, he makes a kind Invitation to the Fox. When the Fox

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came,

came, he found a Vessel of Glass fill'd with Meat standing ready upon the Table ; but the Glass having a long narrow Neck, the Stork easily fed through it, with his long Bill ; while the Fox could only look at the Good Cheer, without being able to Taste it.

THE MORAL.

Trickers are sometimes Trick'd ; either falling into their own Snares ; or justly suffering by the Law of Retaliation.

Men laugh at Cheaters, Chous'd ; at Nickers, Nick'd ;
At Jibing Mockers, Mock'd ; and Sharping Trick-
ers, Trick'd.

46. Of Two Enemies.

TWO Surly Fellows, that mortally Hated One another, happening to go to Sea in the same Ship ; The Master being made acquainted with it, plac'd One of 'em at the Stern, the Other on the Fore-Deck. A Tempestuous Sea arising, and the Storm being very Dangerous, and the Ship in great Hazard, expecting every Moment its Sinking. He that was on the Fore-castle, ask'd the Master, what part of the Ship wou'd sink first ? The Stern, replied the Master : Well then,

then, my Death won't be Grievous, when I
see my Enemy Die before me.

The MORAL.

*Revenge is Sweet : But it's a Miserable
Sort of Satisfaction, and Wretched Kind of
Pleasure, which is Purchas'd at so Dear a
Rate, as the Loss of a Man's Life. Forgiveness
is a far Better and more Eligible Way or
Manner of Revenge, and will be attended with
greater Pleasure and Satisfaction in the End.*

He that will Venture Life, or Chuse to Die,
To get Revenge; gives't to his Enemy.

47. Of the Jack-Daw.



A Jack-Daw despising the Plainness of her
own Tribe, and Emulating the Beauty
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and Grandeur of the Peacock-Kind, stuck her self up with Peacock Feathers ; and became most Wonderful Fine, and even a New and Glorious Bird, as she vainly thought. Swell'd with Pride, at her gay Plumes, and Disdaining her old Companions, she keeps Company with none but Peacocks. They in a little time Discovering the Fraud, and Mocking and Disdaining the fond Ambition of the foolish Bird, strip'd her of all her borrow'd Pomp, and beat her away, with many Unpitied Wounds, and Universal Scorn.

The MORAL.

Thus we are Admonish'd, to Content our selves with our own Condition. The vain Aspirings of an Irregular and Ill-concerted Ambition, serving only to Strip us Naked ; and Expose us to the Contempt of Those, whose higher State We vainly Aim'd at.

**'Tis Vain and Mean to Borrow to be Fine ;
But with stoll'n Plumes 'tis Worse to Strut and Shine.**

**If Nature does no In-born Worth bestow ;
Content thy Self to be Obscure and Low.**

48. Of the Pigeons, and the Kite.



THE *Pigeons* in time past had Long and Bloody Wars with the *Kite* : In order to Conquer him, they Elected the *Hawk* to be their King. The *Hawk* being Settled in his Throne, acts the Part of an Enemy, instead of shewing himself the Shepherd of the Flock ; and Father of his Country. He Preys upon the *Pigeons*, worse than the *Kite* did. The *Pigeons* repent their Inconsiderate Election of a King ; finding by sad Experience, the Depredations of the *Kite*, to be far more Tolerable than the Tyranny of the *Hawk*.

The MORAL.

Unhappy State of Harmless Innocence !
Worri

*Worried by Rapine from Abroad, and Devoured
ed by destructive Tyranny at Home.*

Unhappy State! Where Enemies Oppress:
And he that shou'd Protect, Destroys no less.
The People blindly turning from One Ill,
Led on by Thoughtless heedless Crowds and
Fall on Another, and a Greater still, (Noise;
For want of Wisdom to direct their Choice.

49. Of a Flie.

A Thirsty Flie reaching from the Top edge
of a Pot, full of Victuals and Drink,
fairly Tumbles into't ; all Hopes of saving
her Life Vanishing, and that Drown she
must: Well, said she, I have Drank Plen-
tifully, and have Eat my Belly-full, I have
Wash'd my self from Head to Foot, and
have got enough of every Thing ; I Die with
a Contented Mind.

The MORAL.

*What can't be Cur'd must be Endur'd. It is
great Prudence to bear with Courage, what
we can't Avoid. This it is to make a Virtue
of Necessity ; and if Patience is not a Perfect
Cure, yet it lessens the Pain; and is a very
commendable Virtue.*

*Use Means; and when you cannot Flee from Death,
With Courage, and Content; resign your Breath.*

50. Of the **Wolf**, and the **Head** of Carver's Work.

A *Wolf*, who had Stumbled by Chance upon a Carver's Shop, finds a Man's Head in it, of exquisite Workmanship. He Turns it about, Views and Considers it, on every part, and stands amaz'd at it. But perceiving it was void of Sense; *Lovely Head!* said he, *How Wonderful hadst thou been! hadst thou contain'd as much Art within thee, as has been Employ'd upon thee.*

The MORAL.

Beauty without Sense is of little Value, and quickly loses its Esteem; but where Sense and Beauty are United, the Wonder is not great; that

that little Less than Wonders are sometimes Surprizingly effected.

Weak are the soft Allurements of the Face,
Unless the Mind have more than equal Grace.
External Beauty, Time and Chance invade;
But Virtue's Charms endure; they never fade.
The Foolish Fair, into Contempt will fall;
But firm Wise Virtue, Triumphs over all.

51. Of the Calf, and the Ox.

A Delicate fat *Calf*, that was Idle and did Nothing; seeing an *Ox* hard at Work, jeer'd the Poor *Ox* for being such a Slave; and says to him, What would you give to be so Smooth, so Fat and Plump, and Live at Ease, as I do; for I fare Deliciously, and do Nothing? The Poor Tired *Ox* took Notice of these Reflections, but answer'd with Silence. A short time after, as the *Ox* was going to his accustom'd Labour, he spies the *Calf* taken up, and was immediately to be killed for a Sacrifice: How now, Mrs *Pert*, says the *Ox*, your fine Lazy Life has brought you to this hasty End. You did not Work, because you were to be Butcher'd; What would you now give to be as I am?

The MORAL.

Of Idleness comes no Goodness. Vain and Foolish

Foolish Pleasures are to be avoided; they always leave a Sting behind. 'Tis too often the Case of Rich and Great Men, that the Advantages they Boast of, and Glory in, are the Cause of their Ruin.

*The Labouring State's most Healthy and Secure,
But Men of Pleasure, Pain at last endure.*

52. A Lyon, an Ass, and a Fox.



A Lyon, an Ass, and a Fox, went a Hunting together, and take a Delicate fat Stag: The Lyon bids the Ass divide it; he innocently Cuts it into three equal Shares, and gives his Fellow Hunters the Liberty of Chusing.

Chusing. The *Lyon* fell into a violent Passion, and Tore the *Ass* to Pieces, and then Commanded the *Fox* to Divide the Spoil. He (subtle Knave) joins the Three Parts together, and gave it all to the *Lyon*, and scarcely sav'd any thing for himself. The *Lyon* pleas'd with *Reynard's* way of Dividing the Prey, ask'd him, Who taught him to Carve so neatly? Why truly, says the *Fox*, an *Ass* was my Master; and his Error set me to Rights.

THE MORAL.

Many Go out for Wooll, but Come home Shorn. Happy is he that takes Warning by the Sufferings of Others. The Conscience of a Knave, is Policy. A Great Man, and a Great River, are often Ill Neighbours. There's no Striving against the Power of the One, nor the Impetuous Force of the Other; for Might Overcomes Right.

Men gain their Ends by Power, or Subtle Art;
Some Play *Asses*, Most the *Foxes* Part.
Learn from the *Ass* and *Fox* more Sense and Wit:
The Bold are Prosperous, while the Tame submit.

53. A Lyoness, and a Fox.



A She-Fox wou'd Jeer a Lyoness, and Cast it in her Teeth, that she was a Barren sort of a Creature, because she brought forth but only one Whelp at a Birth. Very true, says the Lyoness, only One; But that One, is a Lyon.

The MORAL.

Worth does not Consist so much in Number, as in Real Goodness. One Eye-witness, is worth a Thousand Ear-witnesses. One Lark is worth Two Kites. Good Counsel, with Just Conduct, will do more with a Few, than Thousands can, under Ill and Disorderly Management.

*In Goodness, not in Number, Worth appears:
The Sun outshines a Multitude of Stars.*

54. A Lyon in Love.

A Lyon fell desperately in Love with a Handsom Country Wench, and ask'd her Father's Consent, to Marry her: The four Old Fellow answer'd the Lyon in the Negative, and gives this for a Reason: He would not have such a Voracious Beast to a Son-in-Law. Upon which the Imperious Lyon Frown'd, and show'd his Teeth, which, at least, frighted the Country-man into a seeming Compliance, and offer'd the Lyon his Daughter, upon Condition that he would Pull out his Teeth, and Cut off his terrible Claws: For, said he, the Girl cannot endure the Sight of'em. The Lyon, up to the Ears in Love, readily Consents to it, he Pulls out his Teeth, and Cuts off his Nails, and then Demands his Bride: But the Father seeing the Lyon Disarm'd, Took a stout Oaken Towel and Rubs down the Lyon, till he'd cool'd his Courage, and broke off the Match by Club Arguments.

The MORAL.

He that Surrenders himself to his Enemy has neither Sense nor Safety. He that's over-Head and Ears in Love, cannot see Approaching Dangers that are in his way. Love is Blind, Credulous and Inconsiderate; and where
this

his Foolish Passion prevails, Fortune, Reputation, and Life it self fall a Sacrifice to it.

He that gives up his Arms to Foe or Friend,
Relinquish his Strength, that should his Life defend.
The Rich and Poor, such Follies will commit;
When Frantick Love, does overthrow the Wit.

55. Of the Cat, and the Mice.



MRS Puss having Intelligence of a certain House, that was Haunted with an Abundance of *Mice*, marches to the Place and makes Havock among 'em. The *Mice* perceiving their Numbers lessen, and that some or other of 'em were daily Destroy'd, call a General Council, and Resolve *Nemine Contra-*

Contradicente, That not a *Mouse* for the Future should go down Stairs, least by such Adventures they should all go to Pot. As soon as Madam *Puss* understood this, she has this Whim comes into her Noddle : She Hangs her self up by her Fore-feet upon a Pin in the Wall, like a Skin stuff'd with Straw, with her Head in a very demure Posture, seemingly without Life or Motion. A *Mouse* Peeping down, and seeing the Cat in that Plight : Oh! Madam *Puss*, says she, If I thought there was no more of the Cat than her Skin, I'd take one Turn with ye. As soon as *Puss* had her within her Reach, she Snap'd her up at once : Letting her Understand, that Things are not always in Reality, what they are in External Appearance.

THE MORAL.

Tho' the Cat Winks, she's not Blind. A Prudent Man being once Deceived, will Beware of, and soon Discover feign'd Deceitful Pretences. He that is Twice Cheated by the same Man, Cheats himself.

The Man that does not Try, before he Trust,
May Fall a Victim to Another's Lust.
Efforts Impracticable to Essay
Is but meer Vapour : Breath all thrown away.
The Will alone's a feeble Counsellor ;
Counsel to Execute, 's the Work of Power.

56. An Ape, and a Fox.



GRIM Death having snatch'd away from the Beasts their King, they Summon a General Assembly of the Brutes. The Mimick Ape Danc'd so curiously and one amongst 'em, that, by a General Consent, he was chosen King. The subtle Envious Fox being very Chagrin at the Ape's Election, tells the new Chosen King, That he had found hidden Treasure in a certain Place (which Treasure was a Trap set in a Ditch;) but that himself durst not meddle with it, it being Your Majesty's Royalty. But, Sir, (says Reynard) I shall carry you to the Place, to take Possession of it your self.

self. The *Ape* rashly lays hold on the Bait, but the Trap Snaps his Fingers: The *Ape* in a Fury calls him Traytor. You'r more a Fool, replies the *Fox*, that pretend to Govern a Kingdom, and han't Wit enough to save your own Fingers.

The MORAL.

Men of Understanding, and strong Consideration, are fittest to Rule and Govern: Men of weak Intellectuals, never want Subtle Cunning Knaves to play upon their Weakness. Regal Authority ought never to be intrusted with Fools or Knaves: The Former will Expose it to Contempt and Scorn, and the Latter (too often) to the Prejudice, if not to the Ruin of the Govern'd.

That Novice will not long his Honour save,
That may be Lead by any Cratty Knave.
And he that for Himself has no more Wit,
Much less to Govern Others, will be fit.

57. A Lyon, and a Goat.



A Lyon having spy'd a Plump Fat Goat browzing upon a high Rock, uses many plausible Arguments, and Flattering fine Words, to persuade her to come down, and Feed in the Green, Pleasant, Odoriferous Meadow; where there was Plenty of Sweet delicious Grass. I like your fine Words, and that Dainty Provision very well, (says the Goat) but your Presence Imbitters all those Sweets. You persuade me not so much for my own Benefit, as the hope you have, by your Flattering Persuasions, to fill your Belly with Delicious Goats Flesh: But assure your self, I'm for a Life of Safety; let who will take the Pleasure.

The

The MORAL.

He that Trusteth not, cannot be Deceived. It is far better to Live upon Hard Commons, than to Enjoy Pleasure and Plenty, without Security, let the Invitations and Arguments be never so Plausible and Cogent. Be careful how you trust to the Advice of a profess'd Enemy.

Observe your Foe, and stand upon your Watch:
Let Prudence save you from an Over-match.
Trust not fair Words; of Pleasant things beware:
Temptation leads into a Deadly Snare.

58. An Ass, and Jupiter.

AN Ass that serv'd a Gard'ner was hard Wrought, and poorly Fed, begg'd of Jupiter to get him another Master. Jupiter order'd him to be Sold to a Potter, who Loaded the Ass Unreasonably with Clay and Bricks, &c. The Ass again Beseeches Jupiter, and he's turn'd over to a Tanner, who Drubs and Works him worse than ever; the Ass thus Laments his Misery, I shall be Wrought to Death, and that won't serve neither; for my Hide must be Tann'd, and Curry'd afterwards.

The MORAL.

Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire. Men ought to take all well that God sends, that's the

the best way to mend our Misery. He that Repines at his present Condition, Providence has plac'd him in, Arraigns the Divine Wisdom, and deserves no Reward but Punishment.

Take thy mean Lot, and the Great Giver thank;
Nor try new Chances, lest thou draw'st a Blank.
Trying to Mend, how oft are Fortunes Marr'd?
Heav'n has this Comfort for all States prepar'd:
Knowing our Worst, makes Ills themselves less
hard.

59. An Ass, and a Horse.



A Poor starv'd Ass, having taken notice
of a Brisk Young Horse, how he was
Cloy'd with Plenty of choice Foods, Ease
and

and Attendance, thought his Condition of Life very Happy, and his own as Miserable: For, says he, I Labour and Drudge excessively, and am poorly Fed, and Rib-roasted into the Bargain. A short time after a War broke out; the High-pamper'd Horse was Mounted by a Soldier, and unfortunately Kill'd in Battle. At which Accident the Ass was moved with Pity, and had a better Opinion of his own State and Condition of Life than he had before.

The MORAL.

Never Envy another's Happiness; nor Repine, that Providence has placed thee in a Lower Sphere. He that places his Happiness in the Gaudy outside Appearances of Things Transitory, will certainly meet with Disappointment; not having consider'd the invaluable Blessings of an Humble and Mean State or Degree of Life.

**View not the Great with a Repining Eye,
When at their Heads, such Bolts of Ruin fly.
Nor thy own State Contemn, because 'tis Poor:
The Cut-throat, Visits not thy humble Door.**

60. A Camel, and Jupiter.



A Young Stout, but Discontented Camel, complain'd Bitterly that Bulls, Lyons, and other Beasts were Adorn'd and Guarded with Horns, and Claws, &c. but that he had no Weapons to Defend himself; but was Exposed to the Insults of other Creatures: He thereupon heartily begs of Jupiter to make him a Horn'd Beast. The God laughs at his Folly; and not only denies his Request, but orders his Ears to be Crop'd.

The MORAL.

We ought not to Murmur at Providence: Every Creature has its own Excellency. To Dispute to the Divine Power, or desire to Alter

the Course of Wise Nature, is an Impeachment of the Divine Perfections.

The Maker best his Workmanship can Fashion;
Then ask not Heav'n to Mend its Own Creation.
The Clay t'Arraign the Potter, is too Bold:
Nor will the High Dispenser be Controul'd.

61. A Crane, and her Young.

AN Indulgent Crane lodg'd her Young Ones amongst the Standing Corn, and Commands 'em to take notice who came by, and what Discourse they had about the Harvest, whilst she was Absent. When she return'd they told her, (not without some Fear) That the Owner of the Ground had order'd his Neighbours to Reap the Corn. Well, said the Old Crane, there's no Danger yet. Another Day they told her, that he had desir'd his Friends to do the Work. You'r safe enough still, said she again. But upon the third Day, when they heard that the Master and his Son had resolv'd to come themselves the next Morning: Now, says she, it's time to be Jogging; I fear'd neither Neighbours nor Friends, because they are apt to be Negligent or Indifferent in other Peoples Affairs: But I am sure the Master will come, because it is his own Business.

finess ; and his own Interest is serv'd in the Performance.

The MORAL.

Every Man ought to take Care of and Mind his own Business, if he would have it well Done, and not trust to Friends or Servants; for they too often Neglect his, whilst they narrowly Eye their own Interest and Advantage. The Master's Eye makes the Horse Fat.

He that would have his Business Prosper, must More to himself, than Friends or Servants, trust.

62. Of Two Pots.



TWO Pots, the One of Brass, the Other of Clay, being set near the Shore, a Wave

Wave comes Surging from the River, and Sweeps 'em both together. The *Clay Pot* made way from the *Brass*, because it was too hard for the other, and if they should meet would be Dash'd to Pieces. Let's go together, said the *Brass Pot*, fear nothing; I'll do you no Damage. No, no, says the *Clay Pot*, tho' you mean to do me no Hurt, yet a Wave may Beat us together; I shall only be the Sufferer: Therefore my safest Course is to keep at a distance from you.

The MORAL.

It is better to Live with one's Equals, than with or by a too Potent Neighbour or Ally. A Mighty Man may be Troublesome or Dangerous to you, but he is in no Danger from you. Contrary Qualities always Disagree.

Trust not that Strength, may thy Own Weakness Dash;
 Equals, with Equal Match'd, do rarely Clash.
 In a well Match'd Society Rejoice:
 Too Great a Neighbour, is a dangerous Choice.

63. A Lyon, and Bulls.



FOUR Bulls enter'd into a League, and swore to stand by one another with Life and Fortune, to resist the Common Enemy. The Lyon very Hungry, 'spies 'em Feeding, and long'd for a Piece of Beef; but durst not Attack 'em so long as they kept all together: But by subtil Methods he, at last, finds means to break the Confederacy; which obtain'd, they became an easie Prey to his Voracious Maw.

The MORAL.

A Threefold Cord is not easily Broken. Union makes a Nation Strong, Invincible, and Victorious. Without Union no Society, nor Collected Body, can be Happy.

E 4

Union's

Union's our Safeguard. Let Self-Flattering
France

Rig out her *Fourbin*, for a *Northern Dance*.
 The Young *Pretender* makes but slow Advance.
 Let Us keep join'd, and *Lewis* Hopes are Addle:
 His *Perkin* ne'er shall Mount into our Saddle.

64. A Pine-tree, and Shrubs.

A *Pine-Tree* despised the *Shrubs*, and set out its own Praise and Merit to the highest Degree: I am, said he, Noble, Tall, and Lofty, and am employ'd in Building large Spacious Houses, and swift Sailing Ships: And you *Shrubs* are Low and Pitiful, and fit for little. The *Shrubs* answer'd, You Pride your self, and Magnifie your own Worth and Merit, and Insult over our Worthlessness and Incapacity. But you don't give the least hint of any Ill or Imperfection in your self, and willingly omit that Good that is really in us. But when the Sharp keen Ax comes and Sounds a Knell at your Root, what would you not then give to be in our Low, Humble, Secure Condition.

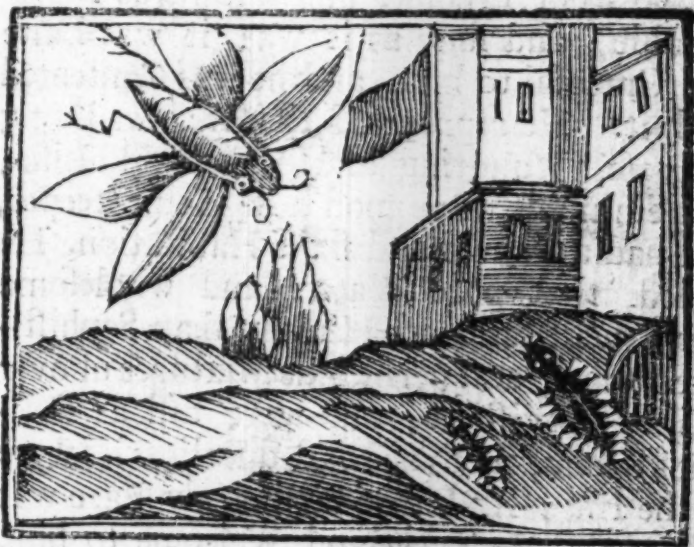
The MORAL.

There's no Convenience without its Inconvenience. In every Condition of Life, there's a Mixture of Good and Evil: Therefore 'tis
very

very Rude and Undecent to Boast of our happy and Flourishing Estate : Or to despise the Mean and Low Estate of our Depress'd Neighbours.

Let no Man those of Humble Rank despise ;
Well knowing his own Height, and Grandeur lies
Expos'd to all those Envious Shocks of Power :
From which a mean Condition stands secure.

65. Of the *Flie*, and the *Ant*.



A *Flie* disputing Pre-eminence with the *Ant*,
boasted his own Nobility and high
Birth ; affirming the Glorious Sun to be his
Father. He also insisted upon his Soaring
and Sporting at his Pleasure, in the pure
and

and open Air by the Power of his Vigorous and Active Wings : Adding, That he liv'd in Kings Palaces, and was nourish'd with Wine, and delicate Fare ; and yet was neither at Cost nor Labour, for all this Dignity, and peculiar Favour and Happiness. But he disdain'd the *Ant*, as an Ignoble Creature, that kept Creeping below, in little Sordid Holes in the vile Earth ; Drinking nothing but Water, and Gnawing a little raw Corn to support Life. The *Ant* reply'd, That his Condition, tho' neither Splendid nor Exalted, was not Ignoble, much less was it Despicable ; and such as it was, it was Easie and Grateful to him, and he was Contented with it. He reproach'd the *Flie*, for living a Loose, Wandring and Vagabond Life ; while himself was a good solid House-keeper, and had a known and fix'd Habitation. He added, that pure Water, and wholesome Corn, were far more Healthy than Sophisticated Wine, and pernicious Mixtures of over Dainty Provisions ; and were full as Delicious to him, as those boasted Delicacies were to the *Flie* : And that his homely Fare was still the more Sweet and Welcome to him, for being obtain'd by honest Labour and Industry, and not by Idleness and Play. Besides all this, continu'd the *Ant*, I find myself Chearful, Secure, Beloved, and Admired. I am set for an Emblem and Pattern of
of

of Laborious Industry, and Provident good Husbandry; carefully laying up in Summer my Winter Stores and Provisions. Whereas you *Flies*, are Hated and Despised; in continual Danger of your Lives; and consider'd only as so many foolish Representations of Wanton Fickle Impertinence, and idle thoughtless Nonsense: You live but from Hand to Mouth, exposed to continual Dangers, and are sure to Die in the Winter.

The MORAL.

This Fable shews the just Superiority of Industry, Providence, and Temperance; to Luxury, supine Carelessness, and Idleness. It warns us also, against Vain-glorious Boasting of our selves, and despising others, who possibly, when Matters are rightly stated, may be found to have more Excellencies, and fewer Defects and Imperfections than our selves.

The Fluttering Beau, in Noise and Nonsense lost,
Does of his glittering Tinsel vainly boast:
Doating on out-side, the Conceited Elf,
Insults the Sober, and Admires Himself.
But all the knowing World the Fop despise:
And Scorns the Fool, that hates to be made wise.
While frugal Industry that lives retir'd,
By Men of Sense is Valu'd and Admir'd.

66. An Oak, and a Reed.



AN Oak blown down by a strong Wind, Tumbled into a River, and was carried away with the Stream, but as it Swam along it was accidentally Lodg'd by the Shore near some *Reeds* standing there Upright, at which the *Oak* wonder'd. The *Reed* replied, That her good Nature, and humble, yielding, and flexible Temper, made her Root secure from all such violent Gusts, and extraordinary Acts of Violence, by yielding thereto: But it's no wonder, that a sturdy Oak should fall, which is so Stiff, that it will rather Break, than Bend.

THE MORAL.

*No Difficulties nor Violences so insuperable,
but*

*but a Prudent Condescension Surmounts. A
 pliable Temper is always Safe and at Ease,
 and has this great Advantage attending it,
 that it Creates no Enemies, nor seldom wants
 Friends, whilst a Stubborn inflexible Humour
 Creates to it self Enemies, and resists 'em to
 its own Destruction.*

Gentle Compliance bears the Stormiest Shocks,
 When Stubborn Obstinacy, splits on Rocks.
 So the soft Woolpack, is by Cannon Balls
 Less hurt, than Marble Stones, or Brazen Walls.

67. Of the Frog, and the Ox.



A Frog envied the Bulk and large Dimen-
 sions of an Ox; and strove to Swell and Di-

Distend her self in vain Conceit of acquiring an equal Magnitude. The Son admonishes his Mother to desist ; it being impossible for a Frog to be as large as an Ox. She makes a Second Attempt ; Swells and Distends her self again vehemently. Her Son crys earnestly to her, Give over, dear Mother, you will make nothing on't : Tho' you Swell till you Burst, you can never equal the Bigness of an Ox. The Frog persisting in her fond Purpose, and deaf to all good Counsel, makes a third and utmost Effort, and Burst her self indeed.

THE MORAL.

*Things Impossible are not to be Attempted.
 Envy no Man's Talent ; but improve thy Own,
 as far as Nature and right Reason will permit,
 and there Bound thy self ; lest Ruin and
 Contempt attend thee, in the Fond and Obstinate
 Pursuit of what thou canst never reach.*

To various Men, as various Gifts are given,
 By Bounteous Nature, and Indulgent Heaven.
 Strive not above thy Sphere thy self to lift :
 But rest Content with thy peculiar Gift.
 Let each be pleas'd with his own proper State.
 We strive in vain to break the Rules of Fate.

68. Of the *Horse*, and the *Afs*.

A *Horse* being finely Accoutred with Rich and Gallant Furniture, ran swiftly along the Road, filling the Air with his loud, couragious, and repeated Neighings. A poor Loaded *Afs* happen'd to obstruct the Way: At which the *Horse*, foaming with Pride and Rage, breaks into Passion; Begone out of my Way, thou Silly, Saucy, Sluggish *Afs*; darest thou, Vile Beast, obstruct my noble rapid Course? Begone instantly, or I will Kick thee out of my Way. The *Afs* terrified, durst not Mutter in the least; but presently complies, and quietly gives way. As the *Horse* violently continued his Runing, being over intent and eager, he Burst his Wind. Being by this
unhappy

unhappy Accident, equally unfit for Show and Speed, he was quickly Strip'd of all his Finery, and Sold soon after to a Carman. In some little Time, the *A/s* meets him again in his changed Estate drawing in a Cart; and thus Accosts him: Noble Sir, what sort of Furniture is this? What's become of all your Bravery? Where's now your Gay Bridle, Silver Bit, your Golden Saddle, your Studded Girths, and your Richly Embroider'd Hoofing? Your past Haughtiness and Arrogance, my Friend, was a certain Pre-sage of your present Ruin and Destruction.

The MORAL.

Immeasurable Pride and Insolence is the usual Fore-runner of approaching Ruin and Destruction. We ought to be Modest and Moderate in Prosperity, lest Adversity come upon Us; and we become justly Contemn'd in our Misery, by those we unjustly Contemn'd in our happy Fortune.

If Fortune all her Favours on you Crowd,
Beware you grow not Insolent and Proud.
The Wheel may turn, and thy Exalted Spoke,
May sink in Mire, or by some chance be broke.
Then those that you have have injur'd, will deride
Your present Miseries, and your former Pride.

69. Of Birds, and the Beasts.



A Fierce Battle was fought by the *Birds*, with the *Beasts*. The Fight was Long and Doubtful. The *Bat* apprehending the *Birds* will be beaten, goes over to the Enemy. But at last Victory declares for the Feather'd Combatants, under the Conduct, and by the Valour of their Renown'd General the *Eagle*. The *Bat* is Sentenc'd, for her Desertion, to be Banish'd for ever from among the *Birds*, and never more to Fly by Day. And ever since the *Bat* continues to Fly only by Night.

The MORAL.

Desertion in Wars, and Inconstancy in Friendship, are justly treated with severe Censures.

tures. Constancy, Fidelity and Perseverance, especially under adverse Fortune, are Vertues of a Noble and Elevated Rank; Marks of Generosity, and Objects of Estimation.

Those that in Fight from our Assistance Fly;
That do their Help in time of Need deny;
That in Distress withdraw their Love and Care;
Deserve not our Prosperity to Share.

70. A Wolf, and a Sheep.

A Wolf having lately been in a sharp Skirmish with some Hard Mouth'd Curs, was forc'd to Lie by't, and thro' want of Food grew Faint and Sick: He Petitions a Sheep to fetch him a little Water; For, says he, if I had Drink, I could make a shift for Meat: But the Innocent Sheep sinoak'd the Matter; Yea, replies the Sheep, when I give you the Water, you'll take me for Meat to't.

The MORAL.

There's no Trusting to the fair Words of a Deceitful and Treacherous Enemy. The Duty of Charity may be dispens'd with, when your own Life is thereby endanger'd; for some, under that Pretence, have Sacrific'd the Life of their Friends to their Malice and Hypocrisie.

Pity

Pity and Piety bind not so hard,
 But that, against a Treacherous Foe to Guard,
 Thou may'st even Charity it self withdraw;
 Self-Preservation is the strongest Law.

71. Of the *Wolves*, and the *Sheep*.



UPON a Treaty for Quieting all old
 Grudges and Disorders between the
Wolves and *Sheep*, a Truce was made, and
 Hostages mutually deliver'd: The *Wolves*
 gave their Young ones, and the *Sheep* their
 watchful Guard of *Dogs*. The Innocent
Sheep suspecting nothing, were quietly feed-
 ing; when all on a sudden the Young *Wolves*,
 growing Hungry, and missing their Dams,
 set up loud and violent Howlings: The Old
Wolves, who watch'd for a Signal, rush in
 upon

upon the Harmless Flock ; and exclaiming on the *Sheep* for perfidious Truce-breakers, fall upon them, Worry, Slaughter, and Devour them, being deprived of the sure Protection of their usual Guard, the *Dogs*.

The MORAL.

Never part with the Means of your Defence and Safety, to a known Enemy ; on no Pretence of Treaties and Reconciliations, how specious soever. To ask it, is Unfair ; to grant it, is most Foolish.

Suspect an Enemy, tho' Reconciled ;
He may be still a Foe, and you Beguil'd.
Quit not your Guard and Arms, on no Pretence ;
Nor leave your Borders Naked of Defence.

72. Of a *Wood*, and a *Country-man*.

IN Times of Old when Trees could speak, a certain Country Jobber applies himself to a Neighbouring Wood, and desires leave to fit his Ax with a Shaft. The Wood freely Consents. The Country-man having fitted his Ax, falls to Cutting down the Trees that belong'd to the very same Wood. Then, too late, the injur'd Wood sadly Laments its over Facile and Inconsiderate Grant ; reflecting with Grief, that it was thereby become Instrumental to its own Destruction.

The

The MORAL.

Distribute your Kindness and Benefits, with Caution and Discernment. Arm not an Indigent and Ungrateful Person, with too much unlimited Power; lest he Employ the Strength you give him, to Weaken you.

Strict Prudence warns us, that we first well know Our Man, before our Kindness we bestow.
For such Ungrateful Wretches have been found,
As with the Donor's Gift, himself to Wound.

73. Of the Stag, and the Oxen.



A Hard hunted Stag flies for Refuge to a Stable where Oxen were secur'd and fed.
He entreats the Oxen for leave to hide himself

self under the Hay that lay there heap'd for their Fodder. The *Oxen* reply, they do not refuse him Shelter ; but that he would still be in Danger there, because of the frequent Resort of their Master and his Servants. The *Stag* answers, he shall be safe enough, if they will receive, and not Betray him. The *Oxen* permit him to Hide himself, and promise not to discover him. The *Stag* carefully Covers himself close under the Fodder. In comes a Servant, looks round, finds nothing amiss, and goes away, neither seeing nor suspecting any thing. The *Stag* at this Rejoices, fears no Colours, and believes himself Secure. But one of the *Oxen*, whom Time and Experience had ripen'd into Prudence, gravely Reproves the over Security and too early Joys of the *Stag*. My Friend, says the Wise *Ox*, it is no great matter that this heedless Fellow has miss'd of you ; but if you Escape the strict Search of our careful Master, you may then Rejoice indeed. Not long after the Master comes in, carefully and exactly observes and examines every thing, to prevent any Damage to him from the Negligence of Servants, or other Accidents. He goes in particular to the Hay, looks upon it, and thrusting his Hand into it, lays hold upon the *Stag's* Horns : Surpriz'd at it, he calls in his Servants, they run to his Assistance, surround

surround the trembling Stag, and take him.

The MORAL.

In pressing Dangers, we are too apt to run to the nearest, instead of the safest Shelter; whereas in Prudence we ought to weigh well the Power of those we apply to for our Protection; lest our Ruin be only suspended for a short time.

In pressing Dangers, Men are apt to fly,
 Lets to a sure Retreat, than one that's nigh.
 Whither ill Fate pursuing close and fast;
 Their wrong-chose Refuge sinks 'em down in hast.

74. Of the Horse, and the Lyon.

A Lyon who had fix'd his Eye on a Jolly Young Horse, long'd to feast himself with so delicious a Prey: But distrusting his Strength, which was considerably abated by Age; he bethinks himself, how to compass by Stratagem, what he despair'd of getting by Force. He pretends to Quack it; and tells the Horse a long Story, of his mighty Feats, deep Skill, and miraculous Cures. The Horse smoaks the Cheat, but pretends to believe and admire him; and resolves to elude one Trick with another. He tells the Lyon, that lately running through

through a thorny Thicket, a Thorn struck into his Hoof, and breaking stuck there, and had Wounded him to the Quick. He therefore entreats Dr. Lyon, being so eminent a Physician, to Examine the Wound, draw out the Thorn, and prescribe a Cure. The well-fool'd Lyon applying to view the pretended Wound, the Horse strikes his Foot with his utmost Force and Strength upon the Lyon's Face, and then Gallops away full speed. The Lyon almost brain'd by the violent Blow, with much ado recovering his Senses, in some sort, acknowledg'd the Justice of Fate upon him, for his equal Folly and Dissimulation; and own'd the Horse had serv'd him right, and well deserved to Escape as he had.

THE MORAL.

Craft and Fraud are Odious, and justly Countermin'd by more profound Dissimulation. There may be Honour and Nobleness in an open Enemy; but a false Friend is Hateful and Dangerous.

Where open Force falls short, Men oft prepare
T'attack by Stratagem, and secret Snare,
Successfully sometimes: For well we know,
More Danger's in a close than open Foe.
Yet bring the finest Stratagem you will;
It may be baffled by Superiour Skill.
So Force, we do by greater Force repel;
And Art, by those that do in Art excel.

75. A Wolf, and a Lamb.



AN Old Grisley *Wolf*, met with a very Young *Lamb*, and sought occasion to Devour him: Sirrah, says the *Wolf*, you've done me a great many Injuries. How can that be, says the *Lamb*, I am but just come into the World? You've Eat up my Grass, cry'd the *Wolf*. Alas! replied the *Lamb*, I have no Teeth. Besides, you have Drank of my Water. Ah! Sir, says the *Lamb*, I have not as yet Drank any Water, but fed altogether upon my Mother's Milk. You cross Rascal, says the *Wolf*, tho' I can't Answer your Aguments, yet I'll make Dainty Commons of your Carcass, and immediately Worried him.

F

The

The MORAL.

He must be Cunning and Strong too, that Lives among Wolves ; otherwise he must expect no Quarter. His Virtues and good Qualities will be turn'd upon him as Crimes, and nothing less than the Carkass will satisfy a Furious Appetite. Reason and Truth, take no place with Wicked Men. The Weakest goes to the Wall, and to the Pot too, as Occasion serves.

'Gainst Lawless Power and Might, who dares Dispute ?

No Plea, but Force, can Violence Confute.

76. Of the *Viper*, and the *File*.

A *Viper* that by chance had found a *File*, fell to Biting and Gnawing of it with an angry eagerness. The strong *File*, secure in his invincible Hardness, Scorns and Derides the *Viper* and its vain Attempt. Ridiculous Fool ! said the Disdaining *File*, what wouldst thou be at ? Thou mayst break thy Teeth and Jaws upon me, if thou wilt ; but me thou canst not hurt. I blunt the sharpest Point and Edge, and break the strongest Teeth. The firmest Brasses, and toughest Iron, yield to my Superior Force.

The

The MORAL.

Have a Care what an Enemy you Contend with. Don't draw Ruin upon your self by provoking those that can easily Destroy you ; and against whose mighty Force, all you can do will signifie Nothing.

Check the most early Sproutings you can find,
Of Avarice and Envy in your Mind : (Fears,
They Rack the tortur'd Heart 'twixt Hopes and
And fill the anxious Thoughts with deadly Cares.
And if at last they gain their dark Designs,
Their own Destruction, oft, their ruin'd Neigh-
bour joins.

77. Of the Hart.

A Hart refreshing himself in a cool Spring, began to View, and Contemplate his Frame and Make, in its clear and smooth Water. He was well satisfied with his Person in general ; strangely delighted with the admirable Strength and Beauty of his firm and well spread Horns : There was nothing he thought amiss in his whole Composure, but the indecency of his Legs, too weak and slender, in his Opinion, to support (as they ought) so Noble and Graceful a Creature. While he was thus passing this Judgment on himself ; his Contemplations were unhappi-
F 2 ly

ly Disturbed by the Yelping of *Dogs*, and the repeated Shouts of approaching Hunters, which Surprise, Astonish, and Affright him. Away he flies, entrusts his Safety to his Legs, and seems to vie, in Swiftneſs, with the Wind. The *Dogs* purſue him with utmoſt Speed and Vehemence, and with obſtinate unwearied Vigour; flying at laſt for Refuge to the Shelter of a thick Wood, he is quickly Stop'd, and ſoon after Taken; through the Intanglement of his ſpreading extended Horns, among the vaſt multitude of cloſe Boughs: Then too late he finds his Error; commends the grateful Speed of his Uſeful and Faithful, tho' ſlender, Legs; and condemns the hateful Pomp of his proud branching Horns, by which he became a helpleſs Prey to cruel *Dogs*.

THE MORAL.

Thus we are admoniſh'd to Weigh and Diſtinguiſh well, leſt we deſpiſe things Uſeful, and Dote on vain Trifles, or on what leads to mighty Dangers, if not inevitable Ruin.

By our wrong Choice of Things, too well we find
Our Judgment Byaſ'd, our Affections blind.
Priding our ſelves in what we ſhall Repent;
Rejecting ſolid Peace, and true Content.

8. Of the Country-man, and the Horse.



A Country-man was Travelling along with an Empty Horse, and an Heavy loaded Ass. The tyred and over-loaded Ass, begs of the Horse to carry part of the grievous Burden, or else he should Faint and Sink under it. The unkind Horse churlishly refuses. The Poor Ass at length quite Spent, sunk under the mighty Pressure, and Died. The Master lays upon the Horse the whole Load, together with the Skin and Pannel of the Dead Ass. The Horse born down, and Staggering under so great a Weight, confesses he is rightly served for his Cruelty and Folly. Had I, sigh'd he, divided the Load, with my Poor Comerade, both of us had been easie: But for refusing

a part then, I must now bear the whole Burden; and that too, with the Augmentation of Weight.

The MORAL.

We are hereby instructed to help our Unfortunate Friends, labouring under Adversity; lest the same, or greater Evils, overtake us, and we thereby justly Sink unpitied.

To Succour the Oppress'd, their Burthen shar'd,
Against our own Oppression best can Guard.
To Shield her Neighbours, and her self secure,
Thus Generous *Britain* does her Millions show'r.

79. Of the Member, and the Belly.

A Great Dissention formerly arose between the *Members* and the *Belly*. The *Hands* and *Feet* Mutiny'd; clamouring that the Lazy Greedy *Belly* would take no Pains, but devour'd the Fruits of their Labour. They insist that it ought to work and take pains for its own Support: Or, no Work, no Subsistence. The *Belly* intreats earnestly and frequently, that her Case may be rightly Weigh'd; but all in Vain. The *Members* continue Obstinate and Inflexible; and refuse it all manner of Sustenance. The *Belly* enfeebled

enfeebled by Want; the Spirits are exhausted, and the whole Body begins to sink. The *Members* then repent their Folly, and offer due Supplies; but their Repentance came too late. The *Belly* too much weakened, refuses all Food. And thus all the *Members* justly Perish, by their own Folly and Madness; while they enviously refuse to Support that, by which themselves are Supported.

THE MORAL.

Societies are only preserved by mutual Benefits wisely interchanged. Let none foolishly Strive to break that Sacred Tye. Each quietly and contentedly discharging the proper Duties of his Station, the whole Thrives and Prospers: But Envy and Dissention destroys the best of Constitutions.

When the Superior Members of a State,
 Refuse their Tribute to the Magistrate;
 And will the Nobles Level: Soon they come
 Involv'd together, to the Fatal Tomb.
 By Civil Broils, the Mob Destroy their Kings,
 And that one General Devastation brings.
 When each with mutual Ardour strive in Love,
 The whole with Order does, and Beauty move.
 But when Convulsions and Dissentions rend,
 'Tis plain that Shatter'd State will quickly end.

80. Of the Ape, and the Fox.



AN Ape of Virtue and Modesty was mightily concern'd, and out of Countenance, that for want of a Tail, she was forc'd to expose her bare Breech to all the World. Observing the Fox was overstor'd with Tail, while she had none at all, she goes to the Fox, and represents her hard Case, entreating him out of his great Superfluity to supply her Wants. The Fox replies coldly and unconcern'd, That he had no more Tail than was fit and proper for him; and had rather it should sweep the Ground, than be severed from him, to supply the Ape.

The MORAL.

In Fortune's unequal Distribution, some
Starve,

Starve, while other Surfeit : The Rich, in general, refusing to bestow a part of their Abundance, for Relief of such as Sink under Distress.

In vain the Indigent for Help implore,
From the Fat Slaves that roul in Golden Ore.
Their Superfluity they'd rather wast,
Than help the Hapless to the smallest Taft.

81. A Husband-man, and his Sons.



A Husband-Man, whose Numerous Male Off-spring were in continual Feuds and Jarrings, desirous to Unite them in the firm Bands of lasting Friendship, lays down before them a parcel of slender Sticks, bound

tite and fast with a strong Cord, and bids them try severally to break 'em so tied together. They strive in vain to do it. Their Father then Unties the Bundle; whose divided Sticks, with ease, they broke to Pieces. Thus, my Sons, (said the good Man) will happen to your selves. None shall be able to Hurt you, if Love and Faithful Friendship bind you solidly together: But if you weaken your selves by Quarrels, and Intestine Divisions, you will become an easie Prey to such as seek your Ruin.

THE MORAL.

Weak Things United, become Strong: Divided Strength, becomes Weak: Intestine Fars and Civil Broils, prove certainly Fatal, both to Families and Nations. But mutual Love and perfect Union, are the Glory, Strength, and Preservation of both.

As Union this Inanimate Fabrick join'd
 God to the Rulers of that World, Mankind,
 Union no less their strengthening Bond design'd. }
 Confusion, and his own dark Ends to gain;
 'Twas the sly Devil first preach'd, Divide and
 Reign.

82. A Peacock, and a Crane.



A Peacock and a Crane Supp'd together, the Peacock Boasts of her Beauty, and shews her Gaudy spread Tayl, and under-values the Crane. The Crane confesses she had Beautiful fine Feathers; but bid her take notice, that she Mounted the Skies with her strong and piercing Flight, whilst the Peacock, with her fine Plumes, had much ado to reach the top of a low Cottage.

The MORAL.

Self-Praise is no real Commendation: We ought to have Humble and Just Thoughts of our selves, and to admire and aim at those Blessings of Life, that are most Useful and Necessary, before those for Ornament.

Let

Let not Gay Tayls, with Sinewy Wings compare;
 Use, beyond Ornament, a Price should bear.
 For *Here* there's Service, *There* but Garniture:
 The *one* can only Strut, but th'*other* Soar.

83. Of the Dog, and the Sheep.

A Dog demands a Loaf of a Sheep, pretending the Sheep had borrow'd the Bread of him. The Sheep utterly denies the Fact. The Dog clamorously insists on his Pretensions: Prosecutes the Sheep at Law: The Kite, the Wolf, and the Vulture, being brought in for Evidence on the Part of the Claimant, they Swear home for the Debt. The Poor innocent Sheep thereupon loses her just Cause. The Dog takes her in Execution, and soon Devours her. His False-witnesses sharing with him in the wicked Purchase.

The MORAL.

Innocence is too often Oppress'd, by Fraud and Perjury; and Nefarious Villanies committed, under Colour of Justice, by wrested Law. Guard therefore the Innocence of the Dove, with the Wisdom of the Serpent.

Of all the hungry Canine Appetites, (bites.
 Nothing so keen as th' Hard-mouth'd Swearer
 Let

Let Perjury her Harpy Seizure Forge ;
 Life, Fortune, all, Are swallow'd at a Gorge.
 Nay, against Perjury no Fence can Skreen ;
 That dire Devourer Bites with Teeth unseen.
 Even th'innocent Oracles of Law she draws ;
 Justice her self, too blind, to aid her Cause.

84. Of the **Lyon**, and the **Fox**.



A Bundance of Beasts visited the Sick *Lyon*,
 but the Cunning *Fox* cautiously ab-
 stained. The *Lyon* writes him a kind Letter,
 tells him he earnestly Long'd to see him ;
 that a Visit from him would Revive his
 Heart. He assures the *Fox*, that there could
 no manner of Danger attend his coming ;
 for that the Friendship and Sickness of the
Lyon

Lyon were a double Guard and Security for the *Fox* ; since the *Lyon* neither would hurt him if he could, nor could do it if he would. The *Fox* writes back, that he would Supplicate the Gods for the *Lyon's* Recovery ; but that he humbly Pray'd to be excused the Visit. Adding, That he the rather insisted upon it ; because, tho' there were the Print of many Feet going to the Royal Den, yet he could find no Tracks of any that returned.

The MORAL.

Expose not your self to real Danger, for fair Words. Compare Words with Actions and Things ; and Secure your self by just Prudentials.

Weigh Things and Deeds against the sound of Words :

Due Caution, Safety to the Wise affords.
But those that their Resolves precipitate,
Are often Plung'd in a Disastrous State.

85. Of a Young Man, and a Cat.

A Certain Young Man over-fond of a Fine Cat, quite tired the Goddess of Love with continual and importunate Prayers, to turn his Cat into a Woman. *Venus* hears his Prayers, Pities his Passion, and grants him

him his Desire. The mighty Change is wrought; the *Cat* becomes a beautiful Woman; at which the Youth is Ravish'd with Delight. Not long after, the Goddess took a Fancy to try, whether the Mind and Inclinations of the *Cat* were changed, as well as her outward Form: To make the Experiment, a *Mouse* is sent into the Room, where the Amorous Pair were Admiring each other. The unexpected Object produced a Comical Scene. The little Bride immediately quits her passionate Lover, and eagerly Pursues the *Mouse*. *Venus* perceiving the Nature and Temper of her Woman-Cat unaltered, Restores the former Shape; and Miss becomes again as very a Puss as ever.

THE MORAL.

Nature will show it self in spite of all Disguises: And therefore it is but lost Labour, to Attempt to Stem the invincible Stream of Nature's Current and Tendence.

To make a Revolution work so strange,
As that of Inborn Nature's total Change,
Is th'hardest Task of Heaven. Nay, the High
Power
Must wisely make her Miracle Secure;
Lest the Old Native bent of Inclination
Start forth again, to shame her new Creation.

86. Of the Dog, and the Butcher.



A Cunning fly Dog, watching an Opportunity among the *Butchers*, flyly and suddenly snatches away a good piece of Flesh, and scoures off with it might and main. The *Butcher* Surpriz'd at the Accident, at first stood silent like one Amaz'd: But soon recollecting himself, he calls out pleasantly after the Pilfering *Cur*, in this manner; Hark ye, you Mr. Thief, you may Run away for this Time with Impunity; your Speed and Distance, secures and indemnifies you now; but, Friend, I shall take a Note of your Name, and narrowly watch your Water, for time to come.

The MORAL.

*Losses produce Caution, and Experience
mature Judgment. Reflect not over anxiously
on past Miscarriages: But recollecting your
Sense and Courage, wisely reform what's amiss;
and prudently Arm against future ill Acci-
dents.*

All things assist to open Prudence Eyes,
Whilst Benefits e'en from Misfortunes rise.
Care's by neglect, and Wit's by Folly taught;
And a small Wreck's a Sea-mark cheaply bought.

87. A Lyon, and a Frog.

A Lyon upon the Hunt for Prey, heard a
doleful, croaking, hideous Noise, was
startled at it, and put to a stand; fearing
there might be some Ambuscade laid for
him: But looking sharp about, to see
what Great and Terrible Monster was ap-
proaching, he Spies a Silly Frog, Croaking
and Creeping out of the Water. Being mo-
ved with Indignation, by being Frighted at
such a Trifle, he Dash'd the Frogs Guts out
with his Paw; and says in a Fury, I'll teach
you to fright People with your Hoarse dole-
ful Ditties.

The MORAL.

*Nothing's Sooner Frighted, than a Proud,
Huffing,*

Huffing, Vain Boaster. We should not be Surpriz'd nor Frighted at every Noise, tho' unexpected; but always preserve a Presence of Mind, to prevent vain Fears, and carry us through real Dangers.

Impertinence and Noise, Great Men provoke;
And Babbling Fools, to their own Dangers Croak.
But present Courage, sets a Noble Mind
Above vain Fears; and is not mov'd with Wind.

88. Of a Collier, and a Fuller.



A Collier was very earnest with a Fuller, pressing him that they two might take one House, and live both together in it. My Friend, replied the Fuller, you must excuse me:

me : It would be very improper for us to cohabit under the same Roof. No Pleasure nor Profit could accrue to me thereby ; nor indeed could I expect other than Troubles and Inconveniencies from it. Consider with your self how very Pretty it will be, when I have made Goods, delicately clean, for you to make 'em as black as your Coals.

The MORAL.

Never associate with those whom Nature, Temper, Fortune, Fate or Chance, render unequal to you, or improper for you. Nor let the Vicious Habits of any Person or Conversation, endanger the Corrupting of your Virtue, by the Secret and insensible Contagion, of too great or too frequent Intimacy.

The Harmony of Converse best appears,
Where Mankind move in all their proper Spheres.
Societies ill Match'd, themselves Annoy,
And clashing Interests their own Hopes Destroy.

89. Of the Horse, and the Stag.

THE Horse and the Stag contended long and fiercely in Fight : The Stag being best furnish'd with Offensive Arms, prevails ; the Horse is put to Flight. The impatient Horse implores Man's help ; returns to the Field

Field with his well mounted Auxiliary, Engages, and Routs his Enemy; Conquers his late Conqueror. But the *Horse*, having thus Subdued the *Stag*, is himself subjected by the Man. His new Ally and Confederate keeps him in Servitude: He's forced to submit to the Dominion of the Imperious Rider. The Bridle Restrains, the Whip Awa, his Rider Governs him, and he endures the Spur.

The MORAL.

Thus raging Desires of Revenge, and un-govern'd Ambition (that wild Lust of Lawless Power) betrays Vicious and Unthinking Men into irretrievable Ruin. Have a care of Calling in too Powerful Allies to your Aid, so as to possess them of your Strengths, and to receive them into the Heart of your Country; lest you become Enslaved by your pretended Deliverers.

Buy not Revenge nor Victory too dear.
With Caution still, let vain Ambition steer;
Trust not to borrow'd Strength her Foest'enlave,
Lest she put on worse Chains than those she gave.

90. Of the **Lamb**, and the **Wolf**.

A Dainty fat *Lamb* being shut up in a Cottage, peep'd out at a Window, and sees a *Wolf* below, bestows upon him the Titles of Rogue, and Murdering Rascal, with a Hundred Curses into the Bargain. Sirrah, says the *Wolf*, if I had ye out of your strong Hold, I'd scrape your Tongue for ye.

The MORAL.

Time and Place embolden the Mean and Low-spirited. The veriest Cowards in the World will Boast and pretend to mighty Achievements, when they think themselves secure from Danger. Brag's, a Good Dog; but he dares not Bite.

Where

Where awful Dangers do at Distance stand,
 Cowards look Big, and like bold Chiefs command,
 Trembling like *Apes* upon a dangerous Spot,
 But roar like *Tygers*, out of Cannon Shot.

91. Of the **Fox**, and the **Wesel**.

A Fox worn Thin and Lean by short Commons too long continu'd, squeez'd himself through a narrow strait Hole, into a Granary well stor'd with Corn. There he Feasted and Rioted at pleasure; but striving to go back, when he had Glutted himself: He strove to no purpose; for his pamper'd Belly was too big to get through. A *Wesel*, who at some little distance beheld the Struggle, calls to the Fox and advises him, if he meant to get out, to apply himself to the narrow Hole just in the same Plight as when he got in.

The MORAL.

Poverty often keeps the Body and Mind, Active, Healthy, and Fit for all the Accidents of Humane Life: Whereas by Prosperity we are Softened and Effeminated; rendered unapt to contend with Difficulties; we become Sickly, Lumpish, and Heavy; the Body fill'd with gross diseasie Humours, and the Mind clouded, and oppressed with Cares.

Men

Men in mean State, have liv'd a chearful Life :
 Unruffled by the Storms of Care and Strife.
 But when by chance those Men enrich'd have been,
 Their whole remaining Life, has been one dismal Scene.

92. Of Two Young Men.



TWO Young Men went to an Eating-House, pretending to Buy some Belly-timber. While the Cook was intent upon serving other Guests, one of the young Fellows whips up a small Joint, and gives it to his Comrade, he hides it under his Cloak. The Cook turning that way, and missing the Meat, charges both of 'em with Stealing. He that took it, swore Passionately he had
 none

none of it; and he that had it, denied with repeated Oaths, that he had not taken away any thing. The *Cook*, Banter'd and Confounded by their Juggling Knavery; replied to them, The Theft is visible; the Thief indeed remains at present conceal'd from me; but He, by whom you have Sworn, both sees and knows him or them that are Guilty.

The MORAL.

Subtil Knaves, and Pilfering Rogues may sometimes Steal, and yet conceal their Crimes a while, by amusing an honest Man with Shams and Tricks. But there is no Escaping the view of the All-seeing Eye: No Subterfuge can hide from infinite Discernment. No Man's Crimes can be unknown; for Heaven and Conscience are always present.

In vain with harden'd Front thy Guilt deny,
Nor hope to hide thy Theft by Secresie.
There's one ne'er-failing Witness every where,
Attesting Providence, All Eye, and Ear.

93. Of a Trumpeter.



A Trumpeter, whom the Chance of War had given up Prisoner at Discretion, was carried off by the Enemy. Uncertain what would become of him, and trembling for Fear, he beseeches them to save the Life of a Harmless Man; who carrying no Arms, and only Sounding a Trumpet, had neither Power or Will to injure any of them. The Enemy despise his Excuses and Entreaties; Chide, Revile, and use him very Roughly. They Storm and Thunder at him, after this manner; All thou say'st, thou Rascal, is to no manner of Purpose: Thou hadst as good say nothing. The Mischief thou hast done us is unspeakable, and thou shalt now Die for

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it immediately. What can be more Criminal, more provoking, than what thou alledgeſt againſt thy ſelf? You, who by your own Confeſſion neither can nor dare Fight; do yet inſtigate the Rage and Fury of others, upon all Occaſions, to Slaughter, Ruin, and Deſtroy us.

THE MORAL.

It is a Horrid Crime in Privy Counſellors to Advise Princes (who are apt enough of their own Accord to Abufe their Power) to any Act of Injuſtice, by continually Buzzing in their Ears ſuch as this, Why does your Majeſty ſtand Doubting thus? Can you forget you are a King, and may do what you pleaſe? How can he break the Laws who is above 'em? Your Subjects enjoy Nothing but by the Sunſhine of your Royal Favour. You have a Power to Save and to Deſtroy, to Advance whom you pleaſe to Honour, and to Deprive another of it. Good and Evil are but Terms adapted to the Vulgar. You can do nothing Ill. The Stamp of Majeſty Sanctifies all your Actions; and your Majeſty has an abſolute Power; and you're only Accountable to God Almighty.

Who preach Deſpotick, Arbitrary Power,
Teach Sovereign Heads their Subjects to Devour.
The Flattering Priests for Non-Resistance Pray;
Your Majeſty has a Diſputeleſs Sway.
But a late King Confutes whate'er they ſay.

94. Of the Fox, and the Eagle.



A Fox's Young Wanton Cub, carelessly playing up and down Abroad, was suddenly snatch'd up by an Eagle. The Poor young Creature crys out lamentably to its Dam for help. The Old one hastens thither, begs and beseeches the Eagle to spare the little Innocent Fool, and give her back her dear Child. The Eagle despises the Fox's Grief and Prayers; and pleas'd with her new Prey, she hastens away to feed her Young Ones with it. The enraged Fox snatches a Firebrand, pursues the Cruel and Obdurate Eagle, with a full Resolution to Revenge the Affront and Injury receiv'd, by setting Fire to the Eagle's Nest: And having got near it,

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Now,

Now, cruel Destroyer of others, crys out the enrag'd Fox, preservethy self and Young Ones if thou canst. The *Eagle* trembling at the greatness and nearness of so terrible a Fate, beseeches the *Fox* to forbear burning her House and Children; and offers to Restore the Captive Cub.

The MORAL.

The Mighty are too apt to Murther, Plunder, and Oppress the Mean; not valuing the Sufferings of others, while they themselves can gratifie their Lusts and Passions with Impunity. But let such haughty Nimrods have a Care. For as a weak Worm, when Trod on, will Turn again; so there are sometimes found, among the Vulgar, Spirits of that daring and resolv'd Temper, that no Tyrants Power or Caution shall Screen him from their once resolv'd just Vengeance.

In every Age and Country may be seen,
 The Unjust Mighty, Treading down the Mean;
 For such a Virtue we but rarely see,
 As Scorns to act a Crime, tho' with Impunity.
 Yet let Oppressors not be too secure;
 All are not of a Temper tamely to indure.
 But some, tho' meanly Born, have Minds so high
 They dare their just Revenge, altho' they Die.
 Thus those that fill the World with Tears and
 Groans,
 Are sometimes Stabb'd upon their shining Throne.

95. Of the Fox, and the Lyon.



A Fox, by Chance meeting with a Lyon; (having never seen one before) trembled and stood amaz'd at first, and then fled swift away; being struck with Terror at the surprizing sight of the Majestick Beast. At their next meeting, the Fox scarce found himself concern'd. But when they met a third time, so far was the Fox from being afraid, that he boldly approach'd and familiarly saluted him.

The MORAL.

Custom makes all things easie and familiar to us; not excepting even those very things; that at first we could not look upon without Terror.

What fills the Mind at first with dreadful Fears;
 Custom at length so wholly Reconciles;
 That all the mighty Terror disappears,
 And it becomes receiv'd with chearful Smiles.

96. Of the **Fowler**, and the **Ringdove**.

A *Fowler* being out a *Birding*, saw at a good distance a *Ringdove* making her Nest upon a very high Tree. Immediately he hastens that way; but as he was earnestly intent upon his Game, he by chance treads upon a *Viper*. The angry Creature being very much hurt, turns it self hastily, and bit him severely. Surprized and Frighted at the sudden and unexpected Mischief, the Wounded *Fowler* passionately Exclaims thus, Fate has found me out, and paid me, in my kind. I am destroy'd my self, in my very Attempt of Destroying another. *Nec Lex sit justior ulla, Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

The MORAL.

Harm watch, Harm catch. Those that take Pleasure in Contriving the Destruction of others, often fall into unexpected Ruin, in the very pursuit of their own Atrocious Projects; through the Righteous avenging Justice of the Divine Nemesis.

Evil

Evil Designers meet with ill Success:
 Prosperity does Treach'ry rarely Bless.
 Their Projects on that tottering Basis built,
 That ev'n th' Attempt does sometimes Scourge
 the Guilt.

The Snare, the very Snarer does Confound;
 Whilst th' up lift Edge turns back, himself to
 Wound.

97. Of the Husband-man, and his Dogs.



A Tedious and Severe Winter having generally exhausted the Country Stocks and Stores, a certain Husband-man began to be Distressed for Provisions, and was at last reduced to very great Extremity. Having Kill'd up his Sheep, and his Milch-Goats,

Goats, at last he Slaughters his Oxen too, to feed himself and Family ; and fence, as long as he could, against the dreadful Approaches of Meagre Famine. When his Dogs saw this, they began to consider of providing for their own Safety by speedy Flight, How can we hope, said they, to live much longer here, when our Master spares not his laborious Oxen, so very Useful and Serviceable to him in all his Country Affairs ?

The MORAL.

Necessity too often drives Princes to Sacrifice their Subjects, to preserve themselves. On such Occasions, the Innocent, Good and Useful are generally Destroy'd : The Worthless Instruments of vain Pleasures are most and longest spar'd ; and, if the Dangers grow, commonly secure themselves ; and forsake their sinking Master, and once ador'd Patron.

**Tyrants, and all the Machiavilian Great,
Still Sacrifice the Good, in Storms of Fate :
Expose the Innocent, but gladly save
Each Worthless Parasite, and Fawning Slave.
Who to Reward 'em, Danger drawing nigh,
Desert their Slighted Prince, and basely Fly.**

98. Of the **Cock**, and the **Cat**.

PUSS longing for Poultry, Leer'd after a Dainty Young *Cock*: She resolv'd to Eat him, but studied for some Pretence to fall upon his Bones. At last he Accuses him for Disturbing People in the Night; breaking their Sleep and Rest with his loud noisy Crowing. The Poor *Cock* excuses himself, alledging, That his Crowing was a Service to Mankind, since it gave Warning of approaching Day, and Rouz'd the Sleepy to their Work and Business. The enraged *Cat* Raves and Thunders at him; calls him a Vile Incestuous Wretch, not sparing his Sister, nor even his Mother. The Frighted *Cock* endeavouring to clear himself of this

Accusation too, the impatient Cat falls aboard on him, crying, All thy Excuses are in vain; thy Crimes are Notorious, and now I'll punish thee.

The MORAL.

Innocence alone is too weak a Defence against a Potent resolved Oppressor.

*In vain weak Innocence Attempts to plead,
When lawless Force its Ruin has Decreed.*

99. An Old Woman, and a Physician.

AN Old Woman, almost Blind, sends for a Doctor, having a very violent Defluxion of Humours fell upon her Eyes: He Quacks it with the Old Lady, and No Cure No Money was the Contract. But the Doctor, to make sure of a Reward, every time he comes to Dress her Eyes, when he had secured her Peepers, he still Pilfer'd something out of her House; and Protracting the Cure to multiply his Visits, he at last left little beside bare Walls. The Poor Woman at length gaining her Eye-sight, look'd round about her, and seeing nothing left but bare Walls, refused the Doctor his pre-contracted Reward. The Doctor pleads his Agreement. The Poor Woman did not deny the Contract,

tract, but denied she was Cur'd : For, says she, before you undertook to Cure me, I could see a great deal of valuable Goods about me, but I can now see nothing at all.

The MORAL.

Covetousness brings Nothing Home. Sometimes Men are so Blinded with Avarice, that they Contradict themselves, and lose what is justly Due to 'em, by Coveting what is not rightly their Own, and thereby give Others an Opportunity of Deceiving them.

Dishonest Craft, is a too Crying Shame :
But does its loudest Infamy proclaim,
When on Weak-sighted Ignorance impos'd.
The World's a Cheat ; and in such Snares inclos'd,
Whole Thousands this blind Patient's Fortune run ;
Only find Eyes to see themselves undone.

100. Of the Sun, and the North-wind.

There happen'd a warm Dispute betwixt the Sun and the North-wind, whether of 'em excell'd in Strength. The Contest was to be thus decided : There was a Traveller on the Way ; and he that could make that Fellow throw off his Cloak, should be judg'd Conqueror. The Wind Blows violently, and Whistled in the Fellow's Ears, and Assaulted his Teeth with Hail-shot ; But he Tucks
up

up his Garments, and wraps his Cloak close about him, and Trudges on in Spite of *Boreas* and all his Blasts. The *Sun* all the while Musters up his Forces, and Emits his warm Rays, and in a little time overcomes the Storm, and Attacks the Traveller with his hot Scorching Beams. The Man soon began to Glow and Sweat, and at last not only quitted his Cloak, but Unbrac'd his Coat too, for the easier Reception of so Benign and Powerful an Influence, retiring even for Shelter to a shady Hedge, for a cooler part of his Walk, thereby to share the more moderate Blessings of the warm *Sun*; who thus obtain'd the Victory.

The MORAL.

Policy in War prevails, and will do what Strength can't. Before a Man engages in a Contest, he ought to know the Ability of his Adversary: For he that has a great Opinion of his Strength, may yet meet with one Stronger; and if he Excel in Strength, yet he may be Overcome by Policy.

Britannia best this Contest can Decide:
 Sh' has gentle Suns, and stormy Blasts both try'd.
 When a Rough *Boreas* Monarch mounts the
 Throne,
 She'll part not with a Rag, but hold her own.

But

But t' a Dear *ANNE*, warm'd by Her smiling
Ray,
Our Hearts, our Millions, and our Lives we pay.
A Tyrant shall no *British* Temper Mould,
Hammer'd, we're harden'd Steel; but Melt us
into Gold.

101. A Nurse, and a Wolf.



A Nurse Dressing of her Child, could by no means quiet it, she threatens to throw it out to the *Wolf*; A *Wolf* then upon the Scout, and Leering here and there for a Prey, passes by and heard the Nurse threaten the *Wolf* with a Supper; the *Wolf* waited a while in expectation of a Feast, but no Child coming, he Sneaks off for that time. But his Stomach being very Empty, he could not forbear Visiting the Nurse's Door a second time,

time, and found Mrs Nurse, Billing, Coocking, and Coaking the little Brat, with all the Endearing Expressions imaginable; I throw my Dear Child to the *Wolf*, no, no, we'll Beat his Brains out, if he comes here. The *Wolf*, vex'd at the Disappointment, went away Muttering: A *Fox* meets him, and ask'd him what Booty he'd got. Oh! says the *Wolf*, there's no trusting to Those that Say one thing, and mean another.

THE MORAL.

Womens Thoughts often change. People ought always to have a just regard to Truth, yet a Word or Expression may sometimes slip from us, and its no great Crime; if only an Ill Man or a Wolf is cheated by it. If mild and gentle Persuasions won't; Courser Treatment must oblige us to our Duty. Children, and Grown People too, many times Fear, where they don't Love.

A *Wolf*! An *Ass*, to wait for such a Feast:
 To take a Pratling Woman's Word, at best,
 Is but a Lottery. Here 'twas all a Jest. }
 Well might her Lips here give her Heart the Lye,
 In such an Innocent Hypocrisie.
 Tho' t' hush a froward Child her Tongue thus run:
 Love speaks Ten Angry Words, but ne'er means
 One.

102. Of the *Shepherd's Boy*, and the *Husband-men*.

A Certain Boy who kept *Sheep*, had several times put Tricks upon the Neighbouring Husband-men, calling out for Help because the *Wolf* was a coming; when in truth no *Wolf* was near. At last the *Wolf* sets upon his Flock in good earnest. The Boy crys out most lamentably, begging and praying for instant Succour; but the Husbandmen having been often deluded by him, refused to come at him; by which means his *Sheep* became a Prey to the *Wolf*.

The

The MORAL.

Thus Lyers draw upon themselves the just Punishment of not being Credited when they do speak Truth.

Let none presume, in Earnest, nor in Jest,
To give up Truth; the Minds most noble Test.
Lest his fond Banter gain him in the end,
That none will his most serious Talk attend.

103. Of a River Fish, and a Sea Fish.

A Fresh Fish was driven to Sea by the strong Current of a Land Flood, where he Crack'd and Boasted of his Noble Birth, and valued himself above the Fish of the Ocean. What Vapouring Ignorant is this, says the Sturgeon, if you and I were to be carried to the Market, which would give most Money; ye think; I should go off at a great Price, and be a Dish for a Prince, but you'r Worth little, and bought up by the Common People.

The MORAL.

'Tis not what a Thing appears to be, or what I may value it at, but what it will Sell for; that makes it Valuable. Self-Conceit, or a Man's Opinion of his own Merit, must never be admitted to set the Market Price; his Vanity will have no other Effect, but to make him Ridiculous.

Let

Let the vain Fool with arrogated Worth,
 And the false Grandure of his boasted Birth,
 Gild o'er his poorer Dross. True Orient Gold,
 Its Price does from the Scales and Touch-stone
 hold.

104. A *Lyon*, and a *Bull*.



A Large, rapacious, hungry *Lyon*, seeing, a curious, plump, fat, young *Bull*, had a Months mind to make a Feast of his Delicious Carcass : He steps up to him, and pleasantly invites him to Supper. My good Friend and Neighbour, says the *Lyon*, I have just now Kill'd a fine, well Flesh'd *Sheep*, and I can't be pleas'd unless you take part on't with me. The *Bull* thank'd him.
 for

for his kind Invitation, and away they trudge. But when they entred the Lyon's Den, and he saw what large Pots, Caldrons, and Long Spits, were ready set, with a huge Fire, big enough to Roast him whole, He was seized with a Pannick Fear, and Scoures off immediately. The Lyon seeing him Scamper away, calls after him, Why so hasty, Good Mr. Bull? 'Tis time to be Jogging; For I perceive by your Preparation, you've more mind to a Beef than a Mutton Supper.

The MORAL.

A Watchful Eye, and Prudent Care, prevents Misfortunes. When a Friend or Companion has an Interest and Inclination to Betray and Destroy, it's generally Usur'd On and Accomplish'd under a fair and specious Pretence of Kindness and Affection. Have a Care how you trust those Persons that live up on the Expence of another's Happiness.

Let not fair Words prevent a prudent Care;
 Fine Compliments too often prove a Snare.
 Ill Men in Power compleat their bad Design:
 Beef goes t' the Pot, when Hungry Lyons Dine.

105. A Tortoise, and an Eagle.



A Land Tortoise, thinking it very hard to be always Creeping and Groveling in a Hole on the Ground, and with his House on his Back, Promises a very great Reward to the *Eagle*, if she would carry him up into the upper Region. The *Eagle* had no great Stomach to't ; for, says she, you have no Business there. But the *Tortoise* would not be said Nay : So the *Eagle* carries up the Gentleman, and then Claim'd her Reward; which not being ready, the Disappointed *Eagle* prick'd his Guts, and drop'd him. Thus the Foolish *Tortoise*, that Coveted a purer Air, Breath'd out his last in the Enjoyment.

The

The MORAL.

It is a great Vanity, and may serve to Check the fond Ambition of those Men that Aspire to such Degree, that they are naturally unfit for : 'Tis more Safe and Easie for all Persons to Move in, and prudently Manage that Condition of Life, that Nature and Providence places 'em in, than to follow the Dictates of an Ill-concerted Ambition.

Securely even of meaner Weal possess'd,
He's only truly so, who's Safely Bless'd.
Then seek no dangerous Exalted State,
Lest thy Ambition mount thee to a Height,
And there Deserted drop thee to thy Fate. }

106. A Fox, and a Leopard.

A Brisk Young Leopard was extreemly Proud of, and pleas'd with his spotted Skin, and pretended to Excel all other Creatures in Beauty. A Subtle Fox, within hearing of his Boasts, steps up to him, and tells him he would not be so Proud of his Outside, if he had any real Worth within, him. Fox, says Reynard, you have indeed a fine Outside, but you want the Beauty and Divine Endowments of the Mind, which is infinitely more Valuable.

The MORAL.

It is better to be Good and Virtuous, than to be so in Appearance only. Beauty of Body, is better than the Goods of Fortune: But both these are far short of the Ornaments of the Mind.

All other Gifts bestow'd upon Mankind,
 Bear the least Price. The Beauty of the Mind
 Is the true shining Worth. The Orient Beam
 Sparkles not from the Casket, but the Gem.
 Strength, Courage, Form, those envious Time
 may Blast,
 Wisdom a longer Glass of Life may last:
 Nay, leads t'Eternity when Time it self is past.

107. An Ox; and a Young Steer.



AN Old Drudging Ox hard at Work, and
 Drawing in the Plough, a Brisk, Fat,
 Plump,

Plump, Young *Steer* (which had never been accustom'd to the Yoke) comes up to the Old Labouring Beast, and Insults him thus; Oh! says the *Steer*, I am free from the Yoke and Live at Ease; but thou art an old Drudge, and thy Neck's grown bare with Working: See how Smooth, Fine and Delicate my Skin is, and what a Nasty hard Hide thou hast! The Poor tired *Ox*, to all these Reproaches, was Mute, and for that time made no Reply: But a few Days after, the Derided *Ox* 'spies the Young *Braggadocio* led by the Slaughter Man to the Altar to be Sacrific'd; thus Attacks him, Oh my Young Brother! what's your easie Lasie Life come to now? Your Stall is turn'd to an Altar. I suppose you could now wish for my Toyl and Sweat, instead of your Sweet Life. You have Frisk'd about finely to come to this. You shall now be Bedawd'd with your Hearts Blood, as I was lately in my Druggery with Dirt.

THE MORAL.

Foolish inordinate Pleasure, always Ends in Pain. Idleness ends in Rags and Ruine: But a Life of honest Labour and Industry is a Life of Pleasure and Safety.

Thin Sides, and Lanker Cheeks, with sparer Dyet,
Enjoy'd with Savory Safety, Peace, and Quiet;

Are

Are much more happy than th' invited Guest,
Who daily Riots on that Plenteous Feast,
Where, Oh! too dearly, the Rich Sauce he Buys,
When only Fatten'd up for Sacrifice.

108. An *Afs* Dress'd in a *Lyon's Skin*.



AT *Cume* in *Italy*, a Slothful, but Freak-
ish *Afs*, weary of Servitude, broke
his Bridle, and would needs take a Ram-
ble into the Woods: There happening to
find a *Lyon's Skin*, he Dress'd himself in it,
and sets up for a *Lyon*, and all Fled before
him, and Terrifies Man and Beast with his
Hideous Voice and Tail. For the *Cumeans*
don't know what a *Lyon* is. After this
manner the Disguis'd *Afs* Reign'd and
Rang'd

Rang'd about for some time, accounted and dreaded as a Terrible *Lyon*. At length, a Foreigner, who had seen both an *Afs* and a *Lyon*, arriving at *Cumæ*, easily discover'd by his Long Ears, and other Signs and Conjectures what this *Lyon* was. He laid hold of, and Uncas'd the Gentleman, and stoutly Belabour'd him. The *Cumæans* could not forbear Laughing, when they understood that the *Lyon* they were so much afraid of, prov'd no more than an *Afs*.

THE MORAL.

'Tis not easie to Overcome those Vices which have Grown up with us from our Youth. Hypocrisie, tho' Spun with never so fine a Thread, will be Discover'd; Truth alone will stand the Test, and fear no Tryals, when Pretence and Counterfeits, Skulk in Corner.

Claim not false Trophies to Enrich thy Crest;
The Cheat is soon detected; and at best
The empty Vanity ends in a Jest.
True Merit, Star-like, drives a lasting Round.
When short-liv'd Flashy Meteors drop to the
Ground.

109. Of the *Wolf*, and the *Dog*.

AS a *Wolf* was Ranging a Wood, one
 Morning early, before break of Day;
 By chance he met with an honest Jolly *Dog*,
 An old Acquaintance, whom he had not
 Seen for a long time. The *Wolf* pleasingly
 Surprized at the unexpected Meeting with
 So good a Friend, most joyfully Salutes,
 And mightily Caresses his old Friend *Tray*;
 Asking him, how he had Far'd this ma-
 ny a long Day; but more particularly
 how he came to be so Plump and Sleek,
 and in so good Case and Plight. *Tray*,
 with no less Civility, return'd his Friend
Wim's Complement, telling him, That
 his Well-looking sprung from his Well-
 living;

living; and his Well-living, was an Effect of his good Master's Care and Kindness. For added he, my Master Cherishes me, for Fawning on him a Days, and being Watchful a Nights: Feeding me from his own plentiful Table. I Sleep within Doors, nor am exposed to the Accidents of the open Air; and the whole Family are most exceeding Kind to me. Most happy *Dog*! cry'd the *Wolf*. How good a Master have you got! Were I so Fortunate to live with him too, (as I could with I were) I should think no Beast more compleatly happy. The *Dog* finding the *Wolf* so earnest to change his manner of Living; promises so to order Matters, as to introduce him into his Master's Family, he would but moderate his usual Fierceness and quietly and readily obey Orders. The pleas'd *Wolf* freely and chearfully Consented and away they jog on toward the Farmer's House. They diverted each other as they Walk'd, with a World of pleasant Chat. Before they had reach'd the House, it grew to be broad Day; when the *Wolf* observing the *Dog's* Neck to be worn bare, inquir'd the meaning of it. At first, replied the *Dog*, was too Sour, Fierce, and Curriish, Barking and Snarling at our own Folks, as well as Strangers; and often Biting any, without distinction; my Master, incensed at this, commanded me to be well Beaten, Yok'd

and Collar'd; forbidding me to set upon any but a Thief and a *Wolf*. Being thus Corrected, I became Obedient, Tame and Gentle; but still I retain these Marks of that Correction, and of my first Violent, Fierce and Churlish Temper. When the *Wolf* heard this, he thus replied, I will not Purchase thy Master's Favour at so dear a Rate. Therefore farewell, Friend Tray: Much good may do you, with your Fat Slavery: My Lean Liberty for me.

THE MORAL.

Freedom, though in an humble Cottage, and with homely Fare, is of that innate Excellence, and highly preferable even to Royal Dainties in a stately Palace; especially when those Enjoyments subject us to Dangers and Dependance. Liberty flies from Princes Courts, as from the abject Region of Adulation and Servitude; where no Man can safely Live, but in Disguise; and where Wrongs must not only be dissembled, but must pass sometimes for Favours.

That Man ill understands the Rules of Truck,
Who Barter Liberty, to mend his Luck.
No Chains, not those of Gold, should ever be
Of Force, to hold us back from being Free.
Let fawning Knaves Crouch down, Submit and
Bend;
The noble Free-born Mind will ne'er Depend.

110. An Old Man, and Death.



AN Old Man, fore Tired with carrying a heavy Burden of Sticks at his Back growing Faint with his long Walk, threw down his Bundle, and calls for Death to Deliver him from this miserable Life. Death immediately presents himself, and asks the feeble Old Man what he wanted with him. Nothing, Sir, said he, but that you'd help me up again with my Bundle of Burthes.

The MORAL.

Old Age it self is not free from Oppression. Men, upon any little Hardship or Distress forthwith call for Death, but when it comes to the Push, they'll Endure any Hardship, undergo any Tortures, lose Legs, Hands, Arms,

*for Eyes, or any thing to save Life : Rather
Live miserably, than not Live.*

Death at a Distance we but slightly fear,
He brings his Terrors as he draws more near.
Thro' Poverty, Pain, Slav'ry, we Drudge on :
The Worst of Beings better please, than none.
No Price too Dear, to Purchase Light and Breath.
Th' heaviest Burden's easier born, than Death.

III. Some ~~Fishermen~~ Disappointed.



Certain *Fishermen* having been at Work
Almost all Day, and Caught little, at
last Drew up their Net, which felt very
heavy, they Dragg'd it a-shore, thinking
they had now a brave Purchase ; but it

proved only a great Stone, and a few little Fishes in the bottom of the Net: At which Appearance they were mightily Dejected, to find they were like to have light Suppers; but one of the most Considerate amongst 'em, very seasonably said to the rest of the Company, My Friends, it is best to be Contented; for Joy and Sorrow are Sisters: Mischances and Disappointments will happen, and we should expect 'em, that when they do come, they may be more Easie to us.

The MORAL.

No Man without his Misfortunes; and if we Prudentially Weigh and Consider the Condition of Humane Life, Cross Events will be more Tolerable. We should Exert our utmost Endeavours, and expect the Issue with Indifference. If our Projects want Success, we shall not then be much Disappointed; but if Good, or Benefits succeed, it will be the more Acceptable, as it proves better than we look'd for.

Use honest Means with all your Skill and Might;
Go on, and Praise a Flattering Day at Night.
And if one Day without Success shut up,
Begin the next with Courage. Push and Hope.

112. A Woman, and a Hen.



A Widow Woman had a Hen, which laid her every Day an Egg, and being Covetous (like most People) had a desire of more; and thought to her self, if she gave the Hen a double Allowance of Corn, she might lay an Egg twice a Day: But the Hen grew so fat upon't, that she Laid none at all. So the Old fond Dotard Lost what she before had, through a greedy Desire of having more, than Nature in her own way, Produces.

The MORAL.

Covetous Gripping Persons ought always to be serv'd, as the Woman in the Fable. 'Tis but a just Punishment to receive Loss in-

stead of Gain, when nothing less than All will serve. He that Grasps at too much, commonly holds least.

A Miser's Grasp a Kingdom's Wealth would get,
But for such vast Projections, where's the Wit.
The bold Aspirer has a strong Ambition;
But often proves but a weak Politition.

113. The Old Weasel, and Mice.

AN Old decrepit *Weasel* finding she wanted Strength to pursue her former Game, began to devise this Stratagem; she hides her self in a Meal-Tub, hoping by this means to catch her Prey, without Labour. It succeeds accordingly: The *Mice* run to the Meal-Tub, as 'twas their Custom, and are Devour'd by the *Weasel* every *Mouse* of 'em.

The MORAL.

Policy goes beyond Strength.

Let it by every *Mouse* ne'er be forgot,
How they find *Weasels* in a Meal-Tub Plot.

114. A Man Bitten by a Dog.



A Quarrellsome Fellow being Bit by a Hard-mouth'd Dog, went to a Physician, and ask'd his Advice about the Matter. The Doctor told him he needed no Physician: For, said he, if you'll let the same Dog that Bit you, Lick the Blood from your Wound, you'll be Cur'd immediately. Your Humble Servant, Sir, says the Fellow, you may save your Breath to cool your Porridge; I don't like your Advice, that's the way to be pull'd in Pieces, and Cured of all Diseases: I dare neither Try nor Trust to the Balsam of that Tongue, whose Neighbouring Teeth are so Venomous.

The MORAL.

Good Counsel from Bad Men is not to be Trusted to, nor Rely'd upon. We ought indeed to do Good for Evil ; but we also should do it in a proper Season, without giving Men a Temptation to repeat Injuries.

From Hurts receiv'd, learn Caution. Trust no
more

That Hard mouth'd Foe, whose Gripe thou'lt
felt before.

Trusting again, do his Keen Fangs invite :
Not he; thou giv'st thy self the Second Bite.

115. The Peacock, and Nightingale.

THE Peacock was mightily concern'd, that she had not so sweet a Pipe as the Nightingale had, and complain'd to Juno of it; by whom she was told, that she ought to be contented with her Share, that the Gods never give alike to all ; and tho' the Nightingale was the Sweetest Singer, yet she was the greatest Beauty.

The MORAL.

We ought to receive with Thankfulness whatsoever Heaven sends, not to Covet further.

In his own State let every Man Rejoice,
 The Gods ne'er leave us to our proper Choice,
 They that have Beauty, need no Charming
 Voice.

116. A Sick Man, and his Physician.



THE Doctor asks his Patient how he found himself; Why, Doctor, I Sweat violently. That's well, quoth the Doctor, it's a very good Indication; Perspiration is one of the easiest and quickest Ways that Nature disperses the Morbifick Matter. At another Visit, he again ask'd him how he found his Body affected? Why, says the Patient, I'm now extream Cold, and have a horrible Trembling and Shivering all over me.

me. Oh ! this is still a better Sign, and that Nature's strong and Vigorous. The Doctor comes a third time, and asks the same Question : The Patient tells him that he's very much Swell'd and Bloated, and has cold Sweats constantly upon him. Oh ! mighty well ; there's no fear of your doing Ill. And immediately goes his way. When a very good Friend coming in to the Room, ask'd him how he did ? Indeed, Sir, says the Languid Sick Man, I am very Well ; tho' a Dying Man.

The MORAL.

Take Care of those whom Interest and Ignorance make Flatterers. Flattery is Nauseous every where, but to Distress'd and Dying Persons most Wicked. Little Skill, and a covetous Desire of getting Fees, writ Fool and Knave on this Doctor's Crest.

Conscience and Truth the Flatterer throws by.
To make his Interest, his Work's to Lye.
But, Oh ! 'tis Flattery's most vile Deceit,
A dying Man, with Hope of Life, to Cheat.

117. Two Friends, and a Bear.



A Couple of Wild Sparks taking a Ramble into the Forest, were met by a *Bear*. As soon as they saw him, one of 'em Climbs up into a Tree to save himself. The other thinking the *Bear* an Over-match for him, threw himself flat on the Ground, appearing to the *Bear* without either Life or Motion : After the *Bear* had Examined the Booty, and found no Breath nor any Appearance of Life, disdain'd the Carcass, and Walks off and leaves him. His Companion (the *Bear* being gone) comes down and ask'd him what the *Bear* whisper'd in's Ear : Truly, says he, the *Bear* gave me this good Counsel, that I should Abhor, and quite

quite Abandon the Company of such false Friends as you are.

The MORAL.

We ought to be very Cautious what Company we keep, and not continue in their Society, nor esteem their Friendship who have once deceiv'd us, or left us to Struggle alone with Dangers, when by their Assistance we might easily have Escaped. Such seek their own Ends and Advantage.

Chuse not an empty Talker for a Friend :
Fair Complements, but weakly recommend.
True Friendship more substantial Weight must
bear.
Professions, without Service, are but Air.

118. A Little Boy, and Fortune.

A Pretty Little Boy, being a Sleep near the Brink of a Well, Fortune seeing the Child in danger, came to him, and raised him, and bad him begone quickly ; For, says he, if thou shouldst Drop in and be Drown'd, the unthinking Ignorance of the World will presently Blame me for it.

The MORAL.

When any Misfortune or Ill Accident befalls us, we are very apt and ready to ascribe it to

a wrong Cause : Nay, foolishly enough, or rather presumptuously, lay the whole Fault at GOD's Door, by imputing every Human Calamity, whether Deservedly or Undeservedly fall'n upon us, as purely the Act of Divine Ordination and Providence; viz. GOD saw it fit it should be so. If it had been GOD's Will, it should have been otherwise : Or if GOD had given him Grace, it would have prevented. Or, 'twas his Luck, his Destiny, and twenty other Foolish, I may say Blasphemous, Charges, When, alas! GOD is All Good, and does all Things like himself, an All-Wise, and All-Righteous Agent. Thus if any Thing or Accident happen otherwise, than we would have, or expect, though never so much Owing to our own Indiscretion, Folly, Neglect, or Sloth, or any other of our Humane Frailties; we are too Prone to Unload the Fault from our selves, and lay the whole Blame upon the Over-ruling Power. When, on the contrary, if any Good be done by us, any Mischief escaped, or Evil prevented, we are apt as Unreasonably, on the other side, to attribute the Performance to our own Skill, Wit, Policy or Cunning, by very rarely acknowledging the Contribution of the Divine Aid, for any such Preservation or Deliverance.

How

How impiously do they the God Arraign,
 Who Man's Transgression Heav'n's Neglect
 dare call,
 Because th' Almighty did not Sin restrain,
 And lend th' immediate Hand to stop his Fall.
 God made him Lord of Reason, with Free-will,
 Either to chuse the Path to Good or Ill.
 Ev'n th' Adult Man did his First *Adam* Mould;
 Not a meer Child, in Leading-strings to hold.

119. The Husband-man, and Stork.



A Husband-man who had newly Sown
 his Lands, found them so haunted with
Geese and *Cranes*, that his future Crop was
 endanger'd by their Eating up the late
 Sown Seed. To Remedy this Evil, the
 Husband-

Husband-man sets his Gins. Many *Geese*, and many *Cranes* are taken ; and among them a *Stork*. She Begs and Prays most earnestly for Mercy : Alledges that she was an Innocent harmless Bird ; most Dutiful and Pious towards her Parents, whom she carefully Nourish'd and Supported in their old Age, and was by no means either *Goose* or *Crane*. 'Tis very true, replied the Husband-man : But since I have taken you among Thieves, as such, you shall be punish'd.

The MORAL.

What Business has an Honest Man among Rogues ? If you Associate with Villains, and are taken with them, no wonder if you share their Fate.

In wicked Converse, who can be a Saint ?

Bad Company, even Piety can Taint.

Herd not with Impious Guilt then, lest thou call
Th'avenging Powers, to make thee share their
Fall.

120. A Shepherd, that went to Sea.

A Shepherd was feeding his Cattle by the Sea side, it being then very Calm smooth Water, he had a great Fancy to sell off his Flock, and take a Trip to Sea, and turn Merchant Adventurer : He immediately

ly Converts his Stock into a parcel of Dates and Figs, and away he Sails the next fair Wind. Being scarcely well got to Sea; but a Gust of Stormy Weather arose, where they were all in great Danger of Shipwreck, and in such Distress, that they were forc'd to throw the Goods and Lading over Board, and had much ado to save themselves. Our Merchant, by this fatal Accident, was forc'd to his old Trade of a *Shepherd*; and being not long after near the same place with his usual Flock, there happen'd to be just such another Curious, Calm, Pleasant, Flattering Sea again; which a Neighbouring *Shepherd* then with him observed with great Admiration. Yea, yea, said the *Shepherd*, she would fain have such another Dish of Dates and Figs; and that's the reason of her Flattering Calmness.

The MORAL.

As Pride and Ambition are the ready Road to Poverty, so Disappointment and Affliction is the next way to Wisdom; as just Endeavours and Prudent Management are the best way not only to get, but save Riches gotten. The Shepherd's Loss at Sea in a Business he did not understand, was rather a Mercy to him, to let him see his former Happiness and Safety, than any real Disappointment; for by it he gain'd Experience, and sav'd himself, tho' he lost his Stock.

Losses

Losses by Providence, sometimes are given,
 More as a Favour, than a Frown from Heav'n.
 Whilst from our Loss, we well-taught Wisdom find,
 A greater Gain ; a Wealth t'enrich the Mind.

121. An Ass, and a Wolf.



A Freakish Ass, with Rambling, had got the Prick of a Thorn in her Foot, and went very Lame with it ; and after many fruitless Attempts to draw it out, it still stuck there. By good Chance she meets with a Wolf, who seeing the Ass Limp and Halt, and full of Pain ; Prithee, says Mr. Wolf, let me be thy Surgeon: Let me try if I can't Hawl it out. For Juno's sake do, says the Ass, or I shall shortly make a Feast for ye. Long

I can't Live in this plaguy Pain I endure;
 but while I do live, I'd be at Ease. The
 well-coak't *Wolf*, readily applies his Grin-
 ders, and instantly drew out the Thorn.
 The *Ass* forgetting her Pain, hits Grim such
 a Dab on his Face with the Iron Shooe on
 her Hoof, that she gave the *Wolf* a Bloody
 Nose, and left him Stun'd, and to Lament
 his Folly. Well, says the *Wolf* (being come
 to himself) I'm but right serv'd; when
 being but a Butcher, I must needs set up
 for a Surgeon.

THE MORAL.

*'Twas a Slippery Trick the Ass serv'd the
 Wolf. We too often find our Good Deeds
 requited with Ill; our Love with Hate. The
 Wolf in the Fable did what he pretended,
 but the Ass Ungratefully, like the Deceitful
 World, returns him an Injury for a Special
 Act of Grace and Favour. The Wolf here
 was out-witted, and the Ass 'scapes with his
 Life. If the Wolf design'd to Prey upon
 the Ass, after he had Cured him, he was
 Cunningly Cheated. Harm watch, Harm
 catch. The Deceiver is sometimes Deceived.*

Success Ill-chosen Changes rarely find.
 Let all Men their own Native Province mind;
 Lest, Interloper-like, Kick'd out, they feel
 The rough Returns of an ungrateful Heel.

122. A Black Bird, and a Fowler.



A Fowler spreading his Nets, in order to Catch some Game, a merry *Black-Bird*, as she sat Singing in a Tree above him, innocently ask'd him what he was doing? who told the Bird, He was about to build a City, and presently went off to hide himself; the Poor *Black Bird* mistrusting nothing, came to the Bait, and Nibbling at it, was catch'd in the Net: The Bird Man running to the Net to lay hold of her, Deceitful Villain, says she, if this be your way of Building Cities, you'll find but few Inhabitants.

The MORAL.

Oppressors and Men of Violence carry on their Designs, under the Pretext or Colour of

of doing some Publick Good, Weak and Innocent People may be Imposed on as the Black Bird in this Fable. But that Government cannot thrive, where Liberty and Property are not secured to the Subject by good Laws.

**Specious Pretexts still cover dark Designs :
With Plotting Tyranny, Hypocrisie joins.
But when arriv'd to her full Height of Power,
The Mask thrown off, she does her Prey Devour,
The Tyrant that crept up so slow, at last
Vengeance pursues him, and he falls as fast.**

123. A Man, and a Drown'd Wife.

A Fortunate *Man*, whose *Wife* was Drown'd in a River, went up the Stream to seek for and enquire after the Body of his Dead Spouse; A Neighbour seeing him go up the Stream, told him, That if he intended to find her, he must Enquire and Look for her down the Stream. No, no, Dear Neighbour, says he, my Wife's Perverse Will, and Ill Nature, always in her Life-time carried her against the Stream; and she'll certainly be the same now she's Dead.

The MORAL.

That which is Crooked naturally, will with very great Difficulty be made Strait. A Spirit

of Contradiction is incurable, and will still be striving against the Stream.

Tho' Heav'n, the Beauteous Helpmate of Mankind,
With all that outside *Angel-Form* array'd;
We find, alas! too oft her Perverse *Mind*,
As Crooked as the *Rib* whence she was made.

124. The Eagle, and the Crow.



AN Eagle came Soufing from a high Rock
on the back of a *Lamb*, and carried her
off. Nothing would serve an Apish *Crow*, who
observed it, but she must be trying the same
Experiment, and accordingly lights on a
Ram, whose *Fleece* so intangled her Feet,
that the Boys came and caught her, and
made her an Example to all foolish *Crows*.

The

The MORAL.

Never measure your own Corn by another Man's Bushel.

By Potent Handsher Bolts of Thunder Hurl'd,
Ambition walks Abroad to Fright the World.
But th' *Apes* of Heroes, when their Frantick Heat,
To their sad Cost, makes an Attempt too great;
Th' Aspirer here in his true Fools Coat Drest,
Is not the Terror of Mankind, but Jest.

125. A Traveller, and a Bag of Dates.

A Traveller going a long Journey, Prays heartily to *Jupiter* for Success and Speed, and Promises him half of whatever he found in his way: It so happen'd that he found a Bag of Dates and Almonds, which he fed Plentifully on till he had Gobled up every one of 'em, and offers up the Stones and the Shells to *Jupiter* at a certain Altar, and bids the God take notice that he had perform'd his Vow, having given him the Inside of the one, and the Outside of the other.

The MORAL.

A Covetous Man's Promises never bind him. He is not content to deal falsely with Men, but will even dare to break Faith, and put Tricks upon God himself.

To Covetous Minds, nor true to Man or Heav'n,
 Religion's but an Idle Precept given.
 No; his Devotion takes another Road:
 His Chest's his Altar, and his Gold's his God.

126. An Ape, and its Two Cubs.



AN Ape brought forth Twins, one of which
 she was extremely Fond of, but the
 other she as little regarded. Being once
 surpriz'd, and in imminent Danger, she
 ran away in great fear, and took up the Be-
 loved Brat in her Arms, and tols'd the other
 over her Shoulder to ride a Pick-a-back. In
 the Hurry she Stumbles over a great Stone,
 and knocks the Fondlings Brains out; but
 I the

the despised Baby at her Back, came off without any Damage.

The MORAL.

Parents Fondness spoils Children; they ought not to be Partial. 'Tis Unnatural to neglect one Child, and Imprudent to be fond of another. This Wickedness commonly meets with a suitable and early Punishment, and too often is Fatal to, and ends in the Destruction of the Cocker'd Child.

If Children, by peculiar Grace of Heav'n,
Are, to the Fruitful Womb, as Blessings given,
Shall Partial Parents dare be so Perverse,
As t' Hate ev'n their own Veins, and Blessings
Curse.

127. Of the Dog, and the Ox.

AN *Envious* Dog could find no place to lie in but a Manger full of Hay, where by his continual Snarling he hinders the Ox from his Dinner. Plague on you for a Spiteful Cur, says the Ox; who eat no Hay your self, and hinder those who can.

The MORAL.

Some Mens Natures are of that malicious Turn, that they will not suffer another to Aim

at or Enjoy any thing which Lies out of their own Reach.

Thus 'tis in Kingdoms: You can hope no Good;
When Dogs fright useful Oxen from their Food.

128. The Country-man, and Apple-tree.



A Country-man had an Apple-tree, which bore excellent Fruit, the Choicest of which he used to make a Present of every Year to his Landlord in the City; who was Ravish'd with the Delicousness of the Apples, that he Transplanted the Tree into his own Orchard. The Tree, being very old, presently decay'd, and so my Landlord lost both his Tree and Fruit. Which when he

was inform'd of, Ah! says he, what a hard thing it is to Transplant an Old Tree! Were it not for my own Greediness, I might have had Fruit enough from it, when it stood in my Tenant's Ground.

The MORAL.

Actions attempted contrary to the Law and Order of Nature, are to be avoided. Wife Nature will and does observe her own Way, in Producing and Preserving her own Productions. It is great Folly to think she Errs voluntarily, having no Irregular Appetite. If she Errs, or rather ceases to Operate Regularly, 'tis occasion'd by some Adventitious or Extraneous Agent thereto moving; like the foolish Removal of the Apple-tree, at too great an Age, into a Foreign Heterogeneous Soil.

**The Over-wise do overmuch require;
He's truly Wise, who Curbs his own Desire.**

129. A Boy, and his Mother.

A Boy having Stol'n a Book from one of his Fellow-Scholars, brought it Home to his Mother; she not Correcting him for it, he still, as Opportunity offer'd, found Things before they were Lost. At last he became

became, through Practice, very Expert in the Art of Cleanly Conveyance; but Fate at last show'd him a *Dog Trick*, and he was taken up for his Theft, Try'd, Convicted, and Condemn'd. As he was going to Execution, his Mother follow'd him Blubbering and Crying: The Poor Wretch desir'd leave of the Officers that Guarded him, to speak to his Mother in private, which they readily granted, he pretending to Whisper somewhat to her, as she listen'd to hear what he had to say, he Bit off her Ear. The Poor Sorrowful Woman cry'd out Hideously, and the whole Guard and Crowd exclaim'd against the Unnatural Act of the Boy, and blam'd him, not only as a Thief, but as an Impious Rebel against his Parent: Why, says he, she was the Cause of my Ruin; for had she given me just and severe Correction when I Stole the Horn-book, being then a Boy, I should not have follow'd the Thieving Trade, nor have come to the Halter now I'm a Man.

THE MORAL.

Wickedness Permitted or Connived at in Youth, by growing Habitual becomes Incurable. As Old Dog can't Change his Custom. It is of Absolute Necessity that Children learn what is Good betimes, and be instructed in sound Morals, and manag'd with Wholesom and Prudent

*dent Discipline, and be well taught to know
and distinguish betwixt Good and Evil, Right
and Wrong, as the only way to prevent or re-
form Vicious Practices.*

Unless we young Offenders well Chastise,
Still with their Age their growing Vices Rise: }
Wittier in Mischief still, but never Wise. }

130. Jupiter, and the Ape.



Jupiter being very desirous to know which
of all the Mortal Creatures had the fair-
est Off-spring, Summons 'em all to appear
before him. The whole Tribe of Birds and
Beasts readily come; and who should pre-
sent

sent her self in the Front but the Mimick Ape, with a Couple of ugly Cubs in her Arms, as the greatest Beauties; the whole Company laugh'd Heartily, and Jupiter himself could not forbear. Well, says the Ape, you may all say what you will, but I'm sure Jupiter knows ne'er of you can compare with my Cubs.

The MORAL.

It is an intolerable Vanity in any Man to have a fond Opinion of his own Merit, Wit, Shape, or Beauty; for Self-love generally gives the Cast of our own Side. We are apt to think that most Valuable and Beautiful, that we are inclined to Love: But to make a just Judgment, we should set aside natural Affection, and Judge by Reason.

What if the Ape her fondled Brats so prais'd,
That even the very Smile of Jove she rais'd,
Her foolish Fondness tho' we may deride;
Tis Nature's Weakness, still, on the right side:
Perhaps his own Creation to uphold,

No less than even by Jove himself design'd,
All Creatures for their Own that value hold;
To make the Tenderer Nurses to their Kind.

121. Of the Crow, and the Sheep.



A Pert Crow stood Chattering on the Back of an Innocent peaceable Sheep, who told the Crow, if she serv'd a Dog so, it would be as much as her Life was worth. Pooh, cries the bold Impertinent Crow, I know with whom I have to deal, 'tis but a Silly Sheep.

The MORAL.

Evil Men have a general Quarrel with the Innocent and Sincere, while the hardened Sinner shall Brazen it thro' all Opposition.

Learn from the Daw and Sheep more Sense and Wit.

The Bold are Prosperous, while the Tame submit.

132. A Lyon, Bull, and a Goat.



A Sturdy Bull, being vigorously Pursued by a Hungry voracious Lyon, was met by a Goat, who knit his Brows, and push'd at him with his Horns. The Bull was provok'd to the highest degree, and told the Goat that if he had not such a Powerful Enemy as a Lyon at his Heels, he'd let him know what it was to Contend against, and Fight with a Bull, and take the Advantage of his Misfortune.

THE MORAL.

One Pair of Heels, is worth Two Pair of Hands, when a Resolute, Desperate, and Powerful Enemy seeks our Destruction. Some Men

are Guilty of such Inhumanity, as to Prosecute the Miserable. 'Tis better to put up an Injury, than stay to Revenge it, when a greater Evil pursues.

Weakness it felt Crows over falling Pow'r,
 Insulting what it Trembled at before.
 Ev'n Coward Goats, with a disdainful Smile,
 Dare front the very Lyon in the Toyl.

133. An Old Man, and a Lyon.

A Certain Old Gentleman, having one only Son, of Generous, Brave, Bold Spirit, and a great Lover of Hunting, Dream'd he saw his Son Devour'd by a Lyon. He could not get it out of his Mind, nor efface the *Idea* of his Son's Murder, but continually imagin'd it would come true. To prevent which, he Built a most Stately, Beautiful and Pleasant House, adorn'd with all the Curiosities that Art or Nature could invent to Furnish it with; in which he kept his Son a Prisoner: And that he might be the more Safe and Secure, he watch'd him daily. Amongst the Multitude of Curiosities, there was abundance of most Rich Paintings, and amongst them the Picture of a Fierce Voracious Lyon, done by an Exquisite Hand, which the Confin'd Young Gentleman

tleman viewing, was mov'd with Indignation, and Exclaims at the Picture after this manner; Oh, thou most Savage Beast! for my Father's foolish Dream, I am here made a Prisoner: What shall I do to thee? and passionately Smote the Painted Lyon with his Fist, which hit upon a Nail, that stuck out of the Wall unseen, which turn'd to an Ulcer and Mortify'd, and Put the miserable Wretch into a Fever, who Died upon't. So that a Lyon was the Cause of his Death, and all the Father's Care could not prevent it.

THE MORAL.

Man does what he can, but God what he will: Or, as the French have it, Man Proposes, God Disposes. He that is over Sollicitous, may possibly bring about that very thing he Labours to prevent. Those People that Govern their Lives by Dreams and Whims, and not by Reason and Judgment, can never be Prosperous, Easie, nor Happy.

What God designs, however Men prepare,
Cannot diverted be by Human Care.
So Impotent is weak Mortality,
That hopes t' oppose, Immutable Decree.

134. Of a Castor or Beaver.



THE Beaver's Stones being useful in Medicine, and by some private Instinct the Creature knowing that for them he is Pursu'd by the Hunters: When hard Press'd and closely Chas'd, and under little hopes of Escaping, he bites 'em off to save Life, casting a sad and dismal Look upon his Persecutors.

The MORAL.

Hence we may Learn by this Example of the Beaver, that Life is sweet, who from meer natural Instinct pays so dear to Purchase it. A Wise Man will part with Gold, Precious Stones and Limbs too, to save Life. Self Preservation is the First Law.

Even

Even our most Darling Treasures, All we have
 We freely give, a Ransom from the Grave;
 A Bribe of Richer Dust, our *Own* to save.

135. A Fortune-teller.



A Juggling Spark of a Fortune-teller, sitting in the Publick Market place amongst his Schemes, and a Crowd of Petty Chapmen, all laying out their Fools-Pence to Purchase the Knowledge of their future Fortunes, and the Wonderful Predictions he made them of what Good or Ill should happen. In the midst of all his Bustle and Fool's Business, one comes to him and told him that his House was broke Open and Robb'd. The Conjuror leaves his Customers, and in all hast runs Home to know the Truth

Truth on't: A Sly cunning Fellow observing his host, says, Oh Sir! you can never be a good Fortune-teller to others, that know so little of your own.

THE MORAL.

He is not properly a Wise Man, that is not so to himself. He that sets up for a Counsellor, or Instructor of others, when his own Affairs lie at Sixes and Sevens, is Guilty of a double Folly: Tho' sometimes Cheating Knaves set up this way of Employment, and the Fool maintains 'em in't.

Oh! He's a wondrous Star-gazer, whose Eyes
Can Peep into the Closets of the Skies;
See there th' immortal Powers lay the whole Plan
Of mortal Fates; (believe him he that can)
The Work in Twelve Celestial Houses done;
Yet knows not what's a doing in his own.

136. A Fox, and a Crocodile.

A Fox and a Crocodile had a sharp Controversie about the Nobleness and high Dignity of their respective Families. The Crocodile run off many Arguments, and Bragg'd unreasonably of the Splendor and Glory of his Ancestors. But the Fox smil'd, and said, Hark ye Friend, although you don't speak it, it appears by your Skin, that

that you have been long since strip'd of the Honour and Dignity of your Family.

The MORAL.

Lyars have need of good Memories. Few have been so well qualified that way, but have had the good Luck to Betray themselves.

Great Boasting makes none Noble, Brave or Stout;
The Mark Long-Bow-men often over-shoot.

17. Two Cocks Fighting.



THERE happen'd a Quarrel between a Game and a Dunghil Cock; he that was used to Strut amongst the Hens, was Worsted, and was forc'd to hide his Head. The Conqueror Flies up to the Top of the House, and

and Clap'd his Wings, and Crows for the Victory, and Triumphs with great Pride; but whilst he's in the height of his Glory, an Eagle comes Pondering down upon's Back, and snatches him up with her Talons, and off she carries him: Which the skulking Chanticleer below beheld with Pleasure and Satisfaction, and assumes again the Possession of his former Province, and his Mistresses into the Bargain.

The MORAL.

'Tis not Prudent to be too Bold and Presuming in a Victory hastily obtain'd. To be Proud in Prosperity, is the ready and next Step to Adversity. A Generous Enemy shuns Vain-glory, and makes a Prudent and Modest Use of the Advantages he Obtains over his Adversary; remembering, that 'tis possible for himself to suffer the same Fate. The most Exalted Spoke in the Wheel of Fortune, may soon be the Lowest and most Depress'd.

Vain-glorious Pride, in Shame's worst Liv'ry cloth'd,
Vile in all Eyes, by Man and Heav'n so loath'd,
Even Heroes in Triumphant Chariots born;
To treat their Captive Slaves with too much Scorn,
When such Imperious Insolence has seiz'd 'em,
Forfeit the very Providence that Rais'd 'em.

128. An Eagle, and a Beetle.



A Hare close pursu'd by an Eagle, runs for Safety to the House of a Beetle, and desires her Protection. The Eagle comes up to the Place, but the Beetle desir'd her to do no Violence to the Hare, for she was her Servant. The Eagle despising the Beetle's Request, immediately devours the Hare before her Face. The Beetle took this as a great Affront, and vow'd to be Reveng'd, waiting for an Opportunity, which quickly happen'd. In the Absence of the Eagle, the Beetle crept up a high Tree into her Nest, and by a nice Contrivance tumbles down the Eggs. The Eagle after this Disappointment chang'd her Nest, but to no purpose,
the

the *Beetle* still found out a way to destroy her Eggs. The *Eagle* touch'd with the Disappointment, went to her Patron *Jupiter* and Appeal'd to him, and begg'd a Place of him where she might Lay and Hatch her Eggs with Safety : *Jupiter* gives her leave to lay 'em in his Lap. The Resolute Revengeful *Beetle* crep'd up without *Jupiter*'s Knowledge, by the Fringe and Folds of his Mantle, and secretly moved the Eggs : Which *Jupiter* seeing, did not give himself time to Examine the Occasion, but in all hast shook his Lap, and tumbled all the Eggs down to the Earth. So the *Eagle* was still Disappointed.

The MORAL.

It is a most provoking Injury, to break in upon the Rights of Hospitality, in which Case Revenge is allowable. No Man, how Mean or Little soever, is to be Despis'd. The Meanest and most Inconsiderable Enemy may find a way to do Mischief. Oppression and Violence ought not to be Countenanc'd by any well Regulated Power ; for such Permission is Tyrannical.

Great Men may suffer, who Oppress the Poor :
His Day has every Dog, each Man his Hour.
Ev'n despis'd Weakness may find means to Smite
The Mighty, in Revenge of injur'd Right.

129. A Husband-man, and his Sons.



A Country Man that had lived by hard and honest Industry, Handsomly and Creditably, though Meanly in the World, perceiving his Life to be near an End; and desiring his Sons might follow his Example, and be well Skill'd in Husbandry, call'd 'em all before him, and said, My Sons, I am now going the Way of all Flesh, and all the Treasure and Wealth I have to bestow on you is Hid in my Vineyard; which pray Dig and Search narrowly for, and, when found, divide equally amongst you. The Father Dying, and the Funeral Obsequies being over, the Sons Animated with the Hopes of finding a considerable Treasure be-

bequeathed by their Father, fall to Digging, and Turn the whole Vineyard over and over, yet find no hidden Treasure; but it being well Digg'd, brought forth more abundantly, and very much Enrich'd 'em, which was Treasure enough.

THE MORAL.

The mean Estate of Life which this Husbandman Lived, is very much to be Coveted; and the Advice he gave to his Sons, was his best Legacy, and most to be desired. Certainly Riches obtained by stout Endeavours, and a continued just Industry, are the Blessing of God, and are to an Honest Man as the Earnest of a better Inheritance; beside the present Benefit and Satisfaction he now has in the daily Enjoyment of 'em.

*'Tis Industry that Sows and Reaps; true Gains
Are still acquir'd by Labour, Sweat, and Pains.
We worldly Blessings by this Tenure hold:
The Digger only finds the Mine of Gold.*

110. Of the **Lamb**, and the **Wolf**.

A Tender Young *Lamb* was walking along, in the Company and under the Protection of a Lusty strong He-*Goat*; a Hungry *Wolf* by chance passed by: The *Wolf* pretends to wonder, and in kind and gentle Words asks the *Lamb*, Why it would leave its Loving Mother, for the Nauseous Company of a nasty Rank He-*Goat*. The *Wolf*, with many Flattering Insinuations, endeavours to induce the *Lamb* to leave the *Goat*; and return home to its Dam, who Long'd to see it, (added the *Wolf*) and whose Dugs were swell'd with Sweet Milk ready for its Sucking. The *Wolf* took all this Pains, in hope to separate the *Lamb* from its Stout and Vigorous

Vigorous Guardian, and then to seize the Delicious defenceless Prey. But Fate baffles the Stratagem of the greedy and designing Wolf. For the Lamb thus rejects his Motion; My good Mother, Subtle Wolf, committed me to the Care and Protection of this kind Friend: I shall therefore obey my Mothers Command, in keeping close to this my Defender, and not hearken to you, who will possibly Devour me, if you get me alone.

THE MORAL.

Youth should steddily and dutifully Obey their Parents, and adhere constantly to their Tutors, Governors and Guardians; in whose Love, Wisdom, and Experience they are safe. But if they suffer themselves to be Seduced from under their Care and Government, it generally terminates in fatal Disasters and Ruin.

'Tis dangerous trusting to that Tempting Power, Whose Tongue can Flatter, but her Mouth Devour.

Let not young Heads on their own Strength rely, But walk Secure within their Guardian's Eye. For when from their protecting Care they stray, They throw their Safety, Shield, and Life away.

131. Of the Dog, and the Lyon.



A Jolly good-humour'd Dog, as Luck would have it, meets with a Hungry lean Lyon ; Tray merrily Accosts him, and tells him he Look'd very Sharp and Thin ; what a Figure you make ? You've scarce Flesh enough to Cover your Bones ; you only take Pains to starve your self, by Rambling and Roving and Raking in Woods and Desarts, while I enjoy Ease and Plenty, and have a snack of Favour from every Dish and Trencher at the Table : See how Smooth and Slick, how fat and Plump I am. Yes, yes, Mr. Tray, I see you're in very good plight, and that you're Fatter, and in much better Case than I am ; but I've something more

more Valuable than all those Enjoyments you Brag on and Possess. Pray, good Mr. Lyon, what's that? Why, I'm my own Master. You foolish Cur, you must Go and Come, Fetch and Carry, and be Drubb'd into the Bargain: Dost thinst I can be so Mean and Low-spirited, to Sell my LEAN LIBERTY, for thy Fat SLAVERY? No, no, Liberty is more valuable than Life; and so Mr. Dog your Humble Servant.

THE MORAL.

A Man's Liberty is his Paradise. Food, and Rayment, and all other Common Enjoyments, are very Comfortable and Eligible, but not a sufficient Recompence for the Loss of Liberty. He that sells his Liberty to Gratify his Lusts, is a Slave to Two Masters, and is fit for Wooden Shoes and Slavery, and ought to be Ear-bor'd. But happy is that Nation or People that rightly Value the Excellence and Advantage of Liberty.

How does the Free, but Low-born Cottage Swain
Tho' Lord but of a Hut, and Bleating Train;
His happier State by Nobler Tenure hold,
Than the Court-pamper'd Slave, in Chains of Gold.

142. A Dog invited to Supper.



A Good-humour'd Sociable Gentleman invited his Friend to an Entertainment; and having a Genteel Dog, he also invites his Brother Dog to Sup with him. The Stranger Dog accepts of the kind Invitation, and in he Walks; and being pretty sharp set taking a Turn in the Kitchen, he smelt a most Delicious refreshing Smell, and saw Plenty of good Cheer making ready; at which he lick'd his Lips, and was as pleas'd and merry as could be, and hop'd to make a Glorious Meal on't, enough to serve him a Day or two: So Wagging his Tayl, and strutting up and down, he Bless'd himself for so happy an Opportunity. But the

K

Waggish

Waggish Roguy Cook taking Notice of the Poor pleas'd Cur, claps hold of his Tayl, and, whirling him about, tosses honest Tray out of the Window. The Poor Dog being as it were Thunder-struck, found his Feet at last and ran away Limping and Yelping, in great Confusion and Disappointment, with a Company of Curs at's Heels; who ask'd him how he'd Far'd: Ah! says he, I have so Cram'd my self with Delicious Dainties, that I could not see the way out of the House again.

The MORAL.

He that makes himself Cocksure of some great Advantage, and is Transported with Expectation, frequently meets with Disappointment, and Blasts his former ill grounded Hopes. The Evening Crowns the Day.

Fortune delights to Blast bold Hopes with Loss
Sends Home excessive Joy by Weeping Crows.

143. A Woman, and her Daughters.

A Rich Woman having two Daughters, one of 'em being Dead, she Hired Mourners to attend the Corps. Alas! says the Surviving Daughter, we who ought to Mourn seem unconcern'd, and they who are nothing Related to us make a grievous Lamentation.

mentation. To which the Mother answer'd,
Daughter, you must not Wonder at this,
for they do it for Money.

144. The Bishop, and his Curate.

A Country Curate had a Pretty little Dog,
which he was very fond of; this little
Darling took Pet and Died, to the great
Regret of his Master, who Buried him in
the Church-Yard. The Bishop was inform'd
of the Fact, and calls the Curate in Question
for putting such an Indignity on his Fun-
ction, and Polluting Hallowed Ground. The
Bishop being Poor and Covetous, and the Cu-
rate Rich, and knowing the Bishop's Necessi-
ties, carries a Bag of Money, and being Cited,
appears before the Bishop; who Charges him
with a most Heinous Crime, and threatned
him with Imprisonment, and what not.
My Lord, (says the Curate) if your Lordship
knew how sensible the Poor Creature was
and what a good End he made, you'd think
he deserv'd a Burying-place among Men.
As how? said the Bishop. An't please your
Lordship, he made a Will, and having a
particular Veneration for your Lordship,
he left you a Hundred Crowns for a Legacy,
and here 'tis for you. The Reverend Bishop,
upon Receipt of the Money, approv'd of the
Will, and gave the Priest Absolution.

The MORAL of the preceding FABLE.

Such is the Power and Irresistable Force of Gold, that all Orders and Conditions of Men may, by its shining Glory, be Corrupted, &c.

Further Reflections to both the FABLES.

Gold is a general Purchaser ; Buys all,
From the High Altar, Palace, Bench or Hall ;
Down to the humble Cottage, Hutt, or Stall. }
Buys Smiles, or Tears ; melts Eyes, or dries 'em.
Gold,

Like *Æsop's* Satyr, buys Breath, Hot or Cold.
Makes out all Wants, and all Defects supplies ;
Ev'n the Old wrinkled Hag young Courtiers buys.
Can buy an *Ass* a Panegyrick ; Build

A Dog a Monument ; Vice with Virtue gild.
Nay buys a Coward Lawrels — And what not ? }
Thus the Proud *Gaul* the Stile of *Great* has got,
That ne'r fac'd Foe in reach of Cannon Shot. }

Buys Knaves an Office, Traytors Power and Trust
High and Low *Fliers* bought with shining Dust.
Buys Villany a Mask ; Hypocrisie Paint ;
Buys Inside Devils, th' Outside Face of Saint.
Buys Tyrants Champions, Cut throats Caps and
Knees.

Buys Lyes and Oaths ; buys Souls and Consciences
Buys Prayers or Curses ; buys both Earth and Hell.
Nay, buys Heav'n too, at least, it *Rome* can sell.
What is it which that tempting Ore can't buy ?
Buys every thing but *Truth* and *Honesty*.

145. A *Lyon*, and a *Man*.

A Majestick *Lyon*, and a Proud Haughty *Man* happen'd to Travel together ; each of 'em praised his own Qualities, till a sharp Controversie arose betwixt 'em about the Dignity of their Persons ; and whilst they were Hot in the Dispute, they came to a Statue cut in Stone, of a Man who had subdued a *Lyon*, with his Foot upon his Neck. Look you now, says the *Man*, here's a sufficient Proof of my Argument. Oh ! said the *Lyon*, if we had been made good Statuaries, and taught to Carve, you would have seen Ten for One, of Men Conquer'd by *Lyons*.

The MORAL.

Every Tree is known by its Fruit. We should not pretend to Excel others, and be Judges of our own Performances. Boasters take up weak Arguments to defend their own Imaginary Honour, as the Fancies of Painters and Carvers, which are but thin things (like bare Possibilities) to build Arguments upon.

Were all Men their own Heralds, a Rich Coat Would be a Purchase very cheaply Bought. Should every one too Judge in his own Cause, We should Enjoy no Peace, nor Rights, nor Laws.

146. A Fox, and a Hen.

A Hungry busie Fox having enter'd a Hen-Rooft, found the Old feeble Hen lying Sick upon her Nest, and ask'd her how she did? Alas! Mr. Reynard, said the Hen, I am much out of Order, and very Bad indeed; and you've brought such a noisom Smell with you, it makes me ready to Faint and Die away: But if you'd please to Depart, my dying Pangs would be less Tormenting, and I should Expire with greater Satisfaction.

The MORAL.

An unbidden Guest knows not where to sit down. Some Visits are not Seasonable, nor the Visitors

Visitors Acceptable : Who sometimes Visit the Sick, but don't wish their Recovery ; especially where there's any thing to be got. Some come as Spies, like Vultures and Foxes, who only wait for the Carcass.

Suspected Visitants do not well please
The Sick, but add some Pain to his Disease.
Th' Officious Piety's too thin a Veil, (Wail.
When with dissembling Tears his Pains they
Whilst come to Spy, with such a fair Pretence,
They only wish him a good Journey hence.

147. Of the Ant, and the Dove.



AN *Ant* being Thirsty, and going to the side of a Well to Drink, accidentally drop'd in, and was like to be Drown'd; an

Innocent *Dove*, seeing the *Ant* in danger of her Life, breaks a Branch from a Tree and threw it into the Well. The *Ant* climbing up by the Bough arrives safe upon dry Land. Immediately a *Fowler* coming by, and seeing the *Dove*, makes an offer to Shoot her; but whilst he took his Aim, the *Ant*, perceiving his Design, Stings the Man's Foot, which made him Start and spoil'd his Aim, and Drop his Piece; the noise of which frightened away the *Pigeon*, who by that means escaped the Danger.

THE MORAL.

One good Turn requires another. Most Creatures distinguish betwixt Kind and Course Treatment, and will pay an Acknowledgment accordingly: How much more ought Men to be Hospitable and Grateful, to whom a good Turn, a kind Office, or act of Friendship has been Serviceable and Beneficial. One good Man or kind Friend is worth—Nay, his Worth is Invaluable.

If for good Offices which they receive,
Irrational Creatures kind Returns can give:
Th'Abhorrence of Ingratitude, how ought
The Sovereign Lord of Reason to be taught?
With Shame then let th'Ungrateful Wretches see,
Ev'n the poor Brutes teach Man Humanity.

148. Of the Fawn, and the Stag.



A Fawn asks a Stag the Reason, why he was so afraid of the Dogs; You are, said he, much Bigger and Swifter, and better Arm'd to defend your self in a close Fight; and what need you fear a Company of Yelping Whiffling Curs? This is all true, said the Stag, yet for my Life and Soul I can't help it; for whenever I hear these Yelping Dogs Bark, I can't prevent Fear seizing of me, and I'm forc'd to Run for't.

The MORAL.

There is no Fence against Fear. No Philosophy nor Reason can prevent it, nor introduce Presence of Mind where there's a want of Human Courage and Spirit: He that is na-

naturally Fearful will never stand a Battle. One Pair of Heels is worth two Pair of Hands. A Coward's Heart is in his Heels, and there's his Confidence.

Not outside Coats of Mail nor Steel will do,
Unless the Heart within's tough Metal too.
No Fence for Fear, no Eloquence prevails,
Good Courage to inspire, when Nature fails.

149. A Fox, and the Bramble.

A Fox mounting a Hedge to avoid a pressing Danger just at's Heel's, and snatching hold of a Bramble prick'd his Paw; being fore Wounded with the Prickles, he thus bitterly exclaims: Oh! thou Perfidious Bramble, I fled to thee for Refuge, and thou hast done me the worst Mischief. The Bramble replies, Why so hot, good Mr. Fox, you're in the Wrong to expect any Favour or Kindness from me: Don't you know you are a Common Villain? You thought to put a Trick upon me, as you used to do to others, but now you're met with, and much good may't do ye.

THE MORAL.

*Ill-will never Said well, nor ever Does well,
unless it could not Do otherwise. However,
there's*

there's nothing amiss in this Case, when he,
that puts Tricks upon others, has only met
with his Match.

Perverse Ill-Nature, unprovok'd, can make
Projects of Mischief, for meer Mischief sake.
'Twere well she never play'd a worser Trick;
Than, *Bramble* like, the *Fox's* Fingers Prick.

150. A Fox, and a He-Goat.



A Thirsty Fox and a He-Goat went down
into a Well to drink, but when they
had quench'd their Thirst, the Goat was e'en
at's Wits end how to get out again. Chear
up Man, says the Wilely Fox, I have con-
triv'd a way by which we may both get out
again :

again; stand thou upright, with thy Feet and Horns close to the Wall; I'll mount thy Shoulders, and then step upon thy Horns and whip out, and then I'll draw thee out with a Jerk. No sooner said than done. The Fox leap'd out, and being safely Land-
ed, the False treacherous Fox stands upon the Well's Mouth, and instead of helping out the Poor distressed Goat, the Sneering Rascal stood Laughing him to Scorn. The Goat accuses him of Falshood. Thou silly Fool, says the Fox, if thou had'st had but half so much Wit as Beard, thou wouldst not have gone down into the Well, without well considering how to have got out again.

The MORAL.

Look before you Leap. Men of Wisdom and Counsel, before they undertake any thing of Moment, examine the Circumstances, and consider the End of it. A Man may come soon enough to an ill Bargain; and can never Act with too much Caution.

An Action unadvised proves Labour lost;
And Rash Attempts are to the Author's Cost.
Mark th' End. No Reckoning without your
Host.

151. A Fox, and the Hunters.



A Fox being sore Tired and Baffed in a Chace, by chance met with a Carpenter, and begg'd his Protection. The Man Conducts his Guest to a little Cottage, where he hid himself safe in a Corner. The Hunters came up and asks the Woodmonger if he saw a Fox; No, says the Man, I saw none; and at the same time points with his Finger to the Place where Reynard was hid, but the Hunters not taking the Hint, presently march'd off. The Fox peeps out through a small Crevice, and perceived the Treachery of the Carpenter, and seeing the Coast clear, Scampers off also. So, ho, says the Man, what no Thanks for my Kindness? Yes, yes, says

says Reynard, if you had been as Honest in your Blind Signs, as you were in your Words, you had deserved Thanks indeed; but——

THE MORAL.

Deceitful Men promise fair Things, to cover their ill Designs. Men may tell Lyes by Signs, as well as by Words at length, and make use of Evasions to save their Veracity: But this is only a more Refin'd Knavery, and there's no Trusting him again that has once Deceived us.

From open Foes we may our selves defend,
But Heav'n defend us from a Crafty Friend.
He that has once escaped from such a Snare,
To Trust him will a second time beware.

152. A Boy, and a Scorpion.

AN arch Boy who was Tickling of Trouts, and Groaping for Eels in their Holes, lays hold of a Scorpion, and was going to pull him out: The Scorpion perceiving it was pure Ignorance in the Boy, in not distinguishing between an Eel and a Scorpion, bid him take heed what he did, and be sure to withdraw his Hand, lest he should catch a Tartar, and Repent too late.

The MORAL.

The Morality of Men's Actions chiefly consists in the Will. Therefore when a Fault is committed, the Circumstances ought to be consider'd. A Fault of Ignorance is excusable; and an undesign'd Injury ought to be pardon'd.

Wilful Transgressors do their Crimes Enhance;
 But in the Trips of Weakness, Sins of Chance,
 We Pity an offending Ignorance.

153. A Fox, and Grapes



A Fox passing by and Spying a Vine loaded with delicious Ripe Grapes; His Mouth water'd at 'em, he Snear'd up at, and

and wanted to be Tasting, trying all possible Methods to come at 'em: But for his Soul he could not Reach a Grape of 'em, when he had took all this fruitless Pains in Mounting and Leapings, &c. Hang 'em, says he, they are as Sour as Verjuice, and are not worth a Bodies while to Trouble one's self about 'em.

The MORAL.

Wise Men care not for what they can't have; and Cunning disdainful Knaves, under Disappointments, imitate 'em. It's a sort of Shame to be Baffled, or to show we have Will but want Power to Accomplish: And therefore common Policy makes some Excuse for the Foolish Attempt, and finds fault with, and slightly Values the Thing it can't Compass; Pish, 'tis not worth a Rush; better lost than found, &c.

When an impracticable Siege we make,
'Tis Wise to Cheapen what we cannot take.
With Policy we cover our Disgrace,
A slighted Prize is never worth the Chase.

154. Of the *Wolf*, and the *Fox*.

A *Wolf* having a good Stock of Prey by him, kept at Home, and lived at his Ease. A Neighbouring *Fox*, suspecting the Matter, and longing to share with him, makes him a Visit, asks him how he does, and why he keeps so much within. The *Wolf* readily GuesSES at the *Fox*'s meaning; and to get handsomly Rid of him, pretends that he keeps in because of a great Indisposition that he labour'd under, and intreats the *Fox*, as his good Friend and Neighbour, to go and implore the Gods for his Recovery. The *Fox* departs, sensible that he was found out, was mad at the Disappointment, vowed to be Reveng'd. He informs a Shepherd
hard

hard by, that a *Wolf* lay Lurking in his Neighbourhood, and his Flock was in Danger ; but tells him he might easily Surprize and Destroy the *Wolf*, and instructs him in the Approches to the Cave where the *Wolf* shelter'd. The Shepherd accordingly sets upon the *Wolf*, and kills him, by which means the *Fox* gets Possession of the Cave and his Prey. But he did not long Enjoy the Fruits of his Treachery, for the same Shepherd soon after Surprizes and Destroys the Crafty Undermining *Fox* also.

THE MORAL.

Envy, Covetousness, Revenge, and Treachery, are often so eager to Destroy others, that they involve themselves also in the same, or swift succeeding Ruin. And most commonly those that make Use of Traytors, Despise, Detest, and Destroy them, when the Service and Benefit of the Treason is over.

Check the most early Sproutings you can find,
Of Avarice and Envy in your Mind. (Fears,
They Rack the tortur'd Heart 'twixt Hopes and
And fill the anxious Thoughts with deadly Cares.
And if at last they gain their dark Designs,
Their own Destruction, oft, their ruin'd Neigh-
bour joins.

155. Of the Fishermen.



A Company of Fishermen having with great Patience Fish'd a long time to no manner of purpose, and being Sick with Hunger, and Vex'd with Disappointment, had resolv'd to be gone; and just as they were taking up their Tackle, instantly a large *Salmon* leapt into the Boat, to the great Joy of the Poor Fellows, who made a good Market on't.

The MORAL.

Providence often brings to pass that, which all the Art and Contrivance of Man could not effect, and is ready to Reward those who follow

low an Honest Calling, with constant Industry and Patience.

To Murmur at slow Blessings is a Crime, (Time.
We ought to wait th' All-giving Power's own
If Heav'n its Favours does not now extend,
Good Works with Patience, find an happy End.

156. A Frog, and a Fox.

A Frog that lived in a Fen, set up a for a Physician, and impudently Brag'd that he excell'd all others in the Esculapian Art, and had exquisite Knowledge in Distempers, and prepar'd Infallible Remedies that never fail'd Curing all Diseases. A Fox, whose Bilious Habit could not endure to hear the Braggadocio Frog Bounce after that Rate, told him, he was a meer Quack, and ask'd how he could pretend to Cure other People, when his own Limping gave himself the Lye.

The MORAL.

'Tis good to keep a Hatch before the Door. We should be Cautious how we Challenge any Excellency, lest Envy Bespatter us. He that Magnifies himself, and his own Performances, and by Publick or Private Methods Vilifies and Lessens others, will be sure to hear of his own Failings, it may be, with Addition to 'em.

When

When Ostenstation Trumps her own false Fame,
 She Blazons not her Honour, but her Shame.
 Nay, th' higher Soars her Pride, she does but shew
 Her own Deformity t' a fairer View.
 'Tis a mad *Vulcan*, sets up for a *Beau*.

157. A Nightingale, and a Hawk.



WHilst a *Nightingale* was pleasantly
 Singing upon a Green shady Bough,
 a hungry *Hawk* Surprizes and Snatches her
 up. The Poor *Nightingale*, apprehensive of
 the Danger she was in, humbly begs of the
Hawk to let her go, and seek after a Plumper
 Bird to satisfy her Appetite ; for her small
 Lean Carcass would do him no good. The
Hawk replies, I should deserve to be starv'd,
 and

and to be mark'd for a Fool, if I should part with the little I have, for a larger Meal I don't know where, nor when I may get.

The MORAL.

Some thing has some Savour. When there is present Occasion, it is great Folly to part with a small Benefit, upon an uncertain Expectation of a larger Purchase. A Bird in hand is worth two in the Bush.

*'Tis Folly to refuse what Fortune sends,
Without good Reason to expect amends.
Possession, tho' but small, still makes some Feast,
When Expectation's airy Food, at best.*

158. A Fowler, and a Partridge.

A Fowler took a Partridge, and as he was going to Kill her, she made a Pitiful Moan, and offer'd to draw whole Coveys into his Net if he would be so Kind and Merciful to Spare her Life. No, no, said he, I will now certainly Dispatch ye, because you would Betray your Friends.

The MORAL.

Treachery is a most Odious and Detestable Crime; it is the Ruin of Society, without which Men can't live. A Generous and Brave Mind

*Mind never accepts of Treasonable Offers,
however Advantageous to him; nor will he
suffer the Traytor to go Unexposed, nor Un-
punished.*

Fidelity wears such a lovely Face,
That ev'n from Enemies it can find Grace;
Whilst Traytors from Mankind so Ill deserve,
They're hated ev'n by those whose Cause they
serve.

159. Of Jupiter, and the Bee.



A Bee, to curry Favour with the God
Jupiter, brought him a Present of
Virgin Honey. The God was pleased with
the

the Offering, and gave the *Bee* Liberty to ask any Thing, and it should be Granted to her. The pleased *Bee* drop'd a Courtesie, and begg'd, that, for Defence of her Honey, her Sting might be Mortal. *Jupiter*, surpriz'd at the Request, and being more a Friend to Man than to leave 'em in such Danger, told the *Bee*, That if she Stung any Man, and left the Sting behind her, the Loss of it would be her own Death.

The MORAL.

Every Bird must Hatch her own Eggs. The Ill Wishes, or Prayers, of Malicious Persons, return upon their own Heads. Divine Goodness will not encourage Malice, but will rather Punish a Man with those Evils, which he Prays may fall upon others. The Evil that flows out of thy own Mouth, flies into thy own Bosom.

Off'rings of Honey, and a Prayer of Gall?
 Hard Fronted Malice thus on *Jove* to call!
 His Ear is not so Caught. No; Hated Spight
 Pulls down from Heav'n the Rods it self to
 Smite.

160. Of the Frogs, and the Hares.



A Company of Disconsolate fearful *Hares* met together, and there was a general Lamentation amongst them, because they were miserable above all other Creatures. For, said they, not only *Men*, but *Dogs*, *Eagles*, and most other Rapacious creatures are our mortal Enemies, and ever seek our Ruin and Destruction. It is better for us to Die once for all, than to be in perpetual Fear of Death. They resolve therefore, One and All, to Drown themselves; and away they Scamper to the next Lake or Pond they could meet with, to dispatch themselves. A Colony of *Frogs* swimming themselves upon the Brink of the

L

Water,

Water, and hearing the Clutter and great Noise just upon 'em, all Leap'd forthwith into the Water for fear. Hold Neighbours, says one of the foremost *Hares*, 'tis not so bad with us as we fear'd or imagin'd; there are some People as afraid of us as we are of them; therefore we ought to have more Courage and better Thoughts of our Circumstances, our Condition of Life, being not so miserable as we imagin'd.

The MORAL.

It is some Comfort to the Miserable, that Providence permits Degrees of Misery, and to let the Distressed see others yet more Miserable than themselves. And common Observation demonstrates, that there is not a State or Condition of Life, nor any Person of so Numerous or Abject a Mind or Disposition, but another may be still worse. Therefore we should be Content with our present State, lest a Change be to our Disadvantage; and we Leap out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

Great Madnes 'tis at common Misery
To Murmur; and for fear of Death, to Die.
No, let the Wretch no more Despair, but Live,
And to his Pains, at least this Comfort give.
Look round, and see he's not Unblest'd alone:
He'll find ev'n States more wretched than his own.

161. A Woman, and a Hen.



A Country good House-wife had a *Hen*, that laid her Golden Eggs : The *Woman* judging, that she had some hidden inexhaustible Mine of Treasure within her, because she laid such Eggs, kill'd the poor creature. But upon Examination she prov'd she had no more. She took another *Hen*, to the great Confusion and Disappointment of the Avaritious Wretch, who by that means lost a Considerable and daily Advantage, through her griping Desire of getting more.

The MORAL.

Much would have more; but often meets with Loss, even where there is a seeming Certainty of getting more, to the great Mortification of a Covetous Unsatisfied Mind. This

is One of the Punishments of a Miser, that whilst he is Gaping and full of Confidence, his Golden Hopes are disappointed.

No *Ignis Fatuus* like a Golden Dream :
The vent'rous Fool led by its flattering Beam,
By Headlong Avarice to Ruin push'd,
Hazards his All, his Hope and Fortune crush'd,
Thus when the empty Vision disappears,
True *Midas* like, he hangs his *Ass's* Ears.

162. A Young Man, and a Swallow.

A Young Spend-thrift, having wasted his Fortune, to the Coat on his Back, saw a Swallow before the Season, he believed Summer and Sunshine was at hand; and having heated his Noddle with a Cherripping Cup, off went the Coat also to pay's Club. But a Storm of bitter Cold Wind and Weather quickly after Attack'd him, and being like to Perish and Starve with Cold, Curs'd bitterly the Swallow, for Deceiving him and being the Cause of her own Undoing and his too.

The MORAL.

One Swallow does not make a Summer. Whatsoever is out of Season, is not to be depended upon. Nothing so Foolish as an

extravagant Youth. A Buck of the first Head is easily persuaded to part with his Money, and when he's Ruin'd, 'tis no Excuse to say he was blinded by Example.

All other Undone Wretches in their Fall,
Tho' ne'er so Just, may our Compassion call.
Losses, Miscarriage, Folly, or the Frown
Of Lowring Heav'n, may join to pull 'em down.
Th' unpitied Prodigal sees and seeks his Ruin :
All his own Handy-work is his Undoing.

163. Of a Man having Borrow'd Hair.



THERE was a certain Genteel, but
Bald Spark, that had Spent all his
Stock to a bare Crown, and got a Covering

L. 3.

of

of borrow'd Hair, was Galloping briskly along the Road, and on a sudden an unexpected Gust of Wind blew off his Perriwig. This surprising Accident put the Standers-by into a Fit of Laughter, and the Bald Gentleman Laugh'd for Company, and told 'em pleasantly, they need not wonder that another's Hair should so readily leave him, when he could not keep his own.

THE MORAL.

When the Gifts or Ornaments of Nature desert us, 'tis but in vain to Lament the Loss: for a Wise Man will never Grieve for what he can't Redress. When natural Ornaments wear away and decline, Riches, which are but the Luggage of Fortune, can be no long lasting Possession to us.

*If Fortune's Ornament, or Nature's fail,
'Tis but vain Grief does either Loss bewail.
Grief is the Pain of Fools, Self-Punishment.
The sweetest Ease of Life is wise Content.*

164. An Reed, and a Oak.



A Proud sturdy Oak made a terrible Noise, and Swaggering over a poor Reed. Come out, says the Oak, if you dare, and let a Battel determine which of us is strongest. No, replied the Reed, I regard not your vain Boasting, nor Repine at my Low and Mean Condition: I don't pretend to match you, but when a Blustering Wind and Storm comes, I shall Overcome you by a humble Submission, and Laugh at your Downfal.

The MORAL.

Humility goes before Honour. Humility with just Industry, will raise a Man from Low Degree; and without it, Honour is not se-

cure. He that carries a high Head and will bend to none, often meets with such powerful Opposition as will be too hard for him at last. Pride goes before Destruction, and a Haughty Spirit before a Fall.

O happy Resignation,
That rises by it's fall,
That seeks no Exaltation,
But wins by Loosing all.
That Conquers by complying,
Triumphing in its Lot,
That Lives, when it is Dying;
And is, when it is not.

265. A Pomegranate, and Apple-tree.

A Pomegranate and a fruitful Flourishing Apple-tree disputed which of 'em was the most Beautiful and Delicious. They came to hard Words upon't, and were just at Daggers drawing, when a Bramble hearing the Bustle, jump'd down from the Hedge to Accommodate the Difference between 'em. I beseech ye my Masters, said he, have some Wit in your Anger, consider a little, and don't Quarrel about Trifles: Peace is far better than War and Bloodshed. And so the Debate ended, without further Violence, by the seasonable and good Advice of the Bramble.

The

The MORAL.

A Word in Season is Precious; and if the Counsel be good, 'tis no matter who's the Giver. What signifies how mean and despicable the Instrument is, when the Performance is Noble and Excellent.

When for false Honour do hot Heads contend,
The Meanness of the Cause the Quarrel shames;
Even the Poorest Hand's a generous Friend,
That stops the breaking out of such mad Flames.

166. Of the Herdsman.



A Herdsman, out of a great Herd of Black Cattle, had lost a Calf, and when he had sought up and down the Wilderness, and could get no Intelligence of it,
L 5 he

he gave over Searching, and betook himself to his Prayers. O *Jupiter*, says he, if thou wilt shew me the Thief, that has stoll'n my Calf, I'll offer thee in Sacrifice a Young Kid. No sooner said, but going into a little Wood, he found a *Lyon* devouring the Kid; which put him into a Cold Sweat, and to his Prayers he went again. O good *Jupiter*! I promised thee a Kid for finding me out the Thief, and now I will make it an Ox, if thou wilt deliver me from him.

THE MORAL.

Prayers and Provender binder no Man's Journey; but then we should pray with Discretion, and for moderate Things. Some People are always Wishing and Praying for this and t'other, which having obtain'd, desire to be rid on't; and if they should always be answer'd, they would be Undone by their own Prayers.

If God should always grant what Men think best,
We should be Ruin'd at our own Request.
For what may turn to Harm we cannot see;
But God knows better our own Wants than we.

167. Of the Vulture, and other Birds.



THE *Vulture* pretending to Celebrate a Feast upon the Anniversary of his Birth-day, kindly invites all the Feather'd Nation to Sup and be Merry with him; they accept of the kind Proffer, and come in great Numbers, and are received with very great Ceremony. But having Housed 'em all, he shut the Door, and made himself a plentiful Feast of their Delicious Carcasses.

The MORAL.

That Cheat is most to be abhorr'd, that is acted under the Colour or Face of Friendship. Wicked and Deceitful Men generally design Mischief, and that they may the more easily
and

*and undiscern'd accomplish it, offer a Courtesie
or some extraordinary Act of Favour to you;
but before you're well aware, like the Vul-
ture, they Stab you to the Heart.*

*Who want a Gallick Power to Rule the Roast,
A Perkin Cook i'th' Kitchen, do their best
To call us over a new Sovereign Host,
To Treat us with ev'n such another Feast.*

168. A Hare, and a Tortoise.

A Hare banter'd a Tortoise about her heavy Heels. Well, said the Tortoise, I'll Run with ye for a Wager. 'Tis Done, says the Hare, I now see you know nothing of the Swiftneſs of my Heels: But let's have one to Judge between us. So they chose the Fox. They Start'd fair, and the slow Tortoise ne'er stop'd till she came to the end of the Race; but the Fleet Hare sat down by the Way: For, says she, I may take a Nap, and Overtake the Tortoise when I list. But she Nap'd so long, that tho' she ran at last with all the Speed she could, the heavy Trudging Tortoise got to the Post before her, and won the Wager.

The MORAL.

*Slow and Sure oft Wins the Prize. He that
is Industrious and Constant in his Employment,
will*

*will Excel and quite Out-do a Slothful Person,
who may have more Wit and Cunning, but
less Industry. Order and Application do all
Things well and seasonably.*

Look not upon a Rival, ne'er so Base, (Chase
With that Contempt, to make thee slight the
Of the fair Prize in view. He that but Creeps
A nimbler Hunter makes, than he that Sleeps.

169. A Man, and his Wooden God.



A Zealous Man in the Times of Super-
stition, having an Image, to whom
he paid his Devotion; and constantly Pray-
ed to for Good Luck; but the more he
Prayed, the Poorer he grew, and quite
down

down the Wind he went, at length in great Fury he takes his God by the Legs, and dash'd his Head against the Wall, and out of his Mouth drops a Handful of Yellow Boys. The Fellow gather'd up the Gold; but notwithstanding the Booty, he Accused his God of Perverseness, who would be moved by Blows, but not by Prayers and constant Devotion.

The MORAL.

Ungrateful Persons set a high Value on their Services, and 'tis the Custom of most People to accommodate their Religion to their Interest. Little Difference betwixt Priest and People; One for a Fat Benefice, nay sometimes Pluralities; and the Other pays a Conditional Devotion; where he speeds best, there he pays his Adoration with more Fervency.

Ingratitude, is of all Sins the Worst:
 Sure for that Crime was *Lucifer* Accurst.
 Unthankful for his own bright Share of Heav'n,
 By the All-Gracious High Dispenser given,
 Up to the Face of God, himself he flew.
 From the Ungrateful, thus the Rebel grew.

170. Of Mercury, and the Carpenter.



AS an Honest Carpenter at his Drudgery, Hewing of Timber near a River Dedicated to *Mercury*, drop'd his Ax into the Water, which being deep, he durst not venture in for't himself; but Lamented his Loss extreamly. The God mov'd with Pity at the Man's Loss and Lamentation, immediately Div'd for it, and brought up a Golden Ax, asking the Poor Man if that was it; No, says the Carpenter, that is not mine. Down he goes a second time, and brings up a Silver one; but neither was that it. He Div'd a third time, and brought up an Iron Ax with a Wooden Shaft; Oh! that's mine, says the Carpenter overjoy'd.

joy'd. Oh Adorable Honesty ! says *Mercury*, I'm so pleased to see thee so just, thou'st e'en have th'other Two as a Reward for thy Honesty. The *Carpenter* pleased with his good Fortune and Favour receiv'd from the God, tells it Abroad amongst the Brotherhood; and his good Success tempted a Covetous Wretch to try the same Experiment. He threw his Ax into the same River, and made a sad Lamentation for the Loss of't. *Mercury* immediately hears, and ask'd the Cause of his Grief, who being inform'd, Div'd and fetch'd up, and shew'd him a Gold Ax : The Fellow at first sight said it was his. Oh ! Impudent Lying Villain, says *Mercury*, thou shalt neither have this nor thy own again : With what harden'd Front darest thou Lye, and try to Deceive him that can see through thee.

THE MORAL.

Craft brings nothing Home. God Searches the Heart of Man, and is not to be Imposed upon by Hypocrisie and Dissimulation ; nor will he in any wise Encourage it. Honesty is the best Policy, and never fails of a just Reward, at least, in its own Bosom.

How Dear to Heav'n is Honest Poverty,
Whose Truth not tempting Gold it self can buy;
Heav'n's warmest Smile that darling Virtue Crowns,
When hated Falshood is repay'd with Frowns.

171. An Ax, and a Willow-tree.



A *Carpenter* Cutting down a Tree, out of it he made Wedges to Cleave in Pieces the rest of it. Whereat the Tree complain'd grievously, not so much against the Ax, as the malicious Hands that Agitated it: But its greatest Grief was, that part of its own Body should be made use of as an Instrument in a Wicked Hand to Destroy the rest of it.

The MORAL.

Nothing's more against the Greyn, nor is a greater Aggravation of a Man's Misery, than to have been Accessary to his own Ruine; Or to have been betray'd by a Friend. But it is most Dolorous and Intolerable to Wound the
Immortal

Immortal Soul, by Gratifying the Corrupt and Inordinate Bodily Appetites.

'Tis Dangerous an Enemy to Arm;
Yet some work to themselves the greatest Harm,
Who of the Body make an Instrument
To Wound the Soul; and then, too late, Repent.

172. A Mole, and her Damm.

A Mole said to her Damm, Mother, methinks here's a strong nasty Smell; and presently says she again, I see a Smith's Forge; she was at it a third time, What a Knell and Noise of Hammers I hear. Nay, replies the Mother, I now perceive thou dost not only want Eyes but Nose, and Ears also. For I am sure thou wast Blind before, but now it's confirm'd to me, that thou canst neither Smell nor Hear.

The MORAL.

Every Man has his Fault. Those that are Industrious to Conceal their Imperfections, do many times the more Expose 'em. Few People would meddle with Natural Defects, but they become matter of Reflection, when we seek to hide 'em; and our Concern makes us more suspected, and others more inquisitive after our Failings.

An

An over Care t'hide Faults, makes Men with
more

Inspecting Eyes observe, what they past o'er
With a neglecting Glance, Unmark'd before.

Those Failings we thus labour to Conceal,
We only with a greater Shame Reveal.

173. *Jupiter, and a Serpent.*



WHEN *Jupiter* was Married, upon
the Celebration of his Nuptials all
Animals came to offer Presents to him, eve-
ry one according to his Ability. The *Ser-*
pent, among the rest, brought a Rose in his
Mouth, and presents it to *Jupiter*. But the
God turning a Disdainful Look upon him,
Away with your Gift, cry'd he, whatsoever
I take from more deserving Hands; I like
not

not here the Offerer so well, as to accept the Oblation.

THE MORAL.

One good Turn asketh another. Therefore the Gifts of Wicked Men are not to be accepted. Mutual Gifts are Marks of Friendship, which betwixt a Good and a Bad Man are more Credit to the One than the Other.

Presents from Wicked Men have no good End,
The Giver does the Gift but ill commend.
Polluted Offerers taint the Offering :
A Fragrant Rose ill Suits a Poisonous Sting.

174. A Flea, and a Man.

A Fellow having catch'd a Flea, as it was Biting him, ask'd the Prisoner, how he came to Feed upon his Carcass? Why, said he, that from which every thing has its Life, from that it seeks its Nourishment; it is my way of Living, which Nature taught me; and you should not take my Life, since I do little harm. Puh, said the Man, you are a Blood-sucker: If you Hurt but little, 'tis the oftner, and you are very troublesome; therefore you ought not to live, and so he squeez'd him to Death.

THE MORAL.

Wickedness ought to be discourag'd, even where

where there is little Power to Hurt. Little Offences repeated are Troublesom, and no Man is obliged to bear a Trouble, which he may prevent by lawful Means. A Man's Quiet is of greater Value than the Life of a Flea.

A small Offence from them that rarely Sin,
From Human Mercy may some Favour win.
Habitual Mischiefs merit no Reprieve:
Who Lives by Ill, does least deserve to Live.

175. A Man, and Two Wives.



A Certain Extravagant Spark, having turn'd the Vertical Point of Life, a little inclined to the Brindle Head, a mixture of Grey and Brown Hairs; however, had

had Courage enough to venture upon Marrying Two Wives, of a different Age; One a Matronly Dame, and the Other a young Spruce Lass. These two Rival Ladies were very Diligent and over Officious on all Occasions, who should please him best. The Elder Spouse, to make his Love-locks all of a Complexion, whenever she Comb'd his Head would be picking out some of the Black Hairs; and the Young One, having the same Design, pick'd out the White ones; till at last they made the Good Man as Bald as a Coot.

THE MORAL.

He that Marries a Wife either too Old or too Young, makes an ill Choice; but to have both, is much worse. Yet a Man that gives himself up to Pleasure, runs into this Extravagancy, or something like it; and it's well if he comes off with a Bald Pate.

Do not at too much dreining Pleasure Grasp,
Lest thy sad Ruin thy Embraces Clasp.
The toughest Neck will be too apt to Choak,
When tugging Hands on both sides Pull the Yoke.

176. A Dog, and a Cock.



A Dog and a Cock that were great Cro-
 nies, took a Journey together; but
 Night coming on, the Cock gets into a high
 Tree, and the Dog Kennels in the Hollow of
 the Tree Root. When the Cock at his usual
 time began to Crow, a Fox hearing comes
 running, and prays the Cock to come down,
 for he only desir'd to have the Conversation
 of so Noble a Creature, who had Charm'd
 him with such Ravishing Musick. Pray,
 Mr. Reynard, says the Cock, speak to the
 Porter below, and as soon as he has open'd
 the Gate, I will come down to you. Rey-
 nard accordingly calls the Porter, and asks
 he might speak with the Gentleman
 above;

above: The Dog being Rouz'd, Apprehends Reynard, and tears him Limb from Limb.

The MORAL.

To Deceive a Deceiver is no Deceit. A Prudent Man will be well advised, before he trust a Flatterer; and if he be a known Enemy, 'tis the best way to Encounter him by Stratagem, and to Defeat one Trick with another.

Justly Wise Chanticleer, in such a Cause,
Her Champion Talbot calls, Captain Provo,
To Execute immediate Martial Laws,
On such a Treacherous ensnaring Foe.
We give some Play to a fair Enemy,
No Mercy to a Traytor and a Spy.

177. Wasps, Partridge, and Husband-man.

A Swarm of Wasps and a Covey of Partridges begg'd some Water of a Farmer to quench their Thirst, for which they would be grateful to him. The Partridges promised to dig his Vineyard, and the Wasps to defend it from Thieves. No, no, said the Farmer, my own Cattle do the same Work, and they must be first serv'd.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at Home. It is a Duty to Relieve the Poor; but all Circumstances must be consider'd: Those are first to be provided for, who have the greatest Right to our Care; and they are rather to be Employ'd, whom we can most depend upon.

He that Relieves his Neighbour in Distress,
Repaid by Heav'n, Heav'n will his Labour Bless,
But let the Liberal Hand Discretion guide,
And first for our own Nursery provide.

178. A Cock, and a Partridge.



ONE that had store of Game Cocks about his House, bought also a Partridge, and put him amongst them to Feed:

M

But

But the *Cocks* could not endure the *Partridge*, but were continually Pecking and Sparring at him; which ill Usage he laid to Heart, and thought it Barbarous to be thus Treated, being a Stranger. He at last saw 'em Quarrel and Fight amongst themselves; which the *Partridge* observing, was more Easie and Contented, and said to himself, Well may they Nibble and Peck at me, when, being all of a Tribe, they can't agree among themselves.

THE MORAL.

He that bears sorry Treatment patiently takes the best Method to mend it. We can't expect to be free from Affronts and Injuries when we see Relations in the same House and Family Disagree, and ready to Devour one another. To Forgive Injuries, is the best Revenge.

A Stranger must not think to Live in Peace, Where Kindred from Intestine Wars can't cease. It with Pierce People doom'd to Live, endure With Patience, what thou canst not hope to Cure.

179. A *Lyon*, and a *Bear*.

A *Lyon* and a *Bear* coming up together with a *Young Fawn*, seiz'd it, but could not agree who should have it, they fought so furiously, that at last they gave over by Consent, and laid down to recover new Breath. A *Fox* passing that way, and perceiving how the Matter stood, pulls away the *Fawn* from between them, whilst they lay gaping for Wind, and carried it off cleverly. They both saw what pass'd all the while, but not being able to Rise, they cry'd out, What a Couple of Wretched Fools we are; to Tear and Worry one another, for the Profit of a Curfed Thieving *Fox*.

The MORAL.

Whilst two Dogs fight for a Bone, a third runs away with it. There's seldom any Good gotten by Contention, but another makes an Advantage of it, and this Consideration should incline Men to live in Peace.

Strife and Contention do too often chuse
To play that Frantick Game, where both sides
lose.

Thus Warring Potentates too oft pursue
Ambition and Revenge, rais'd to that Pitch;
Till both their Wealth and Veins Exhausted too
They only make their Neutral Neighbours Rich.

180. Of Two Frogs.

TWO Frogs, that had liv'd in a Pond by reason of a great Drought, were forc'd to seek other Quarters, and they found out a deep Well; No sooner did they spy it, but one says to the other, Let's down here, into this Well; the other, being somewhat wiser, made answer. Be not so hasty Brother, what if Water fail here too, how shall we get out again?

The MORAL.

We must not do any thing rashly, but wisely consider the End before we use the Means and rather chuse to want a Thing, than obtain upon hard or too hazardous Terms.

Happiness thou seekst, seek That that's sure:
True Joys are whose Foundation stands secure.
They measure by Duration of Possessing;
The hazardous Fruition spoils the Blessing.

181. A Rhinoceros, and a Fox.



AS a Rhinoceros was Whetting his Teeth
against a Tree, a Fox ask'd him the
Reason of it, since he was in no Danger; to
whom he replied, Not without good Reason,
Mr. Fox, for I would not have my Teeth
to Whet, when my Enemy is coming upon
me, but be prepared to Defend my self.

The MORAL.

One good Fore-thought, is worth Two After-
thoughts. We should always be ready against a

time of Danger. He that does not put his Weapons in good Order, till he's Alarm'd by the Enemy, will make but a very ordinary and indifferent Defence when Surpriz'd.

*Wise Courage still should stand upon her Guard:
Even Heroes meet their Fall when unprepar'd.
By Unman'd Garisons, Unguarded Coast,
And empty Magazines, are Kingdoms lost.*

182. A Hart with one Eye.

A Hart that was Blind of One Eye, feeding by the Sea side, kept the seeing Eye towards the Land, to beware of Hunters; and the other to the Seaward, supposing no Evil could come from thence. But some Sailers passing by, shot the Hart on the Blind Side, when he was confident of Security; and he turn'd up his Heels with this Lamentation, I have suffer'd no Harm on that Side where I most Dreaded it; but am Destroy'd on the other, where I thought myself most Safe.

THE MORAL.

He that thinketh himself Surest, is oft Deceived in that very Thing which he most rely'd upon: And the best Measures are often broke by Accidents, which not being Foreseen, could not be Prevented.

A Thousand unseen Dangers on us wait,
 And unexpected Ways lead to our Fate.
 Yet, as you can, provide for your Defence,
 Use Means, and leave the rest to Providence.

182. A Stag, and a Lyon.



A Stag being pursued by Hunters, in his Flight ran into a Lyon's Den, and found himself presently in the Lyon's Clutches. Whereupon he cries out, Miserable Creature that I am, to Fly from Men to the Fiercest, most Violent and Voracious of Beasts.

THE MORAL.

Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire. It is the Fortune of some People, to be Exposed

sed to many Dangers ; and when they would avoid one Mischief, they run Headlong into a greater, through their own Fear and Folly.

Of all Estates a Coward is the Worst,
The least of Men. of Man the most Accurst.
Whilst Fear, by the most Wretched Folly led,
Mistaken, thinks its Heels can save its Head:
When most Unhappily t'its own sad Cost ;
There's Two in Flight, for One in Battle lost.

183. A Stag, and a Vine.

ANother Stag being close pursued, hid himself under a *Vine* : But when the Hunters were pass'd by, the Stag thinking the Danger was over, began to eat the Leaves of the *Vine*. They heard a Noise, made a Search, Discover'd, and Shot the Stag. As he was Expiring he confess'd, it was a just Judgment upon him, since he had done an Injury to the *Vine*, which would have sav'd his Life.

THE MORAL.

Nourish a Raven, and he'll Pick out thy Eyes. We ought to be thankful to our Benefactors, and abhor such Baseness, as to return Ill for Good. For there's a certain Vengeance attends so great Ingratitude.

Ingra-

Ingratitude alone's a Sin too bad ;
 T' Ingratitude, Barbarity to add,
 Is that Accumulated Guilt, must urge
 Avenging Heav'n such Criminal Heads to Scourge.

184. An Eagle, and a Hare.



A Certain Man having caught an *Eagle*, clip'd her Wings, and turn'd her out to Walk and Feed amongst his *Hens*. Another Man seeing the *Eagle* had a mind to her, bought her, and let her Wings grow : The *Eagle* took a Flight, and spying a *Hare*, seiz'd her, and brought her to his Benefactor, as a grateful Acknowledgment for his kind Treatment : Which a Crafty Sly Fox seeing,

M 5

says

says to the Man, Friend, I advise you not to Entertain this *Eagle*, nor put so much Confidence in her as you have hitherto done, lest she should Seize upon you instead of a *Hare*. Upon which Crafty Hypocritical Advice of *Reynard*, the Poor weak Man Clip'd the *Eagles* Wings again.

The MORAL.

This Fable teaches us, that Gratitude and Acts of Benevolence are the best way to Meliorate and Temper, if not quite Change, Savage and Churlish Natures. Gratitude dwelt in the Breast of the Eagle, for the Kindness receiv'd from her Hospitable Master: She brought him, the first Opportunity he met with, a Reward. But Ill Men (like the Fox) create Jealousies and Misunderstandings, and prevent good Offices, and are too often the Occasion of losing the Advantages which might afterwards be Reaped by them.

To blacken Benefits is Base; and Ill Returns for Good, & Advise, is Baser still. Practis'd Ingratitude is Man's worst Evil: To Preach it, is a Doctrine for the Devil.

185. Of a Fisher-man.



A Fisher-man not Master of his Trade, carried a Pair of Bag-Pipes with his Tackle, and sitting down by the Sea-side, Plaid a Tune or two, but no Fish appearing, he laid by his Pipe, and threw his Net into the Water with good Success, and Haled a very great Draught a Shore : He saw the Fish Struggle and Frisk about in the Net, which he observing, said Pleasantly to 'em, O foolish Creatures ! When I Play'd to ye, you'd not Dance at all, and now you Dance without Musick, and Skip about like Mad, when I lay down my Pipe.

The

The MORAL.

Every thing has its Season. Applications should be rightly made, otherwise they may have no Effect. It's lost Labour to Sing Psalms to a Horse, or Pipe to a Deaf Man.

'Tis various Engines turn each various Sphere;
 Mankind must then by Thought and Reason
 Steer ; (Err.)
 We lose our Port desir'd, when we from either
 By proper Means we thus attain our Wish.
 A Net's no Musick, nor do Pipes catch Fish.

186. A Boy and Cockles.

A Bullet-headed Boy was Roasting Cockles, and hearing them Chirp on the Fire, he said, O ye wretched Creatures ! Do ye Sing when your Houses are on Fire.

The MORAL.

Nothing's good out of Season. There's a time for Jest, and a time for Earnest. It is great Inhumanity to Jeer and Insult over the Miserable.

At Misery to make a Scoff and Jest,
 Does Man even of Humanity deest.
 The blackest Criminal, e'er the Ax falls;
 Some Eyes of Pity, on the Scaffold calls.

187. Of the *Wolf*, and the *Dog*.

AS a poor honest *Dog* lay a Sleep before the Door of his Master's House, a Voracious *Wolf* coming by caught him Napping, and was just going to Worry him. The poor *Cur* begg'd heartily for's Life. Good Mr. *Wolf* do nothing Rashly; you see I am as Lean as Carrion, and shall offend, rather than gratifie your Worship's Stomach. But in a few Days we shall have a Wedding Feast, and Rich, Glorious, Fat, full Dishes; and you may be sure I shall look out Sharp, and by my good Commons shall grow as Fat as a *Hog*, and then I shall be a pleasant choice Dish for ye. The well Flatter'd *Wolf* for that time was willing to let him go. A few

few Days after the Feasting was over, the Wolf spying the Dog within Doors, bids him remember his Promise : Oh ! Good, kind Mr. Wolf, if you catch me Napping again, never stay for a Wedding Supper.

The MORAL.

An Ass won't fall into the same Hole twice. He that has once escaped a Scouring, and obtain'd a Favour, and is Nabb'd a second time, ought to be Branded for a Fool, and to Die without Mercy. To Deceive the Deceiver is no Deceit, especially when there's Life in the Case.

We should not live by Fraud, tho' Life is Sweet :
But to Deceive a Villain, is no Cheat.

188. A Swallow, and a Crow.

A Swallow and a Crow disputed upon the Topick of Beauty, and which of 'em had the greatest Share of it. *Your's*, said the Crow, is only in the Spring time, but *Mine* lasts all the Year.

The MORAL.

A Black Grape is as good as a White. Where Things are equally good in other Respects, their Duration determines their Excellence.

Where

Where equal Merits with each other Vye,
 And, Rival-like, would still for Conquest try.
 This only Casting Weight ends the Contest;
 Duration turns the Scale, and marks the Best.

189. A Serpent, and a Crab.



A *Crab* became intimately acquainted with a *Serpent*, who being a Plain Dealer, advised the *Serpent* to leave off his Shirking Tricks; but he still follow'd his old Course of Shuffling and Cutting, and was not to be Reclaim'd by good Advice. Therefore, when the *Serpent* was a Sleep, the *Crab* fell upon him and Strangled him. The *Serpent* in Dying, stretch'd out himself at his length; ay, says the Crab, this had not happen'd,
 if

if you had been as strait when Living, as you are now being Dead.

The MORAL.

Plain Dealing is best. There's nothing more agreeable in Conversation, than Simplicity of Manners; but he that has got a contrary Habit, will not easily be wrought upon by good Counsel.

Perverse Offenders their whole Life ill spent;
Long Warp'd by Sin, to crooked Courses bent.
When forc'd to fix Foot length their Bounds to keep,
Are only streighten'd in their last long Sleep.

190. A Nightingale, and a Bat.

A Nightingale being Hung out at a Window, a Batt comes up to her, and demands the reason why she did not Sing in the Day time as well as in the Night? Why, says the Nightingale, I was taken Singing in the Day, and I took it for a Warning. But, says the other, you should have thought on this before hand, for you are in no Danger to be taken again.

The MORAL.

After-wit comes too late, when the Mischief is done: However a Man ought to consider his

*his past Error, and do all he can to Correct it,
and prevent a second Misfortune.*

When an irrecoverable Mischief's done ;
In vain to Atter-wit the Wretched run.
Howe'er past Folly present Sense Supplies :
'Tis better to be late, than never Wise.

191. The Washing a Black-Moor.



AN Ignorant Fellow bought a *Black-Moor*, thinking his Swarthy Colour was caused only by neglect of his former Master, that kept him no Cleaner. He tryed all manner of Washes, and all to no Purpose: Nay, instead of mending his Complexion, he Marr'd his very Constitution,
in

in bringing Distempers upon him, by such foolish Tampering with him.

THE MORAL.

Nature will have its Course. There's no Changing the Fashion of the Body, nor that Condition of Life, which Providence has allotted to us.

Who against Nature, Reason, Wit, and Sense,
T' impossible Attempts would make Pretence;
Might try th' Experiment with as much Hope,
To Wash his own Dark Brains, as Blanch the
Ethiope.

192. Two Travellers going Halves.

TWO Men upon a Journey found a Hatchet: He that first spy'd it, said to the other, See here, I have found a Hatchet. No, said the other, you should not say, I have found, but *We* have found: Presently comes Hue and Cry after Thieves that had stoll'n a Hatchet. He that took it up said then, Alas! *We* are Undone. Why so? says the other. You must say, I am Undone, not *We*: For if you *only* found it, you *only* must bear the Burden of it.

THE MORAL.

One Hand Washes the other. Friends should partake

*partake of one another's Good or Bad Fortune;
but he has no Reason to share in another's Ad-
versity, who had no part in his Prosperity.*

They're Parasites, not Friends, that only run
T' a Prosperous Man, to share his Smiling Sun.
Of those false Friends, the Thief can't want
whole Troops;
If all might Snack the Treasure, none the Ropes.

193. An Ass, a Lyon, and a Cock.



WHilst a Cock and an Ass were Feed-
ing, a Lyon comes up with open
Mouth to the Ass. It happen'd that the
Cock Crew, and the Lyon Scampers away
upon't (for a Lyon is naturally affraid of the
Crowing

Crowing of a *Cock*. But the Silly *Ass*, ignorantly mistaking the true Cause of the *Lyon's* Flight, and imputing it to something he had seen too Terrible in his own Assinine Countenance, that had thus set him a Running, with a sudden Start of Courage turns himself the Pursuer, and now gives Chase to the *Lyon*. When the *Lyon* heard no more of the *Cock*, he fac'd about and Tore the foolish *Ass* to Pieces: Giving him only time to Cry out, Miserable and Wretched Creature that I am! None of my Kin were Warriors, and why should I Rush into Battel.

The MORAL.

A Fool cannot keep himself well, who thinks his Enemy Retreats through Fear of him, when it is only out of Policy, or some other Reason; and, thinking to have an Advantage, gives the Enemy an Advantage over him.

Who in his own Conceit is Brave and Wise,
Destruction will pursue which from him Flies:
Himself the Trumpeter his Foe to call,
He Courts his Ruin, and invites his Fall.

194. Of a Lark.



A Poor innocent *Lark* being taken in a Net, made this sad Lamentation, Wo is me poor Wretch that I am, I have Robb'd no Man of Silver or Gold, nor taken away any thing of Value, and now must Die for Picking up the meer Gleanings of the Field, a few scatter'd Grains of Corn, only to drive away Hunger, and preserve Life.

The MORAL.

One Man may better Steal a Horse, than another look over the Hedge. Men sometimes are in great Danger for the sake of a little Gain; and poor Men are the greatest Sufferers, when they come under the Lash of the Law.

Petty

Petty Offenders caught in Justice Clutches,
Are Try'd and Lath'd: The Great she rarely
touches.

Poor Whores are Whip'd, whilst Rich ones
Ride in Coaches.

195. A Peacock, and a Daw.

A Peacock would needs be King of all the Fowls of the Air, because he was such a Beautiful Creature, and was in all Probability very like to be chosen by a great Majority of Voices; upon which a Jack-Daw made a Learned Speech against it, and roundly told the Peacock, that if any of the Birds should be pursued by the Eagle, his fine Feathers would not be able to Protect 'em. Whereupon they chang'd their Opinion, and the General Vote went against him, to his no small Disappointment and Mortification.

The MORAL.

He that sits at the Helm of State, ought to have a Cool Head, and a Courageous Heart. Kings should not be Chosen for the Outward Beauty and Gracefulness of their Persons, but for their Prudence, Courage, and good Conduct, and untainted Virtue and Honour. These join'd with just Discipline, are Ornaments worthy and becoming Majesty.

In Purple, Ermine, Gold and Jewels drest ;
No more makes Kings, than the Rich Cope the
Priest.

As *Deputies of Heaven* their Trust they bear :

The best of Recommending Virtues here,
Is Copying their *Original* most near.

The Warmth and Succour to their Charge
they bring ;

The Champion-Arm, and Nursing Parents
Furnish the true Essentials of a King.

196. A Dog, and a Sow.



THERE happen'd some hard Words
between a Sow and a Dog. By *Venus*,
said the Sow, I'll Dash your Teeth down your
Throat, you Lousie Cur, if you don't mend
your

your Manners. Ay, reply'd the Dog, you do well to Swear by her, who will not suffer any that Eat *Swine's* Flesh to come near her. Well, quoth she again, that's a Token of her Love, she hates those that hurt me; but as for your stinking Carcass, no Body cares for it Dead or Alive.

The MORAL.

A Wise Man may sometimes Over-shoot himself, in giving his Adversary an Advantage; and 'tis the Perfection of an Orator, when an Argument is urg'd against him, to turn it to his own Advantage.

In all true Wit there's this Advantage found,
'Tis doubly Arm'd, both to Defend and Wound:
Whilst th' Orator, both Eloquent and Wary,
With his own Weapons, beats his Adversary.

197. A Gard'ner, and his Dog.

A Gard'ner's Dog fell into a Draw-Well, the Gard'ner goes down himself to take him up; but the Dog thinking he was come to Plunge him farther in, Snaps at his Master's Fingers. The Man comes up again in a Passion, I am right serv'd to take all this Pains, to save an ungrateful Wretch, who is resolv'd to cast away himself.

The MORAL.

*All's lost, that's given to a wilful Fool.
Some will not understand nor receive a Benefit,
when it is offer'd to 'em. They deserve to Pe-
rish, who will not accept of a Deliverance;
but treat their Friend like an Enemy.*

Who will not Apprehend a Benefit,
The Churlish Cur so little Merits it,
That whilst he thus his Benefactor slights,
The helping Hand that would his Fate recal;
Against his *Own* Deliverance he fights,
And deaf to Pity shall unpitied fall.

198. A Bat, Bramble, and Cormorant.



A Bat, a Bramble, and Cormorant joined
Stocks together, and turn'd Merchant-
N Adven-

Adventurers. The *Bat* had ready Money, which he had Borrow'd; the *Bramble* only took Clothes to Barter; the *Cormorant's* Stock was all in Brass. But a Tempest arising, the Ship was Cast away, and all their Traffick lost, they with great Difficulty saved themselves. From that time they say, the *Cormorant* sits upon the Sea Shore, to see if the Waves will cast up his Brass again. The *Bat* fearing his Creditors, dare not appear by Day, but seeks his Meat in the Night. The *Bramble* Catches hold of every Body's Clothes that passes by, to see if he can come by his Own again.

THE MORAL.

He that would be Easie and Happy, must make himself Indifferent to the Contingencies of all Humane Affairs. He that leaves an Honest Vocation, in which he obtains a sufficient, though but a small Supply, for the uncertain Empty Hopes of Golden Mountains, is deservedly Punish'd by a just Disappointment, in leaving a Certainty for a bare Possibility, and Substance for a Shadow. A Covetous Mind is never satisfied with Honest Gain.

They say a Miser's Feast extends

To Dishes pil'd with Plenty :

For one such Feast they make their Friends,

They make the Ocean Twenty.

The

Their Wealth all Gorg'd, and still more Curst,
 Their Shipwreck'd Senses follow :
 Thine, Neptune, of wide Throats the worst,
 What's thy Voracious Swallow :

99. A Shepherd, and a Wolf's Whelp.



A Shepherd having taken a Wolf's Whelp, brought it up among his Dogs. After was grown up, when ever a Wolf was hunted, this Whelp was sure to make one the Chase; but if the Wolf escaped, and the Dogs return'd Home, this Domestick Wolf still Hunted on, till he Overtook his brethren, and got a Share of their Plunder, and then return'd Home to his Master. It happen'd once that the Wolves for a short new were pretty quiet, and this Whelp could

not govern his Appetite, but would make bold with a *Sheep* or a *Lamb* now and then, till at last the Shepherd finding out his *Sly Tricks*, Hang'd up Young *Grim* for his Sanguinary Thieving Deeds.

The MORAL.

What's bred in the Bone will never out of the Flesh. Ill Nature will never be brought to good Manners: It may be Dissembled or Suspended a while to serve a turn, but can't be cur'd either by Counsel or Education.

No change of Life, not th' Hospitable Roof,
New Masters, nor new Breeding, is enough
A Savage Inclination to reclaim.
A *Wolf* is still a *Wolf*; and Blood's his Game.
Their Perverse Natures mend not till they Swing,
Are only Cur'd by a Medicinal String.

200. Of a *King's-Fisher*.

THE *King's-Fisher* is a Solitary Bird, that lives always by the River-side, and Builds in the Rocks and hollow Banks, out of Harms-way. Having made her Nest, and Hatch'd her Young, being out a Foraging, there comes a great Flood, and fierce Torrent of Water, and Washes away both Nest and Birds. Upon her Return, finding how the Case stood, and what had befall'n her,

the

he cried out, Alas! Miserable Wretch that I am, I fly from a less Inconvenience into the Mouth of a greater Mischief.

The MORAL.

In Evil there is Odds: We fly from one Danger, and often fall into another, and there's no Remedy but Patience. We must Endeavour for the Best, and Provide against the Worst.

No State so safe but meets some fatal Shocks,
Up to the very Nest that's built on Rocks,
A Surge of Fortune, and a Rowling Sea,
May Swell so high as to Sweep all away.

201. A Swan, and a Goose.



A Certain Man brought up a Swan and Goose together, the One to Gratifie his

his Ear, and the Other his Belly ; the *Swan* in those Days, being not like those of the Poets raising, that never Sing till they Die, but bred up Musick Masters from the very Egg. When the *Goose*, upon an extraordinary Gawdy Day, was to be kill'd for Dinner: Through an unhappy Mistake, occasion'd by the Darknes of the Room, he took the wrong *Goose* by the Tayl ; and the poor *Swan* had certainly gone to Pot like a *Gosling*, had she not luckily in the very instant exerted her Musical Faculty to Enlighten his Understanding, and so bought her Life for a Song.

THE MORAL.

Great and Fatal Mistakes may sometimes be Committed, thro' want of Care and Thought ; yet the Mischiefs of 'em have been often prevented by some happy Accident, especially where some watchful Providence steps in to Rescue a threatned Innocence and Virtue.

The Heedless oft too fatally Mistake. (make
But, Charming *Swan* ! what Musick didst thou
As ev'n th' uplift Destroyers Arm could Check
Like Psalms of Mercy, tun'd to save a Neck.

202. A Bee-Master.



THERE came a Thief into a *Bee-Garden*, the Bees and Master being Absent, and Robb'd the Hives. The Owner coming Home, and finding all gone, stands Pausing to think of this Surprising and Unexpected Loss. But the *Bees* coming Laden from the Fields, and missing their Combs, they fell powdering in Swarms upon their Master. Well, says he, you are a Company of Ungrateful Wretches, to let the Thief that Rifled you go Scot-free, and to bend all your Spite against me, who am busying my Brains how to preserve ye for the future.

The MORAL.

The Simple Man is soon deceived. Some People are so Rash or Ignorant, as to take a Friend for an Enemy, and an Enemy for a Friend. This is a dangerous Error, incident to the Vulgar, who are apt to take a Prejudice against their Protectors.

Mistaken Notions of the Right and Wrong,
Hurry the Herd of misled Fools along.
Thus from the Popular Buzzing Hive they bring
Their Honey to their Foes, their Friends the Sting.

203. Of Two Frogs.

THERE were Two Neighbouring Frogs; the one liv'd in a deep Pond far from the Highway, the other in a Pool near it, which was almost dry'd up with a Drought. The Pond Frog advised the other to come over to her, where she might be Safe. No, quoth she, I am used to the Place, and don't care to Remove; and what was the end on't, but a Cart-Wheel ran over her, and crush'd her to pieces for her Obstinacy.

The MORAL.

Lazy Folks take most Pains. Some Slothful People are so Listless, that they will run all Hazards, rather than help themselves at the Expence of some Trouble; and it generally

rally happens, that they are the greatest Sufferers in the Conclusion.

The Slothful well may such Misfortune share,
Present, or Future, neither World his Care.
To that supine Neglect of Duty given,
At once he Forfeits Earth, and Loses Heav'n.

204. Of a Witch.



A Witch pretending to do great Wonders, and even to with-hold Divine Vengeance, by which means she made great Gain; was however at last Accused of Sorcery, Arraign'd, Convicted, and Condemn'd to Die. As she went to Execution, one said to her, Hussy, dare you pretend to prevent

N 5.

God's

God's Judgments, and cannot alter the Decrees of Men?

The MORAL.

He that Deceiveth another, often Deceiveth himself. Many promise Much, but perform Little; whose Craft may succeed a while, but at last it turns to their own Confusion.

He that pretends to that Enlighten'd Eye,
As ev'n into Divine Decrees can Spy;
Foretel, Inform——Nay, to himself Assumes
The boasted Pow'r, t'avert impending Dooms;
Sees not his own eternal Shame and Smart,
The surest Work of his Infernal Art.

205. A Crab, and a Fox.

A Crab came out of the Sea to Feed upon dry Land; a Hungry Fox gets sight of him, and comes running with open Mouth to Devour him. Well, says the Crab, I am right serv'd to be out of my Element, and pretend to live a Shore, when my Business was only at-Sea.

The MORAL.

Men of Curiosity, and Projecting Heads are seldom Easie or Happy: Nothing pleases long. Let wise Providence appoint their Post or Stations of Life never so Happily, they are still

*Still Countermining their own Happines, and
commonly bring on themselves swift and irre-
trievable Ruin, Living unpitied, and Dying
unlamented: The just Product of their Folly
and Madness.*

Nature a Nursing Mother on all Sides,
For every Creature some Defence provides.
But wand'ring Weakness, when it wildly Strays
From its own Element, it self betrays.
In our own Sphere alone's our Safety found:
The trodden Worm's not Crush'd when under
Ground.

206. A Woman, and Drunken Husband.



AN Honest, Poor, Industrious Woman
having a Drunken Husband, so incor-
rigible

rigible a Sot as no Precepts could reclaim, invented a Trick to Cure him of his Distemper. The next time he was dead Drunk, she carried him and laid him in a Burying Vault; and about the time she thought he might come to himself, she Raps at the Door: Who knocks there? says he. One that brings Meat for the Dead, replied the Wife. I prithee Friend, quoth he, bring me no Meat but Drink. Why then, said she, here's no good to be done: Alas! his Case is desperate, he has got a Habit of Drunkenness, and the Malady is Incurable.

THE MORAL.

Custom is a second Nature. We ought to cast off Evil Courses in time; for when once an Ill Habit has got Possession of a Man, he is past all Cure, and Excess becomes necessary to him.

Drinkers are always Dry, and crave more Drink;
Their Food, Wealth, Joy, all they Hope, Wish,
or Think,

Is to Enjoy their belov'd Bottle still;
Of her dear Charms such their insatiate Swill,
That both their Guts, and Heads, and Hearts
they fill.

207. A Covetous Man hiding his Gold.



A Certain Covetous Wretch fold all his Goods, and turn'd them into a Bag of Money; which he buried under Ground with his whole Heart with it, going every Day to the place where it lay, to Feast his Eyes with the sight of his Treasure. But one, that was at Work hard by, taking notice of the Place, went and digg'd up the Gold. He going afterwards, and finding the Nest Robb'd, Roar'd and Tore his Hair like one Distracted. A Neighbour, that saw him thus Weeping, and understood how the Matter was, argu'd the Case with him: Why do you take on so? When you hid the Massy

Massy Heap, it was not properly your Own. Take now a handsome Stone, and lay it in the room of the Gold, and Fancy it is Gold, and 'twill be the same thing; for when 'twas in your Chest you resolv'd not to Use it, and the Stone will be as serviceable as a thing you neither want nor use.

The MORAL.

Riches are like Dung, which stink in a heap, but being spread Abroad, make the Earth Fruitful. It is but meer Fancy, to Desire and Esteem Riches, unless for the sake of Using 'em. The best Metals lose their Lustre, unless Brightned by Use.

Gold it's Original takes from the Sun :

As such the Sire, let th' Off-spring like himself,
Around the World, it's shining Circle run :

When hid in Earth 'ris only Muck and Pelf.
Misers that thus heap th' useless Golden Mass,
Are ev'n no Richer than the Loaded Ass.

208. A Flea, and Hercules.

A Man of Valour and great Prowess, having taken Captive a small Diminutive Animal, committing an Act of Hostility upon one of his Hanches; and being resolv'd to give him no Quarter, was doing Military

tary Execution upon him, by rowling him to Death between his Finger and his Thumb; it happen'd that the poor Prisoner made a lucky Escape. Hereupon the Man cry'd out to *Hercules*, the Guardian Power which he always Address'd his Prayers to, very loudly accusing him of Negligence and Unkindness, because he did not help him to Dispatch his Adversary.

The MORAL.

He that would learn to Pray, let him go to Sea. It does not become Men to Pray for Trifles, nor God to take Notice of them. It's the Work of Providence, to help Men in great and pressing Difficulties; and these ought to be the subject of our Prayers.

Think, when our Prayers make their Address
above,

To Majesty Divine, our Suits we move.

With Reverence then let th' humble Suppliant,
Obtrude not on high Heav'n each Trifling

Want:

Ask only Boons worthy a God to Grant.

209. A Woman, and her Maids.



A Good Housewifely Woman used to raise up her Servants to Work at Cock-crow. They being weary of the Drudgery, and desirous of more Rest in their Beds, laid their Heads together to make an end of the poor Cock; for calling up their Dame so soon. But they were no better, but worse upon't, for the Dame mistook the Hour the Cock was used to Crow at, and call'd up her Maids sometimes at Midnight.

The MORAL.

An Addle Brain gives foolish Counsel. He that is not Content with his Condition, in seeking to mend it, commonly makes it worse, especially

especially when he uses Unlawful Means, or takes Improper Measures to gain his Point.

The Drone and Sleeper, who by Wiles and Fraud,
Would from his daily Task of Duty run,
Is justly Punish'd with a double Load,
Of what his Sloth and Idleness would shun.

210. A House Dog and a Hunter:



A Certain Man having two Dogs, taught the one to Hunt, the other to Watch the House. But when the Hound took a Prey, the House Dog always put in for a Share. The Hound took this very Ill, and Grumbled at it; Sirrah, says he, must you live in Idleness, and be maintain'd out of my

my daily Labour, and the Sweat of my Brows? Why, says *Watch*, you may thank my Master, that did not teach me to Work, but allow'd me to Live by others Labour: Yet surely I deserve the Bread he gives me, when I Watch both the House and the very Cupboard that holds it.

The MORAL.

It is better to be Envied, than Pitied. Providence has allotted to some a more easie State and Condition of Life, than others. However, he is not to be blam'd, that has a less Laborious Employment, if he Discharge his Duty in it, and be thankful to his Benefactor. He that Labours to get, and they that Endeavour to preserve and save what's gotten, are both Praise-worthy.

In States or Families, Heav'n to Mankind,
In different Classes, different Tasks assign'd:
Wise Heads at th'Helm, and the Hard Hands the
Plough:

One Thinks, another Acts, both useful too.
Still equal Labourers in either Station,
Perform alike the Work of their Creation,

211. Of the Hares, and the Foxes.



THE Hares in former Times had a War with the Eagles, and very much importun'd the Foxes to help them, but they Civilly return'd this Answer, We would be glad to serve you, but we know both where your Courage lies, and also what an Enemy we have to Encounter.

The MORAL.

Beware of an after Clap. People ought to engage in War, and make Alliances with the greatest Caution. 'Tis great Folly to join with a weak Party, and bazard Life and Fortune against a Powerful Adversary.

They

They that engage with timorous Allies,
Are sure to Fly before their Enemies.
For in a Battle these begin the Rout,
And let in Ruin to the Brave and Stout.

212. Jupiter's Wedding.

Jupiter having an Inclination to enter into Honourable Wedlock, and resolving to Summon his whole Train of Vassals to pay their Homage to his Celestial Spouse, invited all living Creatures to his Wedding: All came in good time but the *Tortoise*, which gave occasion to *Jupiter* to ask him, why he came so late and made the Company stay. Why truly, says the *Tortoise*, I was at Home, my own dearly beloved Habitation; which incensed the God so much, that he pass'd this Sentence upon him, That from that Day he should never go without his House on his Back.

The MORAL.

' Home's Home, tho' never so Homely. Some had rather live sparingly in a poor Cottage of their own, than with splendid Entertainments Abroad. Contentment is better than all the Luxurious Treats in the World.

Content

Content does with a heartier Stomach come
 To her own poorer Viands cook'd at Home;
 Rather than call'd Abroad, a Riotous Guest,
 To all the Noise and Hurry of a Feast. (Bowl,
 More pleas'd t' her Lips to lift her own brown
 Than see all round the golden Goblets troul.

213. Of Mercury, and a Statuary.



Mercury had a great mind to know how
 he was Esteem'd among Men, puts on
 Human Shape, and goes into the House of a
 Statuary, where seeing the Picture of Jupiter,
 asks the Purchase of it. The Carver sets
 him the Price. Well, and how do you Va-
 lue this Piece of Juno? said Mercury. That
 the Carver Rated a little Higher. The
 next

next was his *Own Picture*, set forth with all the Trophies and Regalia of the Messenger of the Gods. Well, says he to himself, with all those Badges of my Honour, and so much gay Drapery about me, certainly he'll ask ten times as much for this; and so put the Question. Why truly, says the Man, you look like an Honest Fellow, give me my Price for the other Two, and you shall have that Bauble into the Bargain.

The MORAL.

Vain Glory and Self-Appraise is of little Value with Modest and truly Ingenuous Men. But Popular Caressees and Self-Exaltation, are the Fool's Paradise; who Values himself for the good Opinion he has of his Own Merit, not what Sober, Judicious, and Good Men have of him. So that Mercury in this Fable shar'd the Harkner's Fate, Never to hear Good of themselves.

Tickled with Praise, with popular Breath up-rais'd,

Vain-glorious Men are very rarely pleas'd.

For one false Trumpet to their Flatt'ry tun'd,

They hear too often the ungrateful Sound,

To dash their Vanity, and Pride confound.

214. Of a Raven, and a Snake.



AN hungry Raven seeing a Snake, as he lay Sunning himself at his Length, Snapt him up, and flew away with him. The Snake kept a Twisting and Turning, till he Bit the Raven to Death; and he miserably ended his Days with these Words; What a Fool was I, to meddle with a Poisonous Booty, which has cost me my Life.

The MORAL.

Short Pleasure, but long Lamentation. Men Venture Soul and Body to gratifie the Appetite. Pleasures shine in the Eye, and insinuate themselves into the Heart; but Excess is a deadly Poison.

The

Too like the *Crow*, *Man's* ravenous Appetite,
 Hungry for Pleasure, Gorges his Delight.
 Round *our* Necks too, *our* twining *Poisoners* spread;
 But 'tis th' alluring *Siren* Stings us Dead.

215. Of the *Serpent*.

THE *Serpent* being often trod upon by
 Men, complain'd to *Jupiter* about it,
 who answer'd him, That it was his own
 Fault; for if he had Bit the First that Hurt
 him, the next would have been afraid to
 come near him.

The MORAL.

*Those that boldly Resist, and Beat off their
 Enemies, will be more Terrible to others, and
 keep them at a due Distance; but he that is
 Cowardly, will be Trampled upon.*

Exerted Strength does that Impression print;
 'Tis striking forth the Fire to show the Flint.
 With Strength of Arm stop thy first facing Foe:
 Against the second thou'lt not need a Blow.
 The Terror of thy Arm the Work will do.

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